

FEATURE NO. 1 AN SHOULD MISS BY FANNIE HICKS

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

JAN - 3 1933

1933

FEBRUARY



Bette Davis

HOLLYWOOD IN 1933
an Ugly Prophecy

The Strange History of
"FRANKENSTEIN" KARLOFF



He took them from his mad menagerie...nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts...from his House of Pain they came re-made...Pig-men...Wolf-women...thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

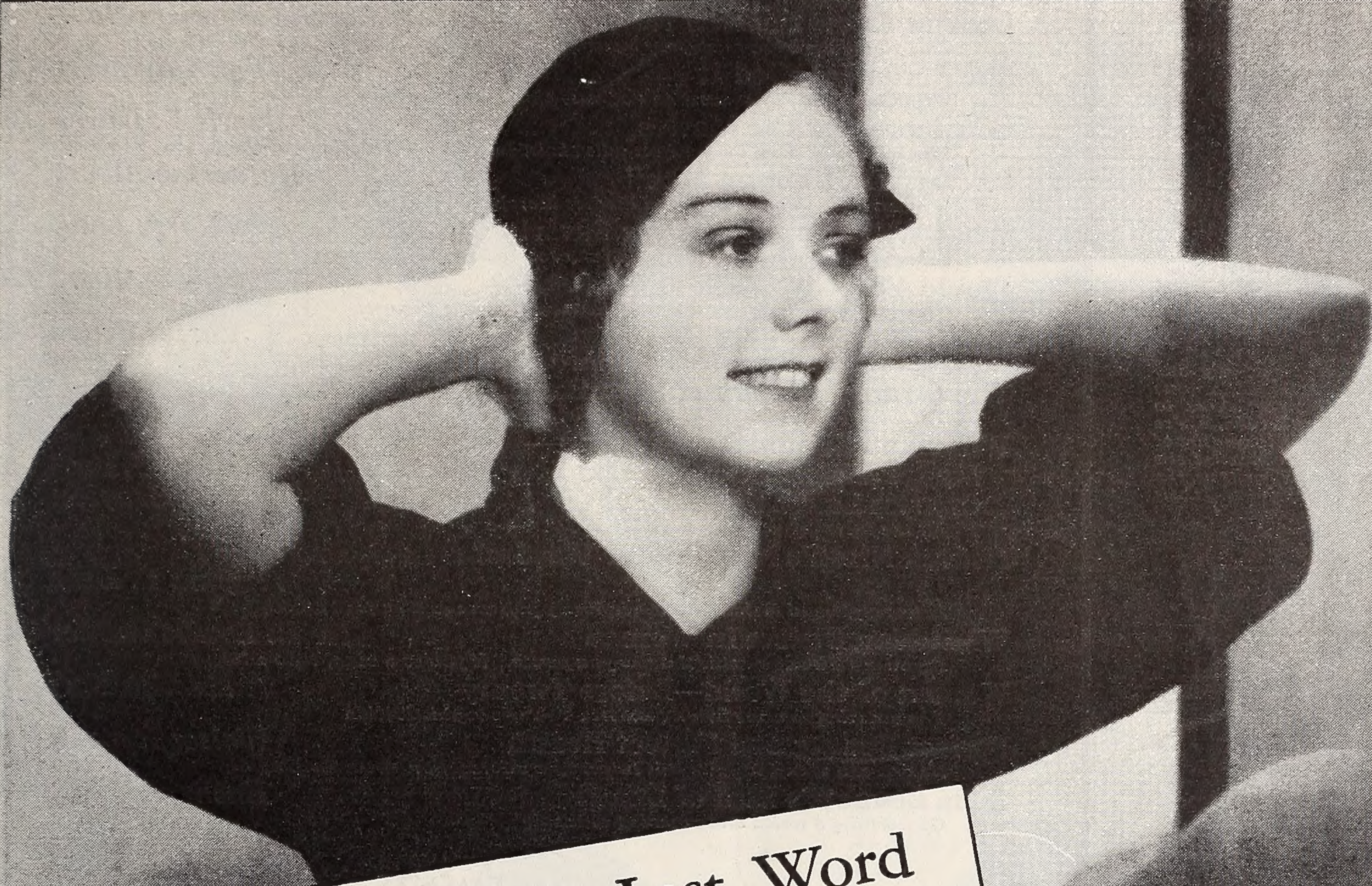
From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror,
 "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with CHARLES LAUGHTON
 BELA LUGOSI
 RICHARD ARLEN
 LEILA HYAMS—AND THE
 PANTHER WOMAN

Paramount  Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PN1993
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Modern Screen

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Her Hats are the Last Word
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums . . .
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only

may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage

Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they

are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-23
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

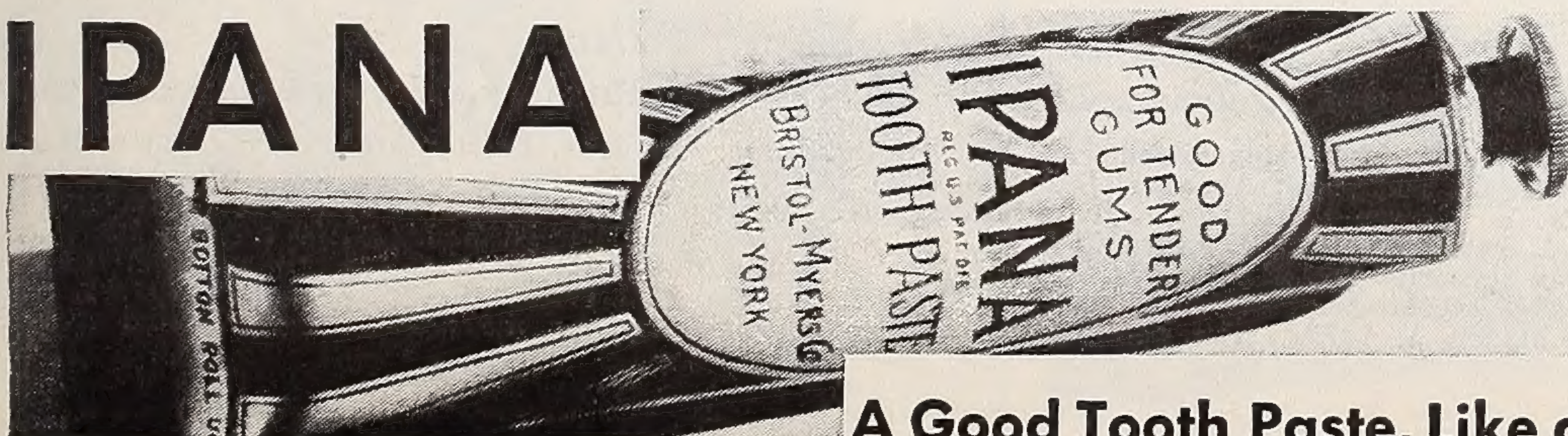
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City State

IPANA



A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

These famous authors
give you their very best



Fannie Hurst, certainly one of the most famous of all famous writers, is more than welcome to the pages of Modern Screen. We're proud to add her name to our list of illustrious writers. Read what she has to say (on page 22) about the movies as they are today—and their new maturity.



Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, wrote a book called "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," from which a fine movie was made. Now, for the benefit of all of you, Warden Lawes writes a fascinating article which tells how the men in Sing Sing react to the movies which they see on the screen there. You'll be both surprised and intensely interested. It's on page 28.

Faith Baldwin, our regular contributor, has some fine sentiment to express concerning the amazing courage—and we mean both moral and physical—of Clara Bow. It all starts with an incident about a poisonous snake which occurred on the "Call Her Savage" set. You'll learn some amazing facts about Clara's life in this article. And it's written as only this writer can do it. (See page 26.)

Katherine Albert has an amazing story to tell about Connie Bennett. If you are one of those people who believe that Connie is utterly cold and hard—well, read this. It will have an amazing effect upon you. Page 36.

Besides that there are our old standby fan writers—Caroline Somers Hoyt; Harry Lang; Carter Bruce; Walter Ramsey; Curtis Mitchell; Charles Grayson; Helen Louise Walker, and Virginia T. Lane among others. And, of course, our regular Beauty, Recipe, Gossip and other Departments.

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NO MORE HARD-WORK WASHDAYS FOR HER !

by DALTON VALENTINE



NEXT WASHDAY

—AND ROSALIND, IT'S SO ECONOMICAL— I DID THE BIGGEST, WHITEST WASH WITH ONLY A LITTLE RINSO. FOR DISHWASHING, TOO, IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS



"It's more economical," says Mrs. W. J. Neeld of Williamsport, Pa.

RINSO is such a big help around the house. And it's more economical than other soaps. With one big box I washed the dishes 7 times, sinks and tubs 3 times, floors 6 times and all these clothes:

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 14 doilies | 9 luncheon cloths | 11 aprons |
| 2 bedspreads | 44 towels | 24 pairs socks |
| 3 bureau scarfs | 27 handkerchiefs | 8 pieces underwear |
| 7 face cloths | 12 pieces children's underwear | 4 nightshirts |
| 10 napkins | 8 children's nightclothes | 4 pairs pajamas |
| 12 pillow cases | 10 house-dresses | 28 shirts |
| 8 sheets | 4 nightgowns | |

A little Rinso gives a lot of thick suds that soak out dirt—even in hardest water. That saves the clothes—saves your hands, too. Rinso is great in washing machines. Great for dishes—and all cleaning. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



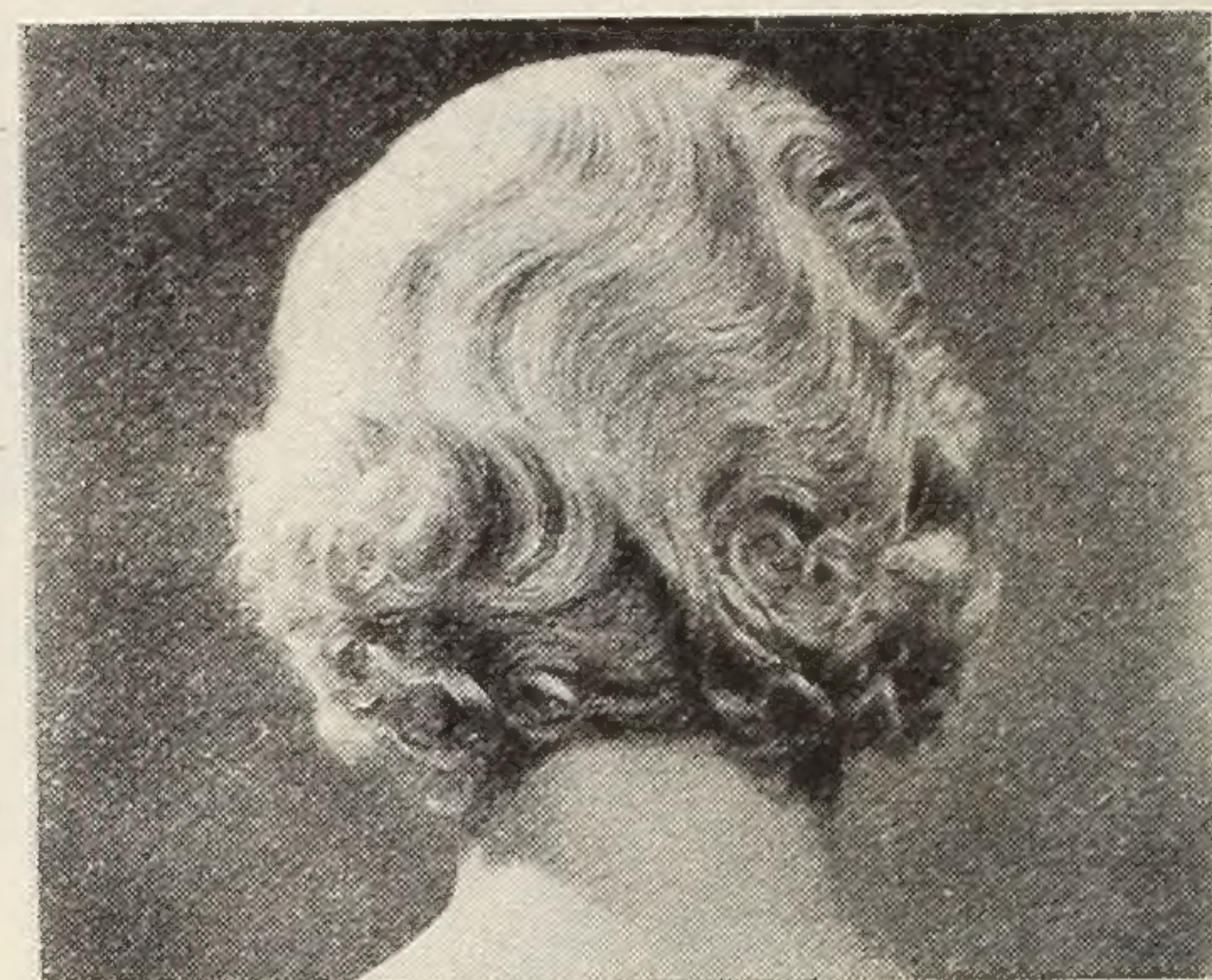
Millions use Rinso—it's so easy on the hands

BEAUTY ADVICE

By
Mary Biddle



(Left) How far apart should your eyebrows be? Anita Page shows you. (Right) The upper and lower pictures show the side-front and back of Minna Gombel's new bob. Note the flat, smart line at the center back and the clever way the ear tip is partly concealed.



MAKE-UP, this month. That's what we're going to talk about. For several past issues, I've been drilling you on more important subjects like proper care of the skin—how to attain loveliness and smartness on practically no money—and on how to attain the same things if nature gave you precious little real beauty to start with.

So now I think it's time we had a little fun. The winter party season is with us. And we'll just sit in front of our well-lighted dressing tables for a while and put all kinds of cosmetics on our faces and see what the effects are. Then we'll try them out on our next important date.

First of all—I can hardly wait to tell you about this—I have on my desk, right this minute, a little thingamabob that solves the lipstick problem. "Please tell me what shade of lipstick to wear," cry the letters I receive every day. And the dear girls state their coloring and so forth and I say to myself, "Well, it seems to me that she ought to stick to a good, clear raspberry shade." And I write and tell her so. Then, like as not, the good, clear raspberry shade isn't the best shade for her at all. Maybe she has misrepresented her own coloring, quite unintentionally. Maybe she has given a correct, honest description of herself—but even so, she may have a very small, or a very large mouth, which would influence her choice of a lipstick shade just as much as her coloring.

Well, this problem-solver which I'm looking at is nothing more than a neat little folder, with a strip of cellophane set in the cover. Through this cellophane you can see eight samples of lipstick. The samples are really, truly samples of lipstick—not pieces of colored cardboard. *You try on your lipstick before you buy it.*

Oh, yes, there have been *similar* stunts before. You may wonder why I'm making so much whoop-de-de about it. Good department and drug stores have, for a long time, had little cards attractively displayed on their counters

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope please

with lipstick shades painted on them. But every sane woman knows that a color is one thing on a piece of cardboard and another color on the friendly old mouth. Then, too—the swankier New York department stores have allowed you to try on your lipstick with a sample of the genuine article. But this isn't a wide-spread custom. Naturally, it costs the cosmetic manufacturer a little money.

ON this sample folder, as I said, there are eight shades. Each has a number. And alongside each is a little advisory note. For example: beside my pet shade it says, "A vivid orange-red when applied generously. A delicate coral pink when applied sparingly and blended in." The shades vary from the most daring orange "costume shade" to the most un-obvious rose color to which even the most conservative lady couldn't object. I've tried all the shades and solemnly swear that not one of them turns your mouth purple. The texture is lovely—blends in like a whizz and never cakes. They're indelible enough so that they won't come off with the first sip of a cocktail, but they're easily removable with cold cream, skin tonic or plain soap and water.

The manufacturers are sending me as many of these little folders as I—or, more important, as many as you want. Drop me a note and a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you'd like one. You can have a lot of fun with this little folder, trying the different shades on yourself. Let me caution you to clean off one shade before trying another—unless you try the effect of two shades blended together. And—shh!—there's enough lipstick on these cards to last several days. The regular lipsticks cost a dollar and are great-big.

While we're on the subject, let me say another word or two about lip make-up. You have noticed, of course, how the movie stars can change the shape of their mouths. The present fashion seems to be a full, sensuous mouth. Like everything else, it's being (Continued on page 89)

Some new make-up tricks this month—that you'll all want to try

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "second skin" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.



A STUNNING GOWN
...but her hands
cried "housework!"

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.



• TODAY : TOMORROW : NEXT DAY

HINDS
honey and almond **CREAM**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. HT2, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

BETWEEN YOU and ME

This is where you become contributors to MODERN SCREEN. Send in your criticisms and opinions of the talkies and the stars if you haven't done so

Dear Friends:

Well, the Academy Awards for 1931-1932 have been made. Helen Hayes receives first feminine award for her never-to-be-forgotten work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Fredric March receives first masculine award for his work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Wallace Beery, receiving only one less vote than March, was given a special award for his acting in "The Champ."

These are the stellar attractions in this annual pageant of prize-giving. (There are some pictures of the Award Banquet for you to see starting on page 38.) Just in passing, it's fun to turn over the pages of MODERN SCREEN for the past year and see what we said about these people and those pictures. Our review of "Madelon Claudet" hailed "Helen Hayes, it's star, as a cinematic personage." Of "Dr. Jekyll," we said, "It's March's picture all the way." Both Beery and Jackie Cooper, his co-star in "The Champ," were lauded for hitting a "double-barrelled bull's eye."

However, there are others who should be commended for their work this year. Directors. Writers. Adapters. Art directors. Frank Borzage received the Academy Award for the best direction of the year in "Bad Girl." MODERN SCREEN'S review said, "This trashy tale of love among the dumbbells has been wrought into a picture which demands audience attention and critical respect because of the fine directorial work of Frank Borzage. . . ." "Grand Hotel" was voted the best all-around production of the year—which vote, of course, points a complimentary finger at the director, Edmund Goulding.

Now—what I want you to do is this: During the following year, pick out commendable bits in the movies you see that do not necessarily have anything to do with the stars playing in those movies. You see, the big fellows always get the pats on the back. But the lesser players (we've spoken of this before, if you remember), the story writers, the directors, the cameramen, the hard-working souls who do the settings and costumes, and the almost-never-mentioned boys who attend to the sound-recording—so that you can hear the dialogue and sound effects distinctly—how about them?

If you want to know why I'm asking you to do this, it's because I know that you, as movie-goers and fans, are the only ones who can change movies for the better. If you will consistently commend the good and disapprove of the bad—and will say so, with reasons—you will, gradually we admit, have some effect upon the calibre of the talkies produced. Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The polls are still open. Who gets
your vote?

S. R. AITA of New York City, sends in his "diamond dozen" list of the year's pictures:

"Arsène Lupin," "Back Street," "The Champ," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Five Star Final," "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "Red Headed Woman," "Scarface," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Smilin' Through," "Tonight or Never" and "The Washington Merry-Go-Round."

(And he hit the prize-winning vehicles of

Helen Hayes, Fred March and Wally Beery.)

MARY FASSELL of Burnaby, B. C., Canada, wants bouquets made up for the following players:

Herbert Marshall, for his work in "The Blonde Venus." Marion Davies for "Blondie of the Follies." Charles Ruggles for his work in "Love Me Tonight." Una Merkel and Andy Devine for their comedy in "The Impatient Maiden." Miriam Hopkins for "The World and the Flesh." Ralph Bellamy for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Dolores del Rio for "Bird of Paradise." Sylvia Sidney for "Merrily We Go to Hell." Bette Davis for her secondary part in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

CLAIRE LAWRENCE of Green Bay, Wisconsin, sends in a great big long list of stars and players whose work she admires (*sorry it's too long to print, Claire, but we were interested in reading it*) and adds the following very intelligent note:

Good looks are important to me. We can see common-looking people any time and without paying for the privilege, so why not favor the different types, blessed with beauty plus acting ability. I care very little for sweet, baby-faced types in women, nor do I care for the very young, immature men. I like different pictures like "Mata Hari" and "Bird of Paradise." But "Back Street" is my favorite to date. I shall never forget it. (*There's a story by the author of "Back Street"—Fannie Hurst—on page 22, Claire.*)

GLORIA GAYLORD of Birmingham, Alabama, picks out some new favorites:

There are a few players who can redeem any picture any time. I believe the greatest of these artists is Aline MacMahon. Miss MacMahon has the almost extinct quality of being perfect. Her name in a cast has a stronger appeal to me, than one reading "Garbo and Dietrich in 'Twin Sisters'." Two other players who are always good are Bette Davis and Warren William. Together they are beyond comparison. I'm tired of seeing the half-way acting of Loretta Young, Anita Page, Marian Marsh, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea and David Manners. Give us lots of pictures with Sylvia Sidney, Crawford, Stanwyck, Chatterton, Dvorak, Morley and Bette Davis. For men I'll take Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, George Brent, Paul Muni, Eddie Robinson, Lewis Stone and Walter Huston. (*You can see your favorite Alice MacMahon and Eddie Robinson in "Silver Dollar."*)

Another plea for Westerns

ANNIE MAE GRIFFIN of Tavares, Florida, wishes they wouldn't change the stories:

I read the article written by Zane Grey in the December MODERN SCREEN and I liked it very, very much. He wrote in that article what I have thought but never expressed. I sincerely believe that if I ever get a chance to act in the movies I will play in nothing but Westerns. It always makes my blood boil to see some company buy a Western novel and change it the way they want it. You may think that only boys like Zane Grey's novels but you are mighty wrong, as my friends and I just about devour them when we get one we haven't read. (*We agree with you, Annie Mae. We hope you're not disappointed in "Wild Horse Mesa."*)

She wants Mickey Mouse

MRS. G. S., of Bloomfield, N. J., is kinda goofy about Mickey:

So you want to know whether we like Mickey? You bet we do. I never have heard of anyone who doesn't enjoy him. (*Continued on page 81*)

The story of a thousand **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN** ... and of their women who can't do without men!

Never such a sensationally novel spectacle! Condensing into one mighty film a thousand unfinished love stories—and ONE that ends in a soul-gripping thrill! Every scene a blazing highlight from the endless drama that parades before Sing Sing's famous warden. He knows enough inside stories of headline criminals to make 20 motion pictures . . . Instead he's packed it all into 1933's first great hit . . .



"20,000 YEARS IN SING SING"

FROM THE WORLD-ACCLAIMED BEST-SELLER BY
WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

With a huge cast including **SPENCER TRACY**
BETTE DAVIS

and Arthur Byron. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Ask your theatre now when they're going to play this amazing
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE



The girl outside who couldn't wait.



The man doomed by her love.



Warden Lawes, who lives on a volcano of human passion.

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

... Short reviews of the current talkies which will give you tips on the right pictures to see—both for yourself and the children, too



Here are three excellent movies: (left to right) "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. Thrilling love scenes. Picturesque settings. And good acting. "Tess of the Storm Country" brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together in an old favorite. And "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul Muni, is real adult movie fare—gruesome but worthwhile.

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)—Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, Richard Cromwell, Eric Linden and Arlene Judge do excellent acting in a nice little picture of college life. **Good—but take a look at it yourself before sending the children.**

THE ALL AMERICAN (Universal)—What happens to a football hero when he leaves college. This different picture with Dick Arlen and Myrna Kennedy answers that question. **Good—the children will like some of it.**

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—The depression made into a thrilling drama. Real acting by Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings. **Good—parts of it will be liked by the kids.**

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—Don't miss Garbo's latest picture. **Excellent—but it will probably bore the youngsters.**

BACK STREET (Universal)—A poignant little story of unconventional love written by Fannie Hurst and acted by Irene Dunne and John Boles. **Good—not very suitable for children.**

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (Radio)—Don't miss this. It's Katharine Hepburn's first picture and she's a real screen find. John Barrymore does his greatest work. Billie Burke is fine, too. It's about hereditary insanity. **Excellent—children, however, will find nothing amusing about it.**

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)—The story about the native girl and the American lad doesn't seem very original any more but Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea are interesting. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—As a novel, this was excellent. As a talkie, it loses something, but is still well worth seeing. Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther are in it. **Good—not entertaining for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BLESSED EVENT (Warners)—Screamingly funny dialogue, Lee Tracy, Ned Sparks and Mary Brian make this Winchellian story a bright little movie. **Good—the kids will love Lee Tracy's clowning.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich in her first film with an American locale. Fine work by Herbert Marshall and the youngster, Dickie Moore. Beautiful photography. **Excellent—keep the kids at home.**

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio)—If you haven't already seen Frank Buck's wonderful animal picture by all means do so. **Excellent—and the children will love it.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Here's a touching little yarn about southern "po' white trash" and "quality folks," with Dick Barthelmess, Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan. **Good—maybe the children will like it.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—All we need to say is that this brings back Clara Bow. **Very good—children will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford in a story of which the entire action takes place in a park. **Very good—children will enjoy parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox)—Eddie Lowe, is swell in these fascinating adventures of the famous radio character. **Good—children will be crazy about it.**

CONGORILLA (Fox)—Another grand animal picture (this one made by the Martin Johnsons) that you must be sure to see. **Excellent—and don't leave a single kid at home.**

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—The suave and charming Ronald Colman in a nicely worked out little story about a marriage triangle. Kay Francis is the wife and Phyllis Barry the other woman in his life. **Very good—but it will bore the children.**

THE CRASH (Warners)—It's too bad. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent try so hard but this depression story just isn't there. **Poor—children will think it dull, too.**

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)—This is a morbid story but the acting of Charles Laughton is so wonderful that you won't mind. Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper have the leads. **Good—but don't take the children.**

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M)—The story of what happens to youngsters when there is divorce. It's beautifully played by Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone and Lois Wilson. **Very good—the children will like parts of it.**

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—As a spoiled darling who loses all her money, Tallulah Bankhead turns in her best acting performance in some time. Bob Montgomery is fine, too. **Good—not particularly suitable for kids.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou are marvelous in this beautiful story of the war. **Excellent—better not take the children, though.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)—Another William Haines comedy. Madge Evans is his leading lady again. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)—Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor in a sweet little story about young married life. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

FLESH (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery, Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez in story about the wrestling racket. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—A Western with a good story, beautiful scenery, plenty of fast action and George O'Brien. **Very good if you like Westerns—grand for children.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Don't fail to see this marvelous picture with the all-star cast of all time—Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. **Excellent—children won't be so entertained by it.**

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH (Radio)—A story of publicity rackets, with Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez. **Very good—the children will be amused by Lee.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

HAT CHECK GIRL (Fox)—Sally Eilers, Ben Lyon and Monroe Owsley make an old plot seem new and sparkling. **Good—parts of it children will enjoy.**

HELL'S HIGHWAY (Radio)—Richard Dix turns in a fine performance in this brutal and sometimes gruesome story of chain gang life. **Excellent—but don't take the children.**

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott in a Western that could have had more punch. **Good—the children will eat it up.**

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—The merry, mad Marx Brothers in a grand and goofy comedy of college life, the zanies. **Excellent—and children will get plenty of laughs.**

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—A nice little story about an innocent affair that is magnified into a scandal. Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant

are in it. **Very good—children won't like it, though.**

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Paul Muni—what a performance he gives as the returned soldier unjustly sentenced to hard labor! **Excellent—but gruesome—decidedly not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—A grand novelty, with Charles Laughton, George Raft, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth and Gene Raymond. **Excellent—children will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Lavish production, amusing situations, a group of beautiful girls and Eddie Cantor make this worth your while. **Excellent—fine for the kids, too.**

KONGO (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel and Lupe Velez all involved in a morbid, tropical melodrama about revenge. **Good, if you like this type of thing—not for children.**

LIFE BEGINS (First National)—A gripping story with Loretta Young, Eric Linden and Aline MacMahon. All about the pathos and comedy of a maternity hospital. **Very good—but keep the children at home.**

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—Mitzi Green proves herself the fine actress she is in this story about the comic strip character. Buster Phelps is swell, too, and May Robson splendid. **Excellent for everybody.**

LOVE ME TONIGHT (Paramount)—Nice, light musical fare with Maurice Chevalier, and Jeanette MacDonald. **Very good—but children won't be amused.**

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—A German picture (with English titles) about the tragic problems of adolescence. **Very good—not suitable for children.**

THE MATCH KING (First National)—The adventures of Ivar Krueger in talkie form. Warren William and Lili Damita are in it. **Good—not much in it for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (M-G-M)—Boris Karloff, Lewis Stone and Karen Morley in a blood and thunder mystery thriller. **Very good of its type—if you don't mind the children seeing such exciting stuff, it's okay for them.**

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy in a rough and tumble picture of the waterfront. **Good—okay for the youngsters if you don't mind letting them see rough stuff.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

MEN OF AMERICA (Radio)—Chic Sale does his best but he can't lift from mediocrity this impossible story about a small town store keeper and some city slickers. Dorothy Wilson and William Boyd are also in the cast. **Fair—children will be bored.**

MERRY-GO-ROUND (Universal)—Eric Linden and Sidney Fox turn in good work in a story of crooked politics and police departments. **Good—children won't be especially interested.**

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (Radio)—Here's a different picture with extremely thrilling action and marvelous acting by Leslie Banks, Fay Wray and Joel McCrea. **Very good—better see it yourself before deciding to send the children.**

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks at his very most bounding best, having amazing adventures in the South Sea Islands. **Very**

(Continued on page 113)

This was an amazing triangle!

THE two women in Tom Collier's life were as far apart as the poles. But the difference between them dawned upon him too late.

With sudden horror he realized he had married a girl who might have been his mistress, while his wife in spirit became "the other woman."

This really unusual love tangle is the sensational play which gripped New York as "The Animal Kingdom." Hailed by all as a really different love story, it faces life with a frankness and sincerity which make a masterly tale.

Leslie Howard, star of the play, is also in the picture production, with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy. And SCREEN ROMANCES this month brings you the complete fictionization of the picture, illustrated by many vivid scenes from the production.

But that's not all. Nine other screen stories appear in the same issue. Think of it! The complete, absorbing love stories of 10 fine, new motion pictures between the covers of one magazine. And *what* a magazine. Be sure to try it this month for real reading entertainment!

Screen Romances

At All Newsstands—Now!

Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Leslie Howard in a scene from "The Animal Kingdom."

Read these COMPLETE STORIES in the February SCREEN ROMANCES

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. *Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy.*
NO MAN OF HER OWN. *Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Dorothy MacKail*
THE KID FROM SPAIN. *Eddie Cantor, Lyda Roberti*
FLESH. *Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez*
NO OTHER WOMAN. *Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford, Gwili Andre*
MADAME BUTTERFLY. *Sylvia Sydney, Cary Grant, Charlie Ruggles*
LAWYER MAN. *William Powell, Joan Blondell*
CENTRAL PARK. *Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford*
THE MUMMY. *Boris Karloff*
EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE. *Warren William, Loretta Young, Alice White*

(All stories profusely illustrated with scenes from the motion picture productions)



Madame Butterfly! Could there be a better choice for this Oriental heroine than Sylvia Sydney, with her amazing eyes, and sweet, sad face? Paramount is making the film—as a drama, with incidental music from the Puccini opera. Carey Grant will be the American who loves and leaves—Madame Butterfly. Bette Davis will be the American girl. Charlie Ruggles is in it, too.

VOL. 1, NO. 12

HOLLYWOOD, JANUARY, 1933

SUPPLEMENTARY
SECTION**"BEER" STORIES
ARE HOLLYWOOD'S
FILM CYCLE NOW****Frantic for New Stories,
the Producers Turn to
Amendment for Material**

At one time it was the gangster cycle of films. Then came the horror films. "Dracula," "Frankenstein" and all the rest. Then the "Grand Hotel" type of thing. And, after that, the political stories.

The producers are—at all times—looking for stories which are different. And, when Governor Roosevelt won the election and promised beer—well, what better subject for a new cycle of stories?

Radio's doing "Bugaloos." M-G-M has "Beer." And Paramount has "The Legal Racket."

No doubt you'll soon hear that Fox, Warners, First National and Columbia are all making pictures having to do with beer.

**Maurice Chevalier Is Rushing
a Leading Woman. Romance?**

Marguerite Churchill is lovely enough on the screen. But off-screen—well!

And nobody appreciates this loveliness more than Maurice Chevalier. For he is rushing Marguerite very much at present. But, and here's the surprising thing, Maurice has competition. In the person of a charming Princeton lad who also seems to think that Marguerite is the cats, the berries and the what-have-yous.

**Loretta Young and Grant
Withers Are on Same Lot!**

Remember the days when a talking picture was a novelty and Grant Withers became famous overnight? And how he and L. Young flew to Yuma in an elopement, like and got married?

Later, if you can still keep those memory muscles working, they got divorced.

Well, folks, darned if Loretta and Grant ain't working right on the same lot. So Hollywood, of course, is all agog wondering if they'll fall in love again. We don't see why Hollywood should wonder about it—still, they are.

**Gloria Swanson Sued For
\$45,000 By Maurice Cleary**

There was a time when Maurice Cleary signed with Gloria Swanson to handle some publicizing work for her. It was back in the days when Gloria was making "The Loves of Sunya," her first United Artists picture.

It's a long time ago, but it seems that then the contract was prematurely cancelled and now Mr. Cleary thinks he wasn't given fair treatment. Hence the suit.

**Frank Morgan and
Elissa Landi Walk-Outs
Hold Up Productions**

Hollywood has walk-outitis again. It seems to be a recurrent disease out there. Frank Morgan, of New York stage fame, is the latest. He played the title rôle in "Topaz" when it played on the stage and, when it was put in the movies, Frank was asked to play the second lead. So, fire-works!

As for Elissa, she walked out of "The Masquerader" because the dialogue was not to her liking.

What did her producers do but threaten to drop her and put someone else in the rôle—if Elissa didn't be a good girl and come home to the lot. At the moment, Elissa hasn't decided just what course to take.

**Radio Master-of-Ceremonies
Job for Fatty Arbuckle**

Fatty Arbuckle has a new job. He has been signed up by the radio folks—on a big hook-up, as master of ceremonies of their broadcasts. Personally, we can imagine no one better suited for such a job than the genial, comical Fatty. However, we must add that this decision on the part of the radio people is more or less experimental—they are convinced that Roscoe would be perfect for the job, but they're not quite sure of the public's reaction yet. The producers are watching fan letters carefully for this reaction.

Flashes from Here and There

Will Rogers has had to go on his first diet. He gained fifteen pounds on his South American tour.

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, visited the set of "She Done Him Wrong" at Paramount and talked to Mae West. Wonder what they said?

Clara Bow read eleven books on the train coming East. "So's I can spell and use swell words in writing my book," she said.

Marlene Dietrich has been rapped by a Hollywood critic for wearing trousers in public. Critic says she owes public some consideration.

Louise Fazenda and hubby Hal Wallis expect the stork along about March.

Lew Ayres has been lonesome and miserable—because wife Lola took a trip to New York.

Garbo has gained considerable weight while abroad. M-G-M is having a fit.

**JESSEL DIVORCE
GUARANTEE DENIED
BY N. TALMADGE****"I'm Fed Up with It All.
Go 'way," Says Norma
Angrily To The Reporters**

You know, of course, the rumors there have been about a romance between Norma Talmadge and George Jessel. It has been denied and re-affirmed and denied again and— Well, anyway, the report leaked out that Norma had settled \$100,000 on the former Mrs. George Jessel and, in return, Mrs. J. had withdrawn her alienation of affections suit against Norma. Now Norma denies this report hotly. However, a Brooklyn lawyer, Frank L. Ippolito says it's true, and also the Supreme Court records indicate some such thing happened.

Which to believe? Reporters, seeking Norma out on the sands at Santa Monica, could get no interview. "I'm fed up with it all," cried Norma. "Go 'way."

**Reconciliation for Adolphe
Menjou and Kathryn Carver**

Last month we told you that Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were seeking a divorce—not that they weren't very fond of each other, but marriage interfered with their respective careers. Now, it seems, they've decided to return to each other. Now the two of them call their recent decision to break up just "nerve-strain threats of divorce."

**Players Recovering From
Various Winter Ailments**

The winter flu bug hit Hollywood a bit ago. Carole Lombard was the first to go home sneezing. Then Clark Gable. And then Dorothy Mackaill. But they're all getting better now.

More serious is Mae Clarke's case—she's being operated on for appendicitis. Too bad, after her recent nervous breakdown.

Leslie Howard is in the hospital with a bad case of shattered nerves and Roland Young is recovering from a painful session with neuritis. Our sympathies to all.

**Dick Powell Romancing With
Patricia Ellis on Same Lot**

When you see George Arliss' next picture, "The King's Vacation," take a good look at Dick Powell—the crooner chap who made such a hit in "Blessed Event"—and little Patricia Ellis. These two, both near-newcomers to Hollywood, are gazing into each other's eyes and holding hands between "takes." Dick was married once before, but it didn't work out very well. Maybe he'll try again.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

● Hollywood was shocked to learn that another "perfect marriage" had gone on the rocks! It was believed that the marriage of King Vidor to Eleanor Boardman in 1926 would be one of those lasting affairs—especially when, after her marriage, Eleanor gave up her screen career. But "another woman" entered Vidor's life—and Eleanor, gathering her two children under her wing, sought a divorce.



J. B. Scott

Jimmy Dunn took none other than Maureen O'Sullivan to the Ascot Auto Races at the Ascot Legion Speedway. Does this mean they're romancing again?



Wide World

When Mary Pickford decided to go to the Thalian party at the Cocoanut Grove, who would escort her? Doug was away. So Mary chose two: Johnny Mack Brown and Charles Farrell.

HOLLYWOOD is holding its breath waiting for Tallulah Bankhead's expected fire-cracker comments on movie town now that she is back in New York. It is no particular secret that Tallulah left Hollywood with a set of grievances and complaints a mile long. Tallulah felt that none of her movies really gave her the opportunity she deserved on the screen . . . and then there is what she terms the "misrepresentations" of her personality by certain members of the Press.

As Tallulah isn't exactly the type to suffer in silence Hollywood is waiting—to duck. . . .

Tallulah, after failing to get together on a contract with either M-G-M or Paramount, closed up the artistic home of William Haines, which she has been renting, and boarded the train for the East. Just what her plans are, has not yet been revealed.

● Before his sudden and surprising separation from his wife, Kathryn Menjou, Adolphe was known as a stay-at-home boy who decidedly preferred his own fireside to the bright lights of Hollywood's midnight entertainments. Even when Adolphe *did* step out to a party with Kathryn he would begin to get "going home" ideas about ten o'clock. This was said to have been quite a bone of contention between them, Kathryn being a social and fun-loving girl.

But now that they are definitely separated, Hollywood is thoroughly surprised to find Adolphe Menjou conspicuously among those present at all the late hour festivities including the bicycle races, the Club New Yorker, the Mayfair *et al* and remaining until the last flicker of the electricity. Perhaps no one is more justly surprised than Kathryn. . . !

● Clara Bow is planning a little vacation jaunt to Paris practically im-

mediately, and will the French designers be mad when they learn that Clara spent \$8,000 (so we hear) on clothes made in Hollywood before she took off? Clara's excuse for her pre-Paris shopping spree is that she wanted to "vacation" in Europe and not stand for hours for fittings!

● Miriam Hopkins figured there wouldn't be much left for her to do in "No Man Of Her Own" with Clark Gable and Dorothy Mackaill in the cast—so she simply walked out of the picture! Neither did "Happiness Ahead," a former Colleen Moore flicker, suit her—so Miriam hied herself off to peaceful Palm Springs to rest and reflect. Then Paramount offered her "Sanctuary" and it looked like the willful Miriam was at last satisfied.

But it was not to be so . . . Miriam suddenly packed her bags and left for New York. Maybe she's planning to do a play—her contract al-

Tallulah Bankhead packs up and quits Hollywood! For good?

● Although John Warburton, English actor, proudly announced his engagement to Estelle Taylor the other night—Estelle says there's absolutely nothing to it!

Maybe the reason is that she still has a feeling for that handsome Lyle Talbot she's been going about with!

Poor Lyle—he seems to be torn between blonde and brunette. Estelle or Wynne Gibson—which one of them will it be?

● *Is Garbo married?*

The English papers are carrying the report that a record of Greta Garbo's marriage to Mauritz Stiller (the director who brought her to this country) in 1924 has been uncovered. The ceremony is supposed to have taken place in Constantinople—and was *very, very* secret.

This may be a fact and then again it may just be another one of those things.



Keystone-Underwood

Lyle Talbot, it seems, divides his time between blond and brunette. In other words, Estelle Taylor and Wynne Gibson (see item at top of page). Here he is with Wynne at a Hollywood night club.



J. B. Scott

Warren William and his wife returning from a deep sea fishing trip off Mexico. They were passenger-listed as Mr. and Mrs. Krech — (Warren's real name).

lows her to do a play now and then. But your guess is as good as ours!

● Katharine Hepburn is back at the studio working in "Three Came Unarmed." After her tremendous and almost sensational hit in "Bill of Divorcement" the public can hardly wait to see this exotic young person again.

Katharine, who drives a swanky foreign-make car, persists in wearing her beloved blue overalls (they have a new seat now) and her faded turtle-neck sweater with the sleeves torn off, around the studio. Can't say that sounds much like Bryn Mawr fashions—but then you can expect most anything from this Hepburn gal!

● A young chap hearing "The Sign of the Cross" was to have its grand premiere, said: "I suppose 'The Sign of the Cross' is a sequel to 'X Marks the Spot'?"

● It was with a heavy heart that Hollywood received the news of the death of Belle Bennett, beloved trooper of the old silent days. Miss Bennett suffered a complete breakdown while on a vaudeville tour. She arrived in Los Angeles by plane and was taken to the hospital by Mary Pickford, a close friend for years. She died a few weeks later.

Miss Bennett is best remembered for her famous mother rôles—and in particular, "Stella Dallas." (See story on page 76.)

● Coming as a pleasant surprise to Cinemaland was the engagement of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, young director. The romance started on the M-G-M lot where both are working—and according to the prospective groom, "It won't be so long before the wedding bells will be pealing."

Karen has been making rapid strides in her film work and young

Vidor (no relation to King Vidor) has a very brilliant future.

P.S. Some say they are already married—so this "engagement" stuff might be a lot of hokum. Don't say we didn't warn you!

● Kay Francis paid Hollywood one of the shortest visits in history. Flying here from New York, Kay stepped out of the plane just long enough to sign her name to a new Warner Brothers contract—then hopped in the plane again and flew back to New York. The big rush was, no doubt, on account of hubby Kenneth McKenna who is rehearsing a play in the East.

Kay's next picture will be "Keyholes" with that new Kay Francis-George Brent combination. A lot of the fans are objecting to this new team. They want their Francis-Powell and Chatterton-Brent combination! But just wait and see . . . you may be surprised!

What's all this talk about Greta Garbo having been married?

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

● Joan Crawford evidently made quite a hit in Europe. Because she was so unaffected.

Upon being introduced to the Prince of Wales, Joan gazed up at him in schoolgirl adoration, and exclaimed, "Gosh!"

Another time when attending a party where Laurel and Hardy were also present, Joan walked up to them and said: "Hello, folks! My name is Joan Crawford."



Sari Maritza knows a good magazine when she sees one. Well, well, we didn't realize it's *Modern Screen* she's perusing. We're that pleased!



Have you met Cliff Edwards and his new wife—Nancy Dover is her name. They married while Cliff was preparing for his rôle in William Haines' "Fast Life."



Good Lord! Will you look at Ramon Novarro! Why, he's had his hair all cut off! Isn't that shameful! It's for his new picture. Lily Pons is with him.

● Sally Eilers is the latest one to don the Garbo garb! She has been sporting a strictly English tweed suit with brogues, beret and all—and we must say little Sal looked mighty chic!

The studio is certainly keeping this little gal plenty busy! She's hardly given breathing spells between pictures. Her next is "Grand Central Airport" for Warners and right after that she will go back to her home studio and do "Sailor's Luck" which was bought especially for that Sally Eilers-Jimmy Dunn team. This combination is about the most popular in pictures outside of the Farrell-Gaynor duo. Their picture "Bad Girl" won its director first prize at the Academy Awards banquet, you know.

● Neil Hamilton missed out on an excellent part just because he couldn't (in spite of all the tricks of make-up) make that young, handsome face of

his look old! Neil, who will probably still be able to do juvenile parts when he is sixty, decided that even though he is father of an eighteen-year-old child, he wasn't so hot—and graciously stepped out while John Boles happily stepped in.

● Irene Dunne was terribly upset about the rumor floating around Hollywood recently. The gossips would have it that there was to be a divorce! Irene and her husband, Dr. Homer Griffin, are one of the happiest couples in filmdom and a separation is the last thing they are considering. While her husband was in the hospital, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis, Irene was constantly at his bedside. That ought to prove something or other. . . .

"The Lady," for M-G-M, is Irene's next flicker, and will afford her plenty of opportunity for some swell acting.

● There was a lot of monkey busi-

ness going on in Katharine Hepburn's dressing room the other day.

Amos, spoiled and petted young monkey, who will be seen with Katharine in "Three Came Unarmed," has been given all kinds of privileges around the studio. The other day while Katharine was applying her make-up, he was allowed to repose on her shoulder and proved to be quite a nuisance. No sooner had she applied the cold cream than Amos would quickly wipe it off. After this had gone on for several minutes Amos was finally locked up and the job of applying the make-up finished.

But Amos, the rascal, found his way into the dressing room via windows and ledges and with one grand leap, found his place on Katharine's shoulder, and off went the make-up!

NOTE: Amos is in the doghouse (or is it the monkeyhouse?) now!

● We understand the stork is hovering around the Dick Arlen home

Don't miss reading just how Joan Crawford greeted the Prince

● Just as Al Jolson was about to go on the air for the first of his series of national broadcasts, a telephone call came in from a pal in the East.

"That was a swell broadcast, Al," raved the friend.

"What?" asked Al. "I haven't even started!"

There was a pause—then:

"Sure, but you forget the three hours' difference in time. You're all through here!"

● Don't say Marie Dressler hasn't a swell sense of humor.

Polly Moran took a drive with her old friend the other day and suddenly they found themselves on a country road, some few miles from Hollywood. As they came to a cross street, they noticed a couple of repair men climbing up two telephone poles.

"Fools!" exclaimed Marie. "They must think I've never driven before!"



Acme

Of course you heard all about how Helen Twelvetrees was busy having a baby. Well, here it is. It's a he. And will be known as Jack Bryan Woody.

... and are the Arlens thrilled! You see, this will make the first heir in that family.

Jobyna plans to spend most of the winter months at Palm Springs, with Dick coming down every week-end. He has bought himself a swell outboard motor boat and (unofficially) has bettered the world's record for outboard racing by seven or eight miles!

● Everything was going wrong on the set of "State Fair." Dozens of scenes had been made of Will Rogers and Blue Boy, the Champion Iowa hog, but Blue Boy just wouldn't emote properly.

"We'll have to take it over again," sighed the director. "Blue Boy didn't look so good."

"The only place that hunk of pork would look good," replied the Oklahoma gum-chewer, "would be on the breakfast table, right between two eggs!"



Wide World

Since his divorce from Natalie Talmadge, Buster Keaton has been stepping high wide and 'andsome in the night places. This time it was May Scriven.

● It looks like that romance between Eleanor Holm and Junior Laemmle is getting pretty serious. When people start holding hands in darkened theatres—it's almost a sure sign of love!

● Claudette Colbert's a patient girl and all that—BUT there's a limit to all things!

Joan Crawford, who had been reclusing at Palm Springs to the extent of even avoiding the maid when she brought in her meals, finally consented to pose for *just one* picture with Claudette Colbert.

After cooling her heels for about twenty minutes, Claudette said—what the heck—she'd go and play a game of tennis.

When the game was well under way, Joan finally put in an appearance but by this time Claudette had decided that Joan could jolly well wait until she had finished the set.

No . . . there was *no* picture taken



International

When Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert both happened to be at Palm Springs on vacation the cameraman got a shot of them together—after some delay.

that day! (But there was later—see above.)

● Maybe Connie Bennett has realized that her household would be more peaceful without a child . . . anyway, she has decided to drop her plans for adopting the four-year-old boy whom she has been taking care of ever since his parents were killed in an automobile accident. Connie planned to keep the adoption a deep secret—but, of course, it would out!

● All that talk about Katharine Hepburn and her sixteen millions is—*just talk!* Her father is a surgeon in Hartford, Conn. It is true that Katharine has been abroad but in a very modest way. She and her chum saw the European sights via an old run-down car, which was also used for their sleeping quarters.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

So Connie Bennett isn't going to adopt the four-year-old after all

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust", "Strange Interlude", "Prosperity", "Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"**CLEAR ALL WIRES**" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO**.

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"**RASPUTIN**" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"**MEN MUST FIGHT**" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"**HAPPILY UNMARRIED**" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER**. What a trio for "Buddies!"

"**PIGBOATS**" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery... Jimmy Durante... Walter Huston... Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

M E T R O - G O L D W Y N - M A Y E R

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Ronald Colman for his sophisticated, charming work in "Cynara."



We honor Ann Harding and Richard Dix for their splendid character work in the "The Conquerors."



Photograph by Wm. E. Thomas

We honor Elissa Landi and Fredric March for their beautiful portrayals in "Sign of the Cross."



(Above) The author herself. (Further above) Irene Dunne and John Boles in Fannie Hurst's "Back Street." (Above, right) Clark Gable and Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude." (Top, right) Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young in a scene from "Life Begins." Miss Hurst tells why these particular pictures prove that the movies are growing up.

By the author of "Back Street," FANNIE HURST

Who, besides "Back Street," also wrote these enormously successful stories: "Five and Ten," "A President is Born," "Appassionata," "Lummox," "Star Dust" and "Humoresque." No need to remind you that "Five and Ten," "Lummox," "Humoresque"—and of course, "Back Street"—were all made into movies

WHAT about this alleged retarded mental development of the motion picture?

Physically, this youngster of the arts (let us call her Cinema) has shot up into gangling proportions. Mechanically, she becomes more and more perfect. A fine specimen of a creature art. Good strong-developed body, sinews, lungs, chest measurement.

Beautiful but dumb does by no means apply, and yet there is no gainsaying that Cinema remains mentally immature, in a manner out of all proportion to her beautiful and amazingly rapid mechanical development.



ARE MOVIES GROWING UP?

Believing that we fans want intelligent and adult movie fare, this world-famous author answers that vital question fearlessly. All sincere movie-goers should read every word of this significant and timely document

(Above) Wallace Beery and Joan Crawford had scenes in "Grand Hotel" which the movies would never have countenanced ten years ago. (Above left) John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement." The subject matter of this, too, would never have gotten by the movie moguls a decade ago, says this author.

How old is this youngest of the arts? Or rather, how young does she remain?

Born so long after her last sister art, Cinema has been a problem child. She belongs to that peculiar class of the isolated youngest offspring, who is born of elderly parents at a time when her sisters and brothers are already adult.

It is not surprising that Cinema exhibits all the earmarks of a precocious, erratic, highly nervous youngster, shooting into a sort of premature adolescence that is a bit puzzling to her elders. She has shot up too fast.

The age of Cinema does not synchronize with her peculiar mental and temperamental behavior.

In some ways she is over-mature; in others, she has remained harassingly under-developed. Compared to her sister arts, who have achieved immense age, she is to be regarded as an infant in swaddlings, but that is a state in which we seldom find the child prodigy lingering. And Cinema is in the child prodigy class.

To use a classic figure, Cinema in some ways may be said to have sprung full-grown from the brow of a mechanical age. Her development, if you regard her in

the light of an offspring of a Zeus, has been shaped by industry.

From its very inception the motion picture has been half art, half industry. Therein is where Cinema became a problem child.

Small wonder she has been so over-developed in certain ways and so painfully backward in others.

We look at the mechanical perfection of the screen, we see how unworthy of it is the under-developed pictorial side and we feel bewildered at the many puzzlements connected with this problem art.

Why, considering the billions that have been poured into the development of the child Cinema, have pictures seemed reluctant to grow into the adult class? Her education has cost kings' ransoms. Why did the prodigy develop physically, but leave so much to be desired in her mental growth?

The reply becomes a vicious circle.

Producers still continue reluctant to rate the composite public mind above the age of fourteen. The very cornerstone of Cinema's education is that she must talk down to her public. Because, say the producers, the adenoidal public will not go to see pictures that tax more than the fourteen-year-old brain.

Result? The production average, as the mills of the motion picture studios continue to grind out their mentally standardized products, continues to hover around the standards of the under-developed adult mind.

Motion pictures geared beyond that age are still regarded as dangerous speculations.

Cinema must not be allowed to grow up. Keep her in pigtailed, even after her hair should be up and her skirts down.

It is safe to assume that "Strange Interlude," without the compelling drag of the O'Neil name, would never have been regarded as a picture possibility.

Over this heated subject of adult picture entertainment for an adult world have raged years of heated and berating controversy.

The motion picture producer, whose ideals are purported to reach exactly as high as what the public wants, is attacked for his unadventurous, unaltruistic and even illiterate standards.

The public is attacked for making possible the success of the malnourished, meretricious banquets which are served up to it under condiment of kitchen bouquet, tabasco sauce, hokum, bunk, and sticky mayonnaise.

A vicious circle flowing around a problem similar to the old one of which came first, the chicken or the egg. Is the low-brow producer responsible for the alleged low stature of his public, or has the public pinioned him to the mast of its yardstick?

Be that as it may, the motion picture customer, dropping into the average motion picture house for an hour's recreation, is not yet sure of adult fare.

THE legend persists in the mind of the producer; a legend which all these years has been pressing against his pocket-nerve, that his public is not mentally all there.

Meanwhile Cinema, the wonder-child, must not grow up.

One of the current revues now popular on Broadway indulges in this jest of a skit which rings with sufficient

truth to make it side-splitting, and tragically real:

A motion picture magnate enters his private projection room which is in his home. He is about to see a new picture run off.

The only person he permits in the room besides himself is his unfortunate imbecile son, a cretin with the typical marks of idiocy on his face.

The picture is flashed upon the screen. The magnate watches not the picture, but the responses of his idiot son to this latest effort of his studios. If the cretin shouts with glee or makes animal-like noises of approval, the magnate knows he has a box-office success. If, on the other hand, the idiot boy registers lack of interest, the magnate knows the worst concerning his latest production.

Funny, if it were not so tragic.

Laughable, if it were not to weep.

Behind this travesty is sufficient plating of truth to make it strike home!

Which worm is to turn first, the public or the producer? Probably both. The producer to be shamed into it; the public to be disgusted into it.

Already the wind before the dawn of an era of higher standards for pictures, is carrying the pollen of change. Either the public is becoming conscious and resentful of the low caloric value of its entertainment, or suspicion is beginning to stir in the minds of producers that the composite mind of the public is more mentally mature than he heretofore has had the wit to realize.

But, judging by recent symptoms, Cinema is going to be allowed to grow up.

More than that, compared to various of the foreign language motion pictures that from time to time adorn our screens, American pictures are maturing over and above the imported products.

THE average picture out of Russia, for all their self-assurance to the contrary notwithstanding, is frankly juvenile and keyed to the lower literacy of the masses. For some reasons, the Germans, who five or six years ago set such high standards in pictures, have not only become Hollywoodized, but seem to be going Hollywood one better.

American pictures, not only of vast pictorial beauty but of more promising mental stature, are beginning to come out of the studios these days.

Pictures like "Bill of Divorcement," "Strange Interlude," "Grand Hotel," "Life Begins," are adult entertainment, keyed to the mature mind and assuming normal mental development on the part of audiences.

The growing demands for current-event pictures and authentic travelogues must also indicate to the producing mind that the mentally under-nourished public is clamoring for vitamins.

Even censorship seems to be placing its ear to the ground these days and discriminating between the merely salacious and the factual side of life.

Little Cinema, if she is to develop along modern lines can no longer be treated by the censor as the shame-filled mothers of a generation ago treated their adolescent daughters. Cinema must learn to call a limb a leg and must be taught that storks don't bring babies.

Pictures with themes bearing frankly on cardinal aspects of this business called life are now beginning to be presented with dignity and intelligence.

The theme of my own "Back Street" is one that five years ago would have been considered outside the poor pale of the fourteen-year-old mind. "Life Begins," which deals frankly with childbirth, (Continued on page 106)



Ramon Novarro is taking a particular interest in his current picture, "The Son-Daughter" (above), with Helen Hayes. It's from a stage play which Belasco produced about ten years ago. Read in this story why Ramon has changed from a hermit to a gay and charming host.



DO YOU KNOW THE NEW NOVARRRO?

FOR eleven years Ramon Novarro has been a star and during that time he has led one of the strangest lives that any star ever led. Long before the craze for privacy that Garbo started, Ramon Novarro had been almost a recluse.

Now his mode of living has changed—completely—and he is happier than he ever was before.

First, to give you the complete picture, let me tell you how he used to live. Then I'll explain his new existence.

Instead of having a home in Hollywood, Ramon, when opulence first came to him, bought a place in one of the exclusive residential districts of Los Angeles. There—with his enormous Mexican family, his mother, brothers and sisters—he shut himself away from all studio contacts. Very, very few people—other than his Mexican friends—ever visited this house, but one of my most pleasant memories is of the time that I had tea with Ramon there.

At the studio he was, unlike Garbo, a "regular fellow"—mixing gayly with his co-workers, making lusty Latin jokes with the prop men and electricians and being anything but the recluse and the hermit he was in his private life. The point was that Ramon led two sorts of lives—one at home with his family and the other at the studio with his working comrades.

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

You remember the death of his brother—a loss that hurt Ramon deeply. He took a trip to Europe shortly after that and upon his return everybody said that Ramon had changed. As a matter of fact

he had not changed much in his heart and his soul, but he did start going to parties—which was an unusual thing for Ramon to do. He was always super-gay, a little too gay to be quite convincing, as a matter of fact.

He was restless. He was not, he remembered, growing any younger. And he was watching the tree of his good deeds bear fruit. His family was amply provided for—the boys in college, the girls following whatever vocation they chose. Love them, he still did—but now they did not need him so much as they had. They were older, too. They were at the place where they must carve their own careers.

During that time when Ramon was getting his name in the papers (you remember when, at a party in a friendly scuffle Elsie Janis' arm was dislocated) and people were shaking their heads and saying, "Tcht, tcht, this is not the charming, poetic boy we used to know," he was, in reality, simply feeling the pangs of growing pains. He was experiencing that restlessness that comes to everyone who sees that his lifelong responsibility is no longer a responsibility. I knew, at that (Continued on page 98)

Get up-to-date on your knowledge of this famous young man

She actually

The scene in "Call Her Savage," in which it was found necessary to use a poisonous snake because a non-poisonous one hasn't the necessary liveliness. That snake episode is the basis of this remarkable story on Clara's courage.

By FAITH
BALDWIN

IN the filming of "Call Her Savage" there is a sequence which calls for the heroine's encounter with a snake. Non-poisonous snakes were tested but were too lethargic to be used. A snake which had not been deprived of its fangs was finally selected and in the process his keeper was badly bitten and taken to the hospital in danger of his life. Despite this, Clara played her scene, and the large stills of the actual motion picture negatives will show that she came within a foot of that crawling, poisonous creature and tormented it into making a dart at her breast, barely missing its goal, after which it is whipped from the scene by Clara herself.

Rex Bell, hearing of this, rushed to the studio, and demanded that if any such scenes took place he would remove Clara from the picture. But the director told him that he was unduly nervous. "The scenes are perfect, in the first place—no retakes are necessary; and in the second place *Clara killed the snake*," he said.

I think that Clara, with courage, audacity, an utter lack of wisdom, no counsel and no thought for herself has always killed the snakes. There have been many—poisonous, creeping, secret and dangerous. But she has whipped them all off the scene. I tell you this girl has guts. No matter what she decides to do in the future she rates your admiration and your loyalty. For sheer native-born courage in the face of adversity, disaster, calumny, scandal and heartbreak, I give you Clara Bow.

Despite her long retirement from the screen the Clara Bow controversy still rages. I know of no other motion picture star, man or woman, who has aroused more comment and inspired more loyal champions. But one thing is very certain . . . even her worst enemies could not say that Clara Bow lacks courage. This she has in abundance and the vitality to use it, even when its employment might bring down all sorts of misfortunes upon her luckless but eternally gallant little head.

LET us look briefly at certain episodes in her short, crowded life, episodes, many of which are well known to you through the wide and sometimes unfavorable publicity they have received but which, contemplated



KILLED it!



Her encounter with a poisonous snake in a scene of "Call Her Savage" is only one of the reasons why this famous author has selected CLARA BOW as THE MOST COURAGEOUS GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

in the strong white light, not of publicity but of personal courage, take on a new meaning.

Remember for a moment her upbringing and her early background. The daughter of a Coney Island waiter, existing on the little he was able to contribute to her support, the daughter of a woman who was mentally unbalanced and, at times, homicidal, Clara Bow grew up in surroundings of not only poverty but terror and gloom and despair which few girls could have conquered. How easy it would have been for this child of the Brooklyn streets, limited in education, barred from happy normal childhood associations, to have remained in the dark rut of the unfortunate situation into which she was born. But she did *not* remain there, she pulled herself out by her bootstraps, by that indomitable spirit which is part of her, by her fighting blood and her matchless courage.

I know something about children. I know how sensitive they are and how conservative. When I say conservative I mean that children run with the pack. The child who does not or who cannot run with the pack is marked down as a natural prey—the lone wolf, the outlaw. Children run very true to form. If one child appears on the street with a new sort of hat or toy, the gang must follow suit. Clara couldn't. She was the shabbiest child on her dingy street. She was made an intolerable butt by the slightly more fortunate little girls. Any one who knows children will realize what this would do to the average child. The psychologists are always telling us that inhibitions and complexes and behavior patterns become part of the miserable infant who has not been able to enter into his or her "social" surroundings during childhood. If ill treatment and calumny and ridicule marked Clara Bow it marked her in a very different manner from the usual one. It put her head up and her chin high. She could take it—on that little chin. She has taken it ever since.

This attitude of the girls of her own age did something else to her. It gave her a bias towards boys as playmates. Boys are more lenient. Clara could run and race and climb and be as active as a boy. The boys therefore accepted her, they were at an age when externals didn't matter. Later, externals would (Continued on page 96)

CONVICTS

— and the movies

Illustrated By JACK WELCH

By LEWIS E. LAWES

Warden of Sing Sing

WHAT is the effect of the average movie viewed by the prison population of Sing Sing?

What are a prisoner's emotions while watching a picture?

What type of picture is favored?

What kind of picture is most liable to make good citizens?

These and similar questions have been put to me, particularly since the announcement that my book, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," has come to the screen, bringing with it, I sincerely believe, the spirit of its pages, with its message to the world.

Let some of the inmates answer the questions. I know the answer, naturally, as I am in a position to know these things. The movies are shown no less than twice a week to the men here. They enjoy them, and I believe it is good for them. We exercise our judgment in the selection of the program, and this is comparatively easier to do than it used to be, as the quality of the movies has greatly improved.

WE will take the viewpoint of two or three of the men, selected through their fitness to answer the questions. I smiled when I noted that each reply included a rather elaborate mention of the movie version of the book. We will eliminate these references, and confine the symposium to movies in general, as they have been seen in the prison. Following are the answers of, let us say, Tom, Dick and Harry, and they embody the opinions of a majority of the inmates.



A graphic scene from the movie, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." This powerful story was based on Warden Lawes' book of that name.

Is the Crime Picture Harmful?

"Yes, I think the crime picture *is* harmful," declares Tom. "Motion picture companies are in the business for a livelihood and they know the best way of earning it is to give the public thrills. The plain truth is seldom ever thrilling; so the picture producer creates thrills by making the hero a handsome, devil-may-care kind of gangster, loyal to his mob and poison to his enemies—in whom there is no fear. Or they make him a hard, ruthless type, with courage of a kind, who reveals a sudden and unexplained strain of tender heartedness. In short, they create mythical types and situations that strongly appeal to certain kinds of minds by stimulating their imaginations.

The famous warden—and author, too—makes some interesting disclosures about



Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis in a scene from "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." Warden Lawes knows the men of the big house well—which is why his book is so powerful.



Opposite was a scene from the movie dealing with Sing Sing. This is the real thing—the men out for their exercise. It's from Lawes' book.

"I have often stood near a group of young prisoners with undeveloped—almost moronic minds—and listened to them reciting stories of their deeds—stories which I knew were entirely fictitious figments of their imagination—all because of cheap crime pictures and wild accounts of bold crimes published in the newspapers.

"Watch a young prisoner, just beginning his stretch, and see how he tries to walk, look, act and talk like he believes Jack Diamond or some other of his underworld heroes would. It would really be funny were it not so serious.

"On the other hand the public swings to another extreme, which, in my opinion, is just as harmful as the

'glorifying-the-criminal' picture. It is the 'glorifying-the-police' subject.

"The police are necessary to human safety, of course, but the methods they usually employ in dealing with those who fall into their clutches are anything but heroic. We hate to see a big fellow jump on a little fellow and beat him up. And when a dozen big policemen do the jumping—no matter how detestable the prisoner may be or how loathesome his crime—we may not sympathize with him, but on the other hand, we cannot exactly pat the dozen husky bluecoats on the back, and exclaim, 'My brave heroes,' when they get him in the backroom and beat him up.

"To think that any good can come through the employment of so false a bit of sentimentality is wrong. It only awakens a sneer in the mind of the evil-doer, crystallizes a spirit of resentment, and a determination to 'show them.'

"If any phase of our social structure contains the material from which a lesson may be learned, that will bring about some good, then that material needs no embellishment—no glamorous treatment at all. The bare, unadorned facts should do the turn.

THE so-called underworld life is drab and sordid any way one looks at it, and if it must be depicted, it should be depicted as it is—neither magnified nor glorified by writers with over-developed imaginations, and directors with a flair for dramatic effects.

"I personally cannot see how any underworld picture can be a real healthy impetus (Continued on page 98)

the men of Sing Sing and their reactions to the movies shown there

... That's the way a certain woman described Fredric March. But she said it because Freddie had told her something which—but read it for yourself . . .

By
KATHERINE ALBERT

(Below) Fredric March and Elissa Landi in "Sign of the Cross." (Below, right) With Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." Fred is a most unHollywood person—perhaps that's one reason why the woman called him dull.



THAT is what a disappointed admirer called Fredric March. It happened after she had met him and this is why it happened.

Seems that she had seen him in "Smilin' Through" and had thought him the very essence and epitome of everything that was swashbuckling, daring, debonaire and dashing. She had, in fact, thought that maybe he might turn those romantic eyes in her direction and that they would light up with some of the fire that burned in the love scenes between him and Norma Shearer.

In some way—maybe she was the friend of the third assistant director's assistant—she met Freddie March. It happened that he was between scenes in "The Sign of the Cross" and looked like all the handsome Roman gladiators of history rolled into one. The lady heaved a couple of long sighs and asked him what he thought about love.

"Love is grand," said Fred (the lady lowered her eyes), "Florence and I have been in love ever since we were married." He said it with great enthusiasm.

And then, not noticing her look of disappointment, he went on to tell her about his wife—Florence Eldridge (did you see her in "Thirteen Women"?)—his home, his family and in a simple guileless fashion, recounted stories about his brothers and sister, his father and mother, adding that he and Florence were so thankful to have a home, at last—a permanent home in Hollywood.

The lady was unsatisfied. "And haven't you ever, Mr. March, been in any sort of—well—scandal or anything like that?"

Just at that moment the omnipotent Cecil B. De Mille called him before the cameras and Fred had no chance to answer. The lady watched him work—doing frantic love scenes with Claudette Colbert—for a little while and then asked to be taken off the set. Later someone asked her what she thought of Fredric March and here's what she said, a trifle bitterly perhaps, "He's a very dull young man."

And that is what a lot of women and girls who yearn

"A VERY DULL YOUNG MAN"

Freddie March won the 1932 Academy male award for his work in "Dr. Jekyll." See the spread about it on page 38. (Below, left) on the set and (right) with his wife.



for burning glances—the sort with which he endows his close-ups—get from Freddie March. Fred is adored, not only by his feminine fans, but by many of the famous stars of Hollywood as well. But there is where Florence Eldridge steps into the picture.

Florence knows how to cope with the situations that arise. Married to this handsome young fellow, she sits back quietly while women fawn upon her husband.

Florence, however, is equal to the occasion. Once—it was shortly after the release of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a very glamorous star was giving Freddie a rush. Unable to arouse Florence's jealousy she came up to her one night at a party and cooed, "Oh, Mrs. March, I wonder if you would let your good-looking husband dine with me some evening. I'm sure you wouldn't mind having him away from you for one evening, when you see him so much." The star had thought that she would annoy Florence and would cause a scene to put the wife at a disadvantage while she became a heroine not only in the

eyes of Hollywood but in Fred's eyes as well.

Florence, unflinching, looked at her for a long time and then said, "Why do you ask me? I'm sure I have never tried to manage Fred's personal affairs. There he is now—go over and ask him if he would like to dine with you one evening."

And what—pray?—is an amorously inclined star to do with a woman like that?

MEASURED by Hollywood standards—certain Hollywood standards—I imagine the Marches might seem like pretty dull people. For Fred has never—and this answers his fan's question—been embroiled in a scandal. No more gray hairs will ever be put in Mr. Will Hays' head by Freddie. He does not go in for sensational antics, he does not make wild statements to be picked up by newspapers all over the world. He does not wrangle with his studio, nor with his family. He is, in fact, a normal, sane, very nice (Continued on page 102)



The news for Doug, Jr., is not so good for 1933. But cheer up, Doug. Maybe 1934 will be better. There is some good news but also a warning for Joan Crawford. Gable gets a warning, too. About accidents of several kinds. But, professionally, he'll be all right. Dareos has a prophecy to make concerning Joan Bennett's marriage to Gene Markey.

COMPARE THE THINGS WHICH DAREOS PREDICTED FOR 1932 IN MODERN SCREEN WITH WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED. IT'S A FINE RECORD

WHAT DAREOS PROPHESED

Four divorces of big stars.

A great scandal in midyear, involving big screen names, with the possibility of the murder of a screen star.

Garbo: To leave Hollywood for six months. Get future salary boost.

Gable to have good year professionally, though "unsettled." In domestic affairs, no change, despite jealousies hovering about.

John Gilbert: "No promise" professionally. Career virtually at end.

Fredric March: Great professional year. No domestic disturbances. Danger of aviation accident in midsummer, with Dareos' advice to stay out of planes.

Ina Claire: Professional success. Betrothal by end of year, marriage in 1933.

Doug, Junior and Joan. Domestic unrest. Possibility of baby. Glorious professional success for both.

Chaplin: To marry in 1932, or early in 1933. Will do interesting work in writing field.

Durante: Rise in 1932 to be phenomenal.

Lupe Velez: Two betrothal announcements in 1932, but no marriage.

Clara Bow: To marry Rex Bell "early in 1932," with attempt to keep it secret. To find great happiness with Hubby Rex. No scandal. Return to screen, with success.

Fatty Arbuckle: Return to screen, with neither failure nor success. To wed Addie McPhail and find happiness.

Norma Shearer: Unruffled home and professional life.

Nancy Carroll: Unkind year, both professionally and domestically. Summer black, with domestic upset likely due to too much devotion to work.

Connie Bennett: Okay for marital happiness. Illness and operation for Connie.

Bancroft: Domestic tranquillity; danger of aerial accident in fall.

Bebe Daniels: No return to screen till late in year. Marital bliss.

David Manners: Will give others a run for it, reach heights in 1932. Will make contract change.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor: Professional separation on screen. Charlie and wife Valli will be happy; no baby in 1932. Janet and hubby not so blissful, particularly at year's end.

Stu Erwin and wife, June Collyer: Marital happiness, and baby in 1933.

Bill Powell and wife, Carole Lombard: Will stay together through the year.

WHAT HAPPENED

Of the two score film divorces in 1932, exactly and only four were of rating stars: Ann Harding, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier.

The suicide of Paul Bern, with resultant newspaper publicity, great word-of-mouth gossip and scandalmongering, involving big screen names. She did.

Gable had a good year in pictures, but ups and downs in the value of his films. Despite much gossip, his marriage remains apparently firm. Apparently still true.

March had a skyrocket success in 1932. His home life remained tranquil. And he stayed out of airplanes and is still whole.

Professionally, Ina Claire has done so-so. Betrothal?—not public by late October, anyway. Their domestic affairs are open gossip. But the "possibility" of the baby didn't develop. Professionally big successes for both.

No known marriage by late October, but plenty of talk that he'll soon wed Paulette Goddard. He wrote a story of his recent trip, soon to be published.

Well, that schnozzle certainly did rise in the world.

Well, up to October, she's still single, anyway.

Clara beat Dareos by marrying Rex late in 1931, just after his prophecy was made. They did try to keep it secret. She is happy with Rex. And they say "Call Her Savage" is a wow.

100 percent correct.

Correct.

The stars had the zodiacal signs on Nancy, all right. It all came out just like that.

Connie and her Marquis are still very, very happy. And she was ill and was operated on. Domestically, all's well. Aviation accident—not by mid-October.

Correct.

Correct.

Wrong on that screen separation business. The Farrells seem happy, babyless. Janet—but the year's not over as this is written.

They beat him by more than three months on the baby business.

Correct.

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1932 there appeared about 50 definite items of forecast. Of these 50 definite predictions, 34 came true, 9 were proved false, 7 are inconclusive at the time this is written.

Dareos' score: 68% correct, 18% wrong, 14% inconclusive.





There is an amazing prediction concerning Greta Garbo and her welfare. She will overcome the happening, however—according to Dareos. Chevalier is due for a lot of disillusionment, if the planets can be believed. The prognostication on Jean Harlow concerns a new romance for her. And George Raft! Well, what success he's due for. Gather round, Valentino fans.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR FAVORITES IN 1933?

. . . Dareos, the famous Hollywood prophet and seer, again makes some exciting and surprising predictions—this time for 1933

By HARRY LANG

Illustrated By CARL HAUPTMANN

LOOK out, Hollywood! 1933 will be your "Scandal Year"! So says Dareos.

Dareos is Hollywood's favorite seer. And of his prophecies for 1932, as published in MODERN SCREEN at the beginning of the year, less than one out of five of the things Dareos then predicted failed to come true!

For years, now, Dareos has held his position as the favorite seer of cinemaland. You'd be surprised if you knew the names of the great and near-great of Hollywood who go to Dareos for advice, for forecasts, for analysis, for horoscopes. Stars—both male and female—and the executive big shots of many a studio consult Dareos before going ahead with any major project. That's how highly his ability is regarded in movieland. And so, when he cuts loose with what he says will happen in and to Hollywood in 1933, it's interesting—and it's a cinch that more than one of Hollywood's greatest will read this prognostication with concern.

So let's go! Here's what Dareos

says about 1933 in Hollywood:

IN the first place, what he calls Hollywood's luck and success in keeping the lid on the scandal pot will not last. The year will bring forth no less than *seven* separate scandals, of greater or lesser magnitude. Two of these will "break" in the spring of the year; the other five will be bunched along toward the latter part of the twelve month.

But one of these end-of-the-year quintet of scandals will break out into the open with some of the worst things that could be dragged across the pages of newspapers and court records. Because that's where it'll break—in open court, with scandalous accusations and revelations that will involve several names of star rank.

It may be that this one open scandal will be the only one of the year's seven that will get much publicity. As in the past, strenuous efforts of hushers-up and sup-press agents will manage to keep the steaming details of most of



This chap—Kirkland by name—is due to surprise the entire film world.



Dareos' prophecy concerning Janet Gaynor is not exactly a halo of cheeriness.



The exciting prediction about Charles Farrell has to do with his married life.



And Ann Harding—according to Dareos—will find romance in a big way.

the other scandals under cover, says Dareos.

But—before the end of the year, the lid will blow off. "It'll be like a volcano, with all hitherto covered-up and tied-down scandal popping out of bounds," says the seer.

That's enough for the scandal. But Dareos has more to excite you. He says there'll be two violent deaths of film "names"—either murder or suicide. There may be a third, say the stars, but this is not certain. The two are certain, however, and both will be classed in the news columns as "mystery deaths."

In midyear, there will be a sensational attempt to kidnap one of the foremost female stars of the screen, but it will fail.

The divorce courts will, as usual, be busy. "It doesn't require any abnormal mind to foretell that," Dareos admits. But, as in 1932, he is specific. In 1933, he says, there will be only two "star" divorces. But there will be at least five others with "big" names.

SOMETIME during the year, a noted star will die. So will one of Hollywood's foremost film executives.

Two female stars, now apparently happily married, will make more or less public spectacles of themselves by going violently "on the make" for actors *not* their husbands! At least one of these upsets will eventuate in divorce, says Dareos.

There will be far-reaching changes in the line-up of producing firms, with Fox emerging at the end of the year as the most powerful company, having absorbed at least one, possibly several of the other present front line outfits!

The threat of a big studio fire disaster, which Dareos foretold for 1932, and which did not materialize, is still indicated, he insists, and will almost certainly take place early in 1933.

And now as to specific individuals:

One of the most interesting romance developments of the year will center about exotic Anna May Wong, the Chinese charmer. There will be a much talked about romance between Anna and a prominent young American actor, with much of the discussion dealing with the fact

that the marriage of the two will be openly talked about as a possibility. However, Anna will not marry during 1933, although in addition to the young American, a well-to-do Englishman will offer marriage to her. Eventually, but not in 1933, Miss Wong will marry a wealthy man of her own race.

Joan Bennett's year is dark with danger of domestic upheaval. Her marriage to Gene Markey, Dareos says, was not in accord with what the stars had for her. "It is not pleasant to have to tell such things, and there is nothing personal in it," he explains. "I only tell what the science of astrology indicates."

Joan Crawford, professionally, will continue to find success after success. But scandal hovers near, scandal

involving the name of a now well-known actor. There is the threat of some "sudden and great trouble," says Dareos, in her life in 1933. However, despite the possibility of scandal, it is indicated that she and Doug Fairbanks, Junior, will go through the year side by side. But all that talk about a baby is not to see fulfillment in 1933.

Doug Junior, unlike wife Joan, faces not so good a year professionally. At least, not as good as 1932.

AMONG DAREOS' 1933 PREDICTIONS ARE:

A great deal of Hollywood scandal to be aired.

Two divorces of big stars.

Much exciting romance for Anna May Wong.

Unpleasant news about Joan Bennett's domestic affairs.

Amazing plot against Greta Garbo.

News concerning Dietrich and Von Sternberg.

A serious warning for Clark Gable.

New romance for Jean Harlow.

GRETA GARBO will come back—and

"with a bang"—in pictures. She will return to M-G-M, but first, she will do some work abroad, either on the stage or screen. She will continue her policy of mystery and silence. Her personal, intimate life will continue "as is," with the usual chitter-chatter of whispered gossip about her friends. Her health is threatened.

Greta is the star against whom a sensational kidnap attempt will be directed toward the end of the year. However, the attempt will fail, because of the fact that Garbo will maintain a strong personal guard.

Marlene Dietrich will do "lovely things" professionally. But in private life, she will be the target for much malicious scandal-talk. She will find that her own sex will be her worst enemy; she must be careful about her women friends, Dareos says the stars warn. There are portents which are indicative of Dietrich being involved in a scandal which will also involve (Continued on page 103)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



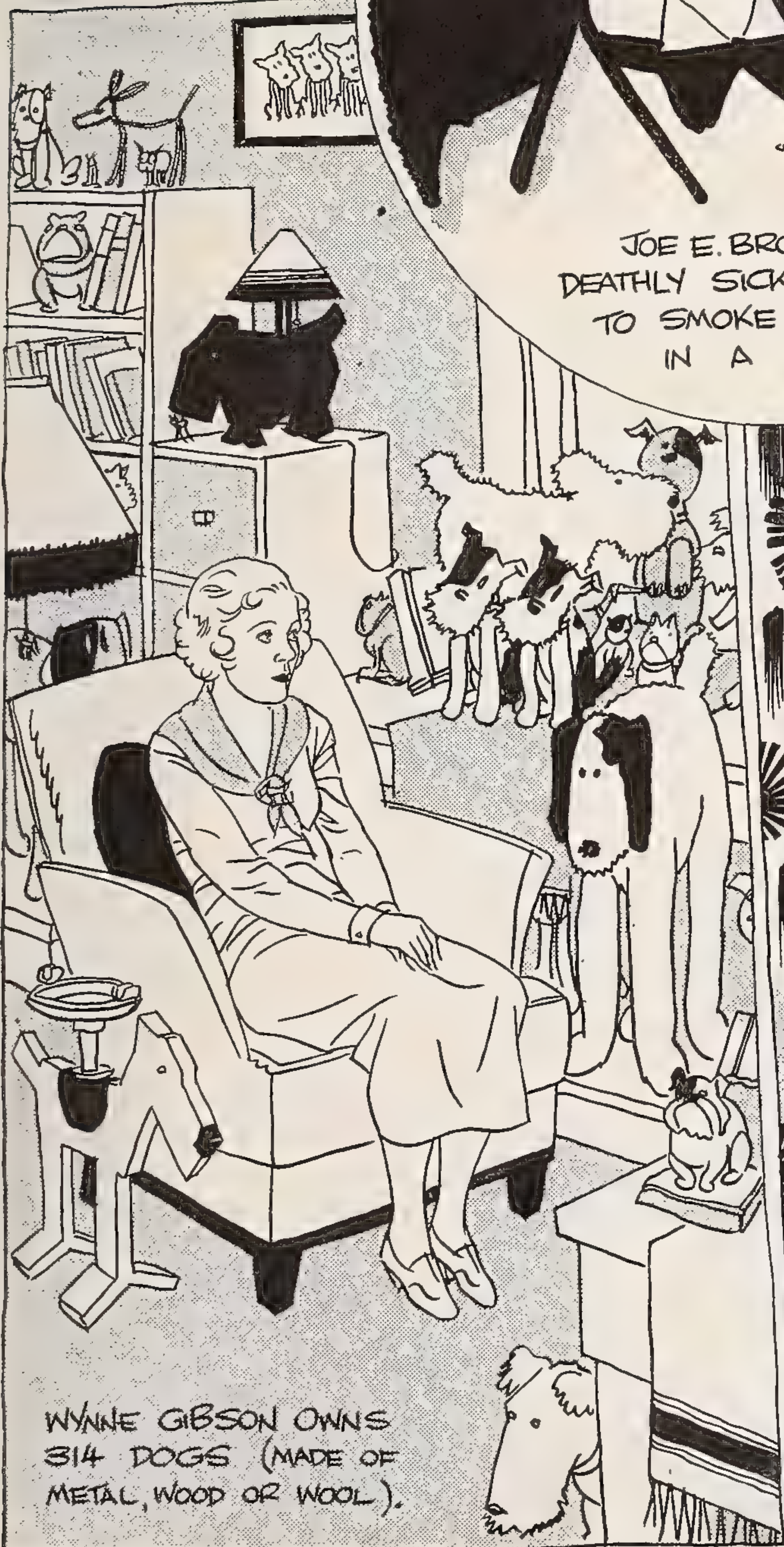
CHARLES BICKFORD CAN BEND A HORSESHOE WITH HIS BARE HANDS.



GARBO, WHO GETS HALF A MILLION FOR 2 PICTURES, DRIVES A 1926-MODEL CAR THAT WAS RECENTLY APPRAISED AT \$200.



JOE E. BROWN GETS DEATHLY SICK WHEN HE HAS TO SMOKE FOR A SCENE IN A PICTURE



WAYNE GIBSON OWNS 314 DOGS (MADE OF METAL, WOOD OR WOOL).



GARY COOPER IS CALLED "THE SWEET-HEART OF THE WORLD" IN JAPAN.

WOULD YOU GIVE BACK



\$1,000,000

THE MOST AMAZING STORY EVER



(Left) Constance being awarded the Distinguished Service Medal recently by the Lexington Post of the American Legion. (Above) Connie and Phil Plante, the man for whom she gave up a splendid movie future to marry—because she loved him. This story has to do with an amazing new angle of that famous million dollar settlement. On the opposite page you will find a new portrait of Connie and also a scene from her newest film "Rockabye"—which has Paul Lukas and Joel McCrea as well as Connie.

I HAVE just heard one of the strangest and most beautiful stories about Constance Bennett—a story so worthy of print and one which gives you such a new insight into this girl who has been called the most disliked woman in Hollywood that I can't resist telling you about it.

Here is how I heard it.

We were sitting in a charming Hollywood patio late one evening—a few stragglers remaining after a party. It was quite dark and we could not see each other's faces. There were only four of us and we had been talking about the fact that so often wrong impressions grow about people who do things that look hard and cruel to the rest of the world but are, in reality, things done for a good purpose.

Suddenly one of the men—a star, himself—said, "I know an example of that. It's something I suppose I shouldn't tell, because the girl it concerns wouldn't want it known—but I think it is so remarkable that I'm going to tell it anyhow."

And this is the story I heard:



OO.OO ?

TOLD ABOUT CONNIE BENNETT

"Constance Bennett loved that young fellow Phil Plante—her second husband. At the time of her marriage there was disapproval from her family and her friends. Connie was so young and seemed to have so much of the stuff of which great actresses and great women are made, that no one could understand why she chose to give up her career, that was just beginning to flower, for a wealthy play boy like Phil Plante.

"But who is to say why love comes—and how. She must have loved him deeply, else she would not have married him at a time when she was being hailed as one of the greatest potential stars. Her first big picture, 'Sally, Irene and Mary', had received marvelous notices when she quit her job and married this Plante.

"They went to Europe. They lived a gay and fascinating life—in Paris, the Riviera, Monte Carlo—oh, you know what young people with lots of money do. And if Connie found it an empty life, she did not say so because she was in love.

"But—after a long trial—she found it wouldn't work, that marriage. You folk know why. I don't need to go into that. But remember that she had given up her career and had brooked her family's disapproval to marry this lad she really loved.

WHEN the divorce came, Plante settled a million dollars on her and he is said to have made a very cruel remark which implied that that was all she had wanted from him, anyway. She must have been cruelly hurt by his words. For she knew how well she had loved him and that it was never his money that made her marry him. But she was too proud to tell him any of that.

"She returned to America—a glamorous, exciting young divorcée with a million dollars, a European background, the smartest clothes and all the *savoir faire* of a woman twice her age.

"Naturally, she was envied by Hollywood—and when her first talking picture was an instant success, she was almost hated. It seemed, to those girls who had struggled along the torturous path of stardom and had reached its end only after great trials and sacrifices, that things had come too easily for Connie. It is no wonder that they were envious and jealous of her.

"Connie heard all the talk. Connie knew that it was said that she was shrewd and clever and hard. Then she, by her own wit in dealing with men of finance, wrangled a contract that paid her one of the highest salaries ever paid a star—\$30,000 a week when she was working. The jealousy and the gossip reached a high point then.

"Of course, she did not get the \$30,000 every week. The contract was signed per picture but it figured out at \$30,000 while she was working and her critics did not stop to consider this—or give her the benefit of any doubts.

"The fact remained, however, that she had driven a hard and a shrewd bargain and since envy breeds hate, Connie was hated.

BUT here's what nobody knew—and what Connie, who never justifies herself (she's too big a person for that) would not tell. When she had received the divorce settlement from Phil Plante and when he had said the words that hurt her so, she made a solemn vow that she would pay back to him (Continued on page 90)

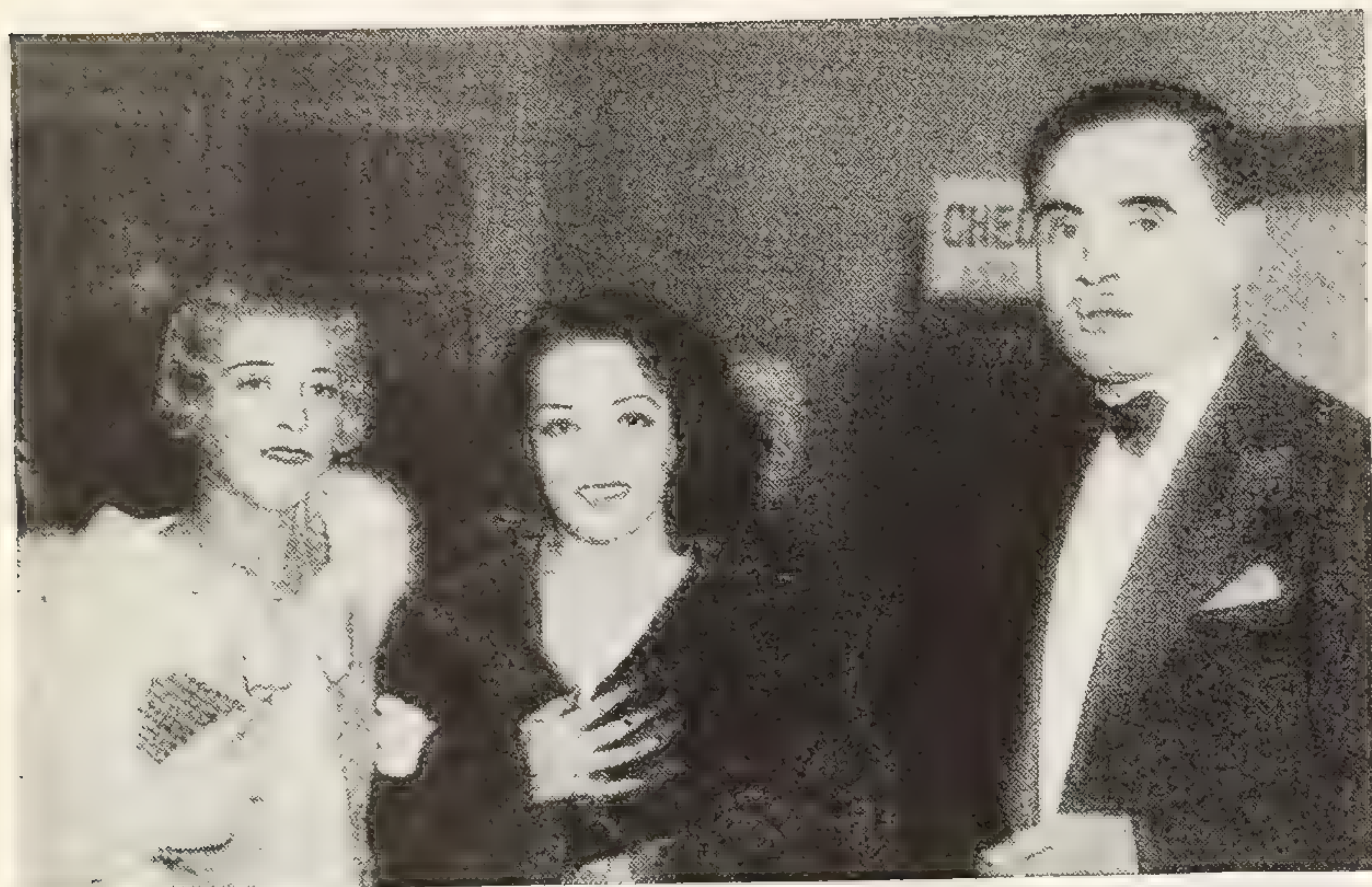
By KATHERINE
ALBERT

... The yearly awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences are the most sought after Hollywood honors

Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, Helen Hayes and Lionel Barrymore. Miss Hayes won the award for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

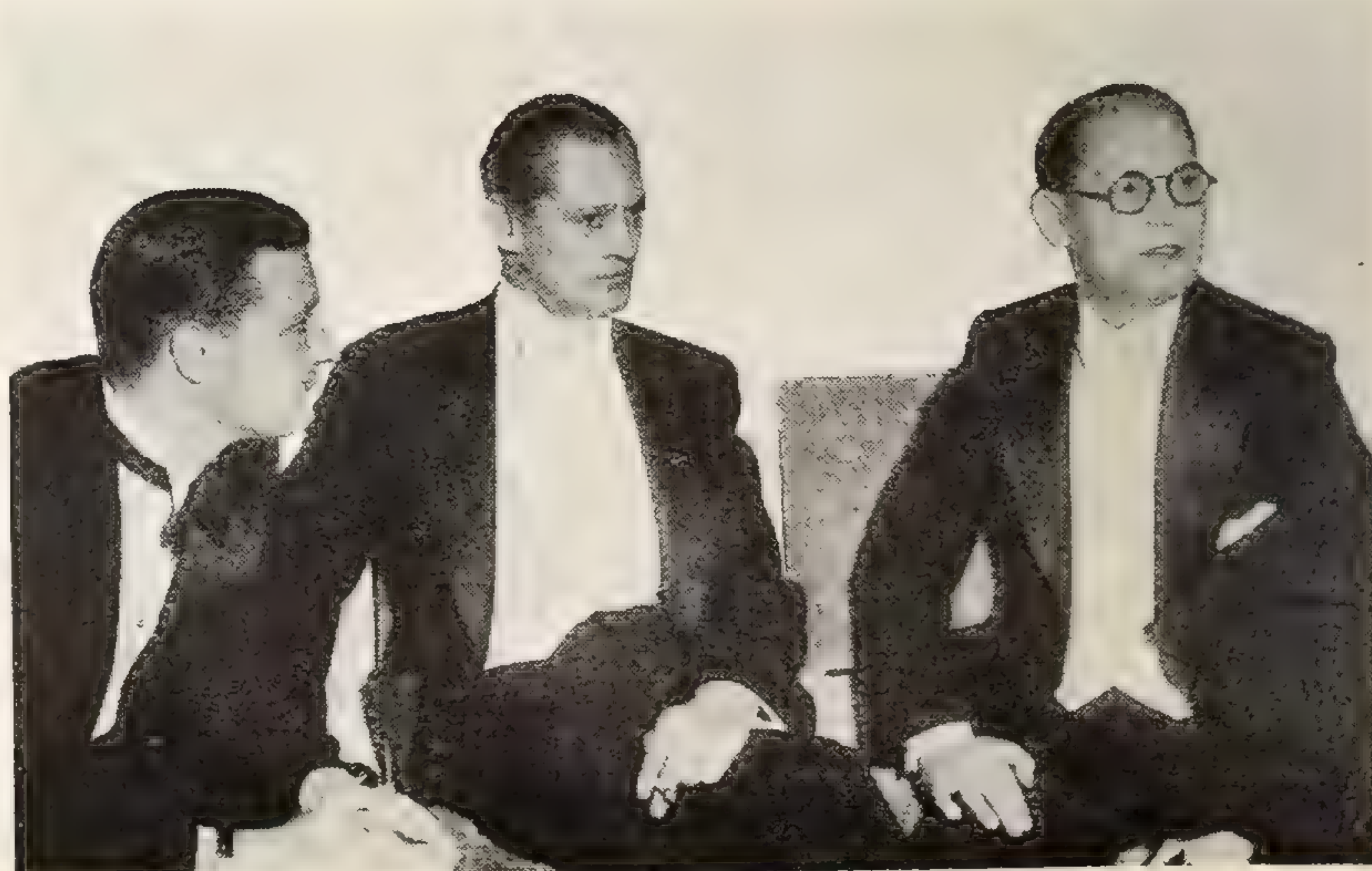


THE ACADEMY



Lupe Velez leaving the banquet (left). The gentleman at the right is the maitre-d'hôtel, Jimmy Manos. (Below left) Spencer Tracy and his wife; Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer. They dropped into the Cocoanut Grove after the Academy Awards were given. (Below) George Barr Brown, Lionel Barrymore, and Mike Levy. Lionel won the award last year for his work in "A Free Soul." Marie Dressler was the other winner—for "Min and Bill."

Pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman.





. . . So let us congratulate Helen Hayes and Fredric March—the recipients of the 1932 Academy awards for acting honors

Helen Hayes and Fredric March. Fredric March was awarded the honor for his work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He is fast becoming a big star. (See page 30.)

AWARDS BANQUET

(Below) Wallace Beery leaving the Academy Award banquet. He received a special award as well as honorable mention for his work in "The Champ." Wally got only one less vote than March. In consideration of this fact, the judges thought he deserved a special prize. (Below right) Stan Laurel, Hal Roach and Oliver Hardy. Laurel and Hardy recently returned from their European jaunt. (Right) Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe arriving at the Academy Award banquet.



HELEN HAYES AND FREDRIC MARCH WIN!



(Above) Walt Disney and his wife. Just in case you don't know, Walt is the creator of that highly popular movie actor, Mickey Mouse. There's Mickey Mouse's award—Mrs. Disney is holding it. (Above, left) The winner again, Fredric March, and his wife, the former Florence Eldridge. You'll find her spoken of in the story on page 30. (Left) Alice White and friend Cy Bartlett. Did you know that Alice has a new nose? (Lower left) George O'Brien arriving. (Below) O'Brien again—with some of his friends during a lull between Academy Awards, as it were.



BUDDY ROGERS—

HERE AGAIN



... When Mister Charles Rogers heard that he had left Hollywood because he was "through," it aroused his spirit. So he chucked his orchestra job and decided to "show them." He did, too

Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian at the opening of the Little Club. (More pictures of this event on page 60.) Buddy is once again a Hollywood fixture—for six months of every year.

By CARTER BRUCE

BUDDY ROGERS is back in the movies! Yes, Buddy returned to Hollywood a week ago . . . and today he signed a long-term contract with M-G-M studio. One of the most unusual contracts ever written. "*... that the party of the second part shall make motion pictures for a period of twenty seven weeks each and every year (during the period of this agreement) and, further, he shall make personal appearances and appear over the radio for the remaining twenty five weeks of every year.*"

In other words, Buddy Rogers is the first motion picture star whose stage talent has been recognized and capitalized on by a studio!

This is exactly what Buddy wanted. The day we met him at the train, he expressed the hope that he could sign a contract that would allow him to appear in New York a part of each year. This not only *allows* him . . . it *forces* him! And thousands of fans are happy . . . because, in spite of the arrival of Clark Gable and George Raft, there was a place left vacant by Buddy's departure that no one else could fill. Buddy is happy too—but for an entirely different reason . . . a very personal reason:

In spite of what many critics and writers said; in spite of what a part of Hollywood thought—Buddy Rogers is *not* through! More important, he has proved it to himself!

When Buddy left Hollywood eleven months ago, contractless and free, he did so of his own volition! He was anxious to get away from Paramount where he



believed he had been made to do too many poor pictures. He left because of an offer to lead his band in exclusive New York hotels . . . appear on the stage and over the radio—an offer so BIG, by the way, that it made his movie contract look like cigarette money! So you can see that he left because he *wanted* to!

Imagine his surprise, just six months later, when he read that he was a "has been"—comment in movie columns said that "Miss America" had outgrown her former "Boy Friend" and replaced him with more sophisticated appeal of other movie gentlemen! To add to the injury, whenever a Hollywood juvenile failed to click he was referred to as "just another Buddy Rogers who couldn't make the grade"! The idea began to gain momentum until, within the last few months, he began to overhear the whispered comments of the boys and girls who danced in front of his band.

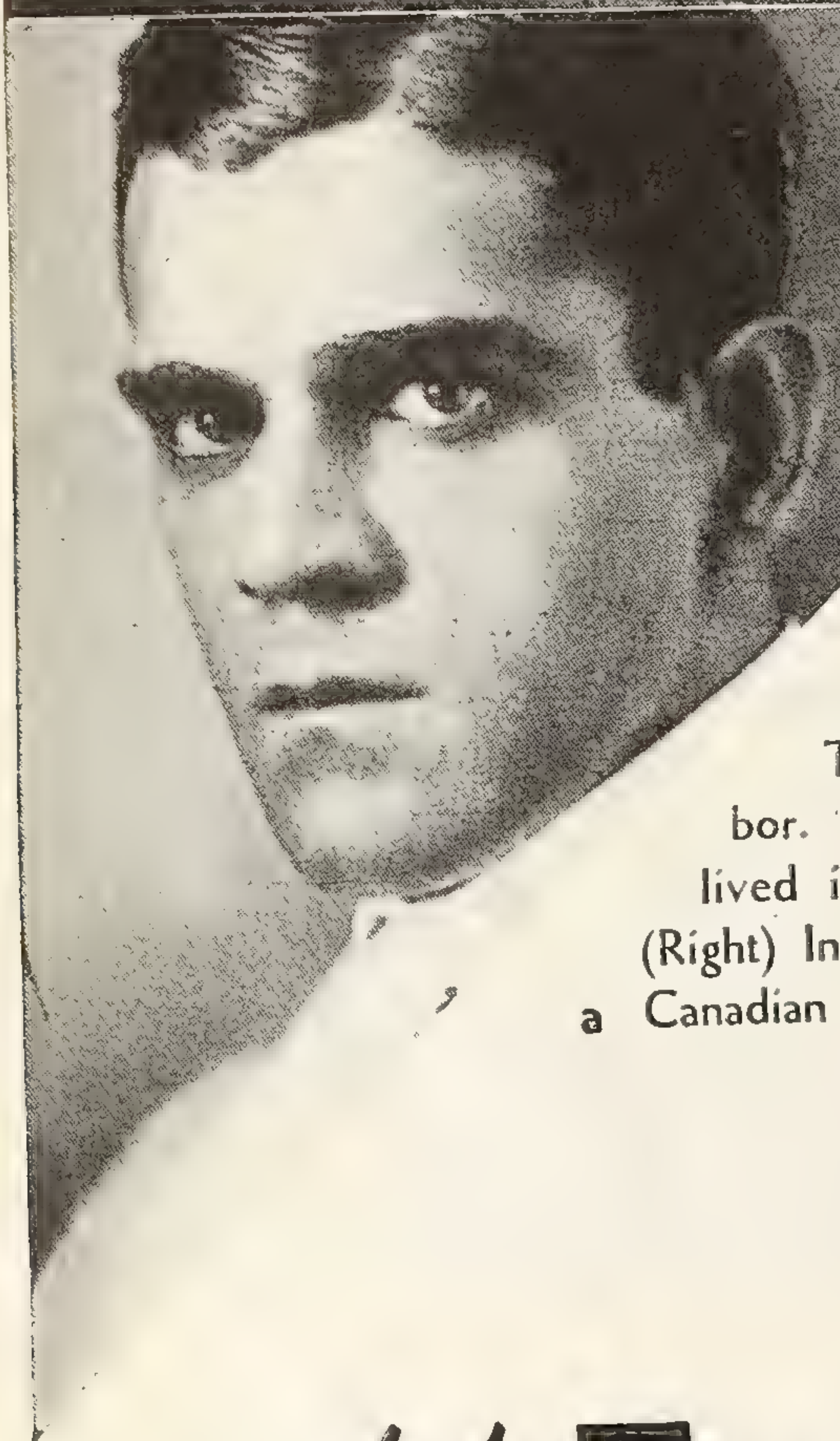
"Well," the high-school sheik would whisper into his lady friend's ear, "There stands your secret passion, America's Boy Friend!"

"Where do you get *that* idea?" Miss Sixteen would yip, "He's last years' stuff. Bet he couldn't get a contract in Hollywood if he *wanted* to!"

It hurt! It hurt a *lot*. There is something almost ridiculous about any boy twenty-nine years old being a "has-been" in the first place! It seemed even more ridiculous to Buddy because he had walked out on movie offers of his own free-will to accept bigger offers on the stage! And even his \$6,000.00 weekly (Continued on page 106)



By
W A L T E R



(Left) Boris Karloff at the age of twenty-four. He was playing in stock companies at the time. (Above) Off for a ride at the age of seven. The little girl is an admiring neighbor. This was when Karloff's family lived in Dulwich, a suburb of London. (Right) In a character role when he was in a Canadian Repertory company years ago.



THE STRANGE "Frankenstein"

I ARRIVED at the Karloff home in the evening. In the dark the house—set back among the trees—seemed almost forbidding. After I had been admitted at the front door; led through a series of long halls and deposited in a large, roomy-chair in the light of an open-fireplace, I was informed, by Karloff's aged man-servant, that, "the Master will be a little late." I settled back to enjoy the fire and the unusual Egyptian antiques that filled the room.

My thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a very charming person in white. "I am Mrs. Karloff,"

she began. "I hope that you will forgive Boris for being a fraction later than he intended. I'm sure it was unavoidable."

Her apology was punctuated by the ringing of a bell deep inside the house somewhere. Mrs. Karloff started to her feet. "That is the front door," she announced slowly, "and I have just dispatched Dennis to mail a letter. I wonder if you would mind coming to the door with me? After it begins to get dark, I'm afraid to open the house alone . . . we're so far from the highway."

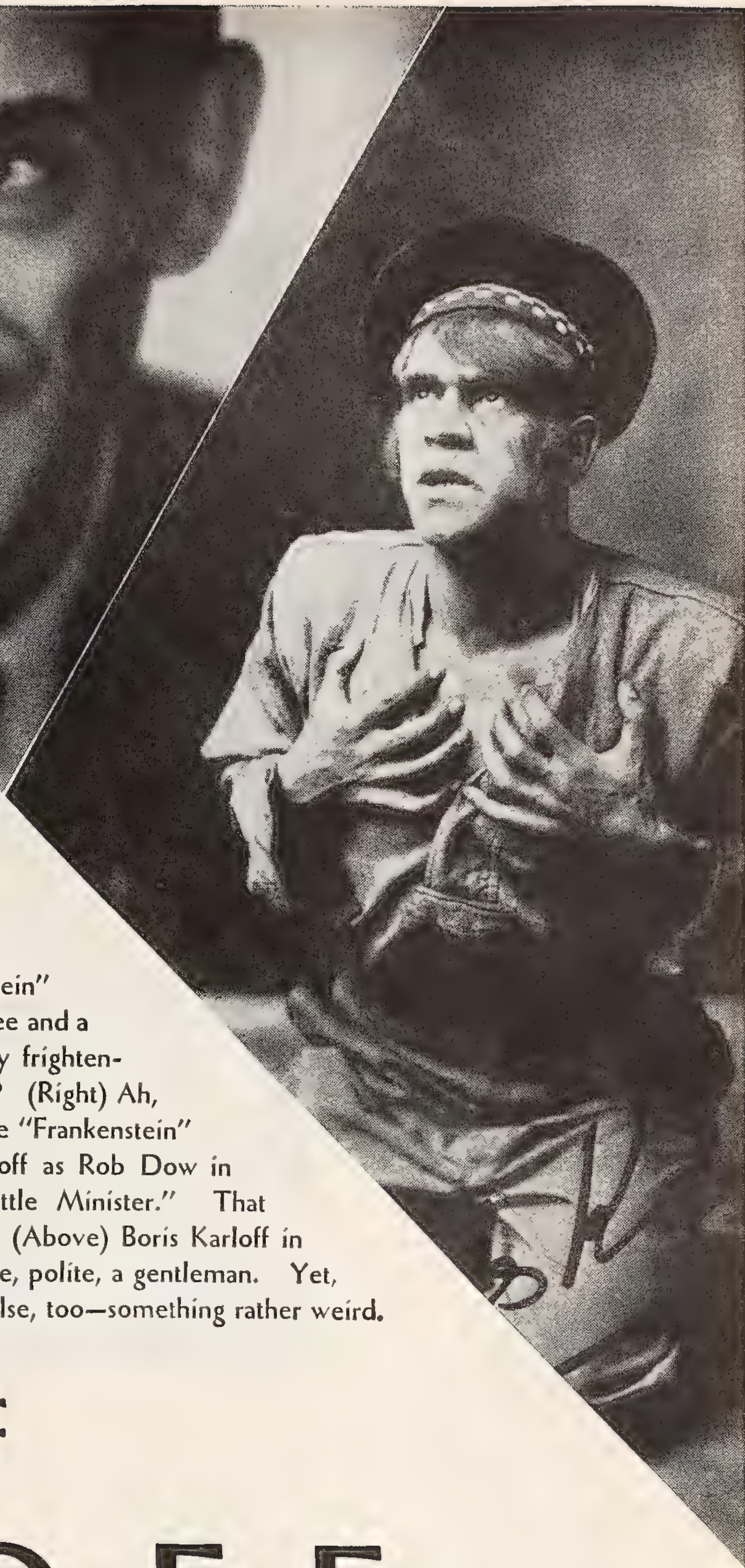
I rose and followed her, thinking it rather odd that

No wonder Boris Karloff grew up to be a past-master of horror roles

R A M S E Y



(Left) "Frankenstein" at the age of three and a half. Not exactly frightening then, was he? (Right) Ah, that's more in the "Frankenstein" mood. B. Karloff as Rob Dow in Barrie's "The Little Minister." That was in 1911-12. (Above) Boris Karloff in private life—suave, polite, a gentleman. Yet, with something else, too—something rather weird.



HISTORY OF KARLOFF

the wife of Karloff should be *afraid!* I stood behind her as she opened the door. It was only a department store delivery boy making a late delivery. Yet, as he stood there, the faint light from the hall seemed to give him a curiously unreal appearance. I realized it was my imagination playing me tricks—but I could understand Mrs. Karloff's fear now—when I hadn't before.

FIVE minutes later my host arrived. A tall, slenderish man with unusually dark skin and expressive, brown eyes; immaculately groomed in a grey suit, he presented

a life-sized picture of what is commonly referred to as a cosmopolite. He apologized for his tardiness and, with true British appreciation, sat down to a cup of late tea which his wife had poured just before leaving us.

Karloff is so radically different from his screen characterizations that it is startling . . . even to an adult. Here is a man of soft, cultured voice; a kindly outlook on life and an almost super-sympathetic insight into human frailty. Yet as our talk went on through midnight and into the early-morning hours; as he warmed to the details and emotions of his life story, I came to realize that the

Even as a child he loved to dress himself up in terrifying outfits



(Above) As the mad servant in "The Old Dark House."

(Right) The Frankenstein monster rôle brought him nationwide fame as a marvelous portrayal of horrible characters.



true Karloff lies somewhere between the two extremes of his professional and his private personalities. Karloff is a gentleman . . . but Karloff is also an Unknown! To the majority of the climaxes of his life he has brought human control and mastery. . . .

Yet he told me that, once, in a rage that swept all control and reserve into nothingness; in the tremendous sweep of his own emotions; he had almost clubbed a man to death with his walking stick!

KARLOFF was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London, in one of the most terrific storms ever recorded for even an English November. That would be forty-five years ago. And although he was called Karloff (after his Russian mother's maiden name) from his early youth, he was actually christened William Henry Pratt. His arrival, however, was of no particular moment to his parents . . . the arrival of eight other children before him had totally erased the novelty. In fact, his English father in referring to his birth could recall nothing but the beastly, shrieking weather.

The large, damp, stone house—already filled to overflowing with children ranging from two to fifteen years—was hardly the ideal cradle for the nurturing of such a vague thing as *individuality*. Yet Karloff's father, official of the British Indian Civil Service, began complaining early in Karloff's life that the "youngest" was a "strange one"! In time, his mother began to notice the "strangeness", too . . . and took a high pride in it. William, she boasted, was more like *her* people . . . more Russian than British . . . truly a *Karloff*!

To his militaristically-inclined brothers, any eccentricities on the part of the "youngest" were merely excused on account of his youth. It was not until he was well out of his infancy that several of them began to resent the fact that he would rather remain to himself than play "soldier" or "King's Guardsmen" with them.

Yet they couldn't exactly call him "sissy". For instance, when storms would rage, as they frequently did in climate-tossed Dulwich, young William never ran to his mother to hide his head from the shrieking of the wind or the explosive thunder. The wilder the storm, the better he seemed to like it.

When he was seven, his strange penchant for reading books—exploring attics and cellars and making weird, crazy noises that didn't seem to mean anything (except to him) riled his British father so thoroughly that he began to call the boy Karloff in sarcastic tribute to the Russian in him. Thus it was that many years later, when William Pratt sought the stage for a career, his mother's name of Karloff was as much his, through long usage, as it had been hers.

He was a serious child. As soon as he could read (his mother taught him long before he entered school) he spent hours each day pouring over imaginative stories of



(Left) In make-up for "The Mummy," his latest weird part. That's his wife with him. Imagine having to put up with such a make-up around. No wonder she's afraid when she's alone in the house (see story). (Above) As Dr. Fu Manchu in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

goblins, ghosts and other weird creatures. On the first Christmas which he remembers, he received a small box of paints. Immediately he retired from the family group, hieing himself to the attic where he painted his face in a series of atrocities as horrible as his juvenile mind could make them. This was his first escapade into the art of make-up and he continued tampering with it all his life.

Just off the main attic of the house was the room in which trunks and luggage were stored. It was always kept locked, but young Karloff finally found the key. Upon his first exploration of the room, he was delighted that it was even darker than the attic.

Knowing that his brothers thought of the room as "haunted", he invented numerous contrivances that would make strange sounds and shrieks at intervals. After frightening his older brothers almost out of their wits by his strange noises, he would walk calmly into the trunk room and close the door! Once inside, he proceeded to "haunt" the room in an even louder and more gruesome manner until he had the rest of the boys afraid to climb the attic stairs. This accomplished a two-fold purpose: respect and solitude.

When Karloff was nine, the family moved to Enfield and took up a larger and more comfortable house

close to the city. Closer to church, too . . . which meant that Karloff must attend. He didn't like it at first, but after he found out that the rector arranged the occasional plays that were given in the church hall, he began to like it much better. He found time each day to go to the church and wander around in the silence alone. He enjoyed the somber music of the organ as the music master practiced from time to time . . . the deep tones of light from the stained-glass windows and finally he even struck up a friendship with the old Rector. This pleased his parents, but to his older brothers it was just another manifestation of his "strangeness."

KARLOFF had reasons other than spiritual guidance for his visits with the rector. He wanted a part in the next church play. The rector gave him long talks about "uplift plays" and at first Karloff was only bored. Soon, however, he found that the rector really meant plays in which there was a struggle between "Right" and "Wrong" . . . in which "Right" always triumphed. Ah, that was better!

He finally talked himself into the rôle of the "Demon" in the play "Cinderella." So well did he portray the Demon, that the rector was called upon to advise him that: ". . . you mustn't make *Evil* so strong, my boy . . . *Evil* is always weak when it encounters *Right*!" But Karloff continued to play the Demon with a mighty gusto! As the performances progressed, he made the Demon even more grotesque than he had in the beginning and added horns to his devilish head. In his last performance he looked for all the world like a midget *Frankenstein* . . . a more recent Karloff creation.

The first authentic tragedy of Karloff's life came with the death of his father some months after moving to Enfield. Not that his father's passing caused him to grieve (they had never been close) but Karloff noticed that his mother was visibly hurt . . . and *that* caused *his* heart to ache. Almost immediately after the funeral, the older boys began talking of "the (Continued on page 107)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THEM!



Elmer Fryer



Clarence Sinclair Bull



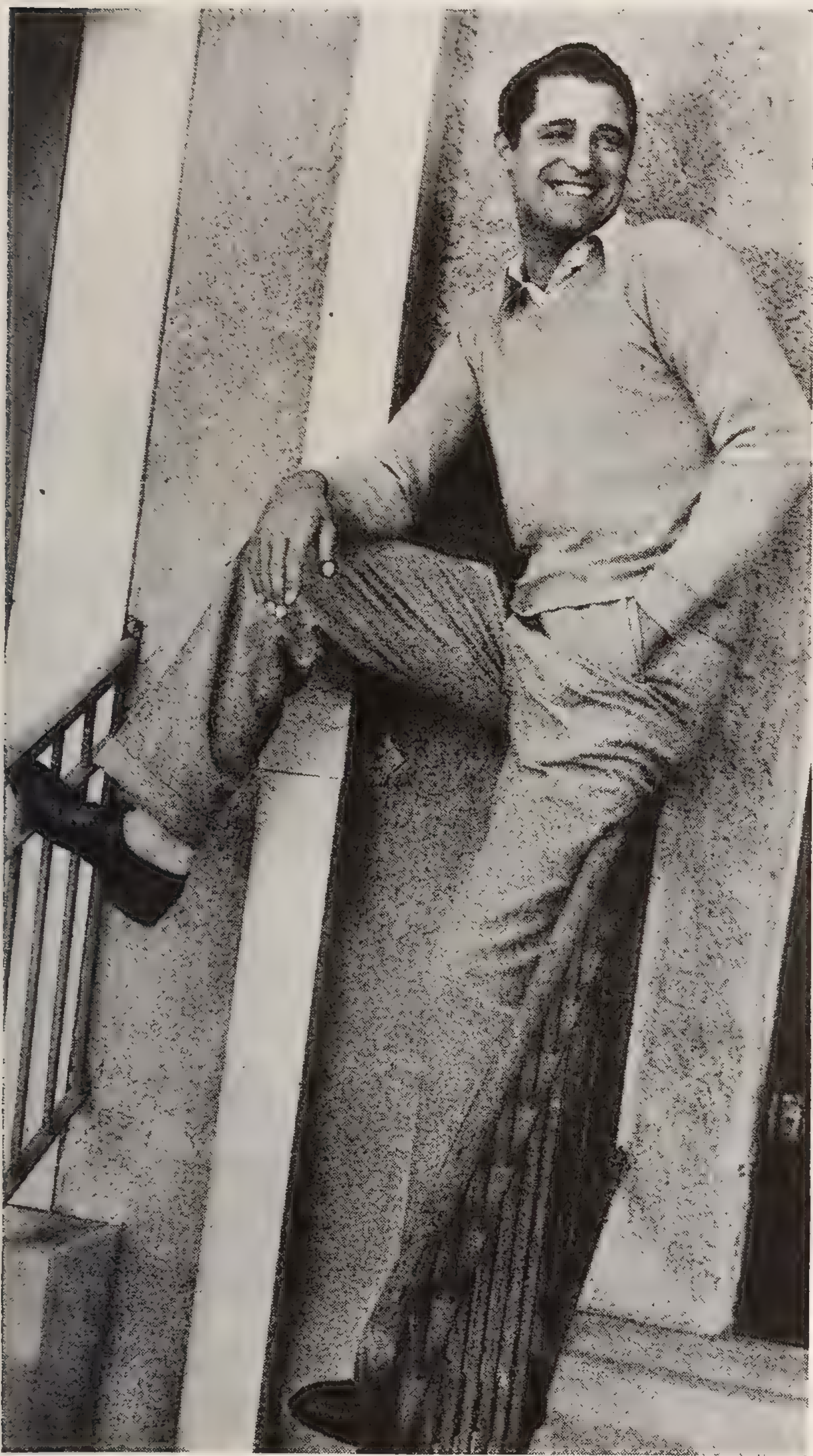
Ernest A. Bachrach



Otto Dyar

(Above) Constance Cummings. She made hits in "American Madness" and "Movie Crazy." You saw her in "Night After Night." And you'll see her in "The Mind Reader." (Left) Arline Judge's first picture was "Are These Our Children?" Since then she's appeared in several RKO films, including "Age of Consent." Her next is "Sweepings." (Left, above) Diana Wynyard's first important appearance is in "Rasputin." You'll be seeing her in "Cavalcade." (Top left) Dick Powell. His first big picture was "Blessed Event." He's in "42nd St."

. . . Too often the screen newcomers are neglected for the well known favorites. We believe in giving the up-and-comers a break.



Eugene Robert Richee



Hurrell



(Above) Cary Grant was first seen in "This Is the Night." He appeared in "Blonde Venus" and "Hot Saturday." He'll be in "Madame Butterfly." (Right) Zita Johann has been seen in "Tiger Shark." Her next is "The Mummy"—the Boris Karloff thriller. (Right, above) Her first picture was "Million Dollar Legs." Her current is "The Kid from Spain." She has been signed by Samuel Goldwyn. Name? Lyda Roberti. (Top right) Alexander Kirkland has been seen in "Passport to Hell." But he made his first big hit in "Strange Interlude."



Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms." The story of a light-hearted and light-loving soldier and the nurse who becomes terribly enamored of him, this will thrill and delight you.



Zita Johann and Boris Karloff in "The Mummy." Boris "Frankenstein" (see story on him on page 42) is starred in it, and if you enjoy thrilling, chilling stories, don't fail to see this one.

REVIEWS—A TOUR

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)

All you fans who adored this story as a novel—do not worry. The poignant tale of the officer and the nurse in Italy during the war has lost none of its enthralling drama in transcription to the screen. There is magic in Helen Hayes in every rôle she creates. As the infatuated, love torn nurse, she is superb. But Gary Cooper is the real "surprise" of the production. As the devil-may-care light o' love officer who begins the romance with the little nurse so casually, Gary is nothing short of a revelation.

The direction of Frank Borzage is inspired. All in all a picture you can't help enjoying.

THE MUMMY (Universal)

Karloff is back once more to chill your very marrow . . . if the depression has left you any! This piece starts down in Egypt where a group of scientists open a tomb and read some ancient script . . . whereupon Karloff (in regulation mummy swaddling clothes) comes to life and the shock kills the nearest scientist . . . which makes everything even.

The "alive dead man" then proceeds to do some high class magic and haunting.

After much horror, science *returns* the Mummy to his rightful tomb and all ends nicely. If you are willing to pay dough to be scared to death . . . step right up!

CENTRAL PARK (Warner Bros.)

Here's another "Grand Hotel" idea—only this time everything happens in a park. The first people you meet are two hungry young unfortunates (Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford) whose romance starts when they snatch a pair of hotdogs from a cart. Then there's the faithful old copper (Guy Kibbee) who goes blind on his last beat. Your thrills and shivers are furnished by a crazed lion keeper who escapes prison—and feeds his cruel successor to his pet lion. Your fun begins when the lion escapes and visits the swanky ballroom, where a gang of crooks are pulling off a rather shady deal. You will like this picture.



Clara Bow as she appears in the New York sequences of "Call Her Savage." It's the story of a half-wild girl and what happens when she loves—and hates.

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)

Clara's back—and how—in a hot-cha rôle all about a wild kid from the prairie land who lashes rattlesnakes—and men—with equal joy.

If there are certain little talking screen technicalities which Clara has not yet mastered—if at times she seems a trifle self-conscious about the microphone—you will easily overlook it in the verve and spirit she puts into the part.

A hair-pulling contest between Clara and Thelma Todd is a highlight of the film.

SON- DAUGHTER (M-G-M)

San Francisco's Chinatown provides the background for this excellent picture depicting the love story of a Chinese boy (Ramon Novarro) for a lovely flower of his native China (Helen Hayes). Heartbreak and drama enter the plot when the girl's father (Lewis Stone) sells her to rich merchant (Warner Oland) for \$25,000 which he sends back as a contribution to his battle-torn and beloved country, China.

The tender love-making between Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes will entrance you.

Going to the movies? Are you sure it's the sort of picture you'll like



Greta Meyer, Wallace Beery and Karen Morley in "Flesh." Wally plays a dumb wrestler who is always having things put over on him. It's a grand picture. You mustn't miss it.



Lupe Velez and Lee Tracy in "Half Naked Truth." Lee is a barker who later becomes a high-powered press agent. A very fast moving story which holds the interest all the time.

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It's the story of a missionary worker (Barbara) who becomes involved with a Chinese General.

Barbara Stanwyck arriving in China during the Civil War to marry her missionary sweetheart, is captured by a Chinese army headed by General Yen (Nils Asther). The general forsakes his sweetie of the slanting eyes and proceeds to make love to his white lily in true Oriental fashion. But the Chinese never forgive—and the little Chinese girl has her revenge when through her efforts, Nils is captured by his enemy. The general then goes noble by drinking the bitter tea.

**BITTER TEA
OF GENERAL YEN**
(Columbia)

The cop on the beat of Pier 13 (Spencer Tracy) falls for the sassy cashier of a waterfront coffee house (Joan Bennett) and is torn between romance and duty when he finds out that Joan's sister has been playing around with the very gangster the cop is out to "get."

**ME AND
MY GAL**
(Fox)

There are certain close-ups that will prove offensive to the squeamish onlooker . . . but if you don't get a bang out of the more-than-warm love scene between the cop and the cashier—well, you're unmovable.

Beery is a waiter and wrestler in a German beer garden. Enter the villain, Cortez from New York. Ric talks Beery and his manager into coming to America where he and Miljan (the big fight promoter) decide to frame Beery.

FLESH
(M-G-M)

Just before sailing, however, Wally picks up a street-walker (Karen Morley) and marries her. This addition to the wrestler's family makes for plenty of opportunity for the old double cross.

But when the big moment comes (the result of a frame up) Wally is *just* dumb enough to spoil the whole gag. We have a hunch the whole family will rave about this.

Lee Tracy rings the bell *again!* This time he starts as a barker for a side-show and winds up as a slam-bang press agent with high powered ideas. What a natural.

**HALF NAKED
TRUTH**
(RKO)

Tracy falls in love with Lupe who is the side-show dancer—puts on a huge publicity campaign and lands the gal on Broadway where she promptly gives him the high brow and the outdoor air. Tracy decides to show her that it was *his* talents that put her in the limelight by picking up the first girl that comes along and making her a world sensation. The *first gal* just happens to be the chamber maid in the hotel. . . . It's a fast moving picture.

This film is broken up into eight different versions of what "I would do with a million dollars." An eccentric old millionaire decides to pick several names at random out of the telephone book and give each one a million! A Salesman in a china department . . . a forger . . . a marine . . . a prostitute . . . a book-keeper . . . an inmate of the old ladies home! Can't you just imagine some of the marvelous possibilities?

**IF I HAD A
MILLION**
(Paramount)

The best part of this idea is the fact that each little episode is done with a different cast . . . another writer and a special director. It's really the "Grand Hotel" of the Paramount lot . . . only better in our estimation.

These reviews give you the detailed low-down on the newest movies



William Haines and Madge Evans in "Fast Life." About mechanics and their efforts to win a motorboat race. Fine if you don't insist on too much romance.



Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff and George Raft in "Undercover Man." About a man who turns stool-pigeon to avenge the murder of his father by a gang of crooks.

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)

The usual Haines yarn—chuck full of action—and plenty of laughs. Bill and Cliff, two pal mechanics, get an idea for building a speedboat that will out-speed any known boat. With the oncoming of the race, they try desperately to get the necessary financial backing. Failing—they turn pirate—steal the money—and win the race. When love enters Bill's life in the shape of Madge Evans, Bill's conscience bothers him—so the money is repaid and all is forgiven.

If you like boats and racing—here are some real thrills for you!

ROCKABYE (Radio)

Constance Bennett in a tear-y, but dressy rôle of a stage actress with suppressed maternal instincts, looks beautiful and glamorous and will please the rabid Bennett fans. Joel McCrea is totally lost in the rôle of playwright whose wife does not divorce him in time to marry Connie—thus making for an "unhappy" ending. Paul Lukas, as Connie's stage manager, looks on, apparently as bewildered by the plot as the others.

If you like drama a little overdone—if you like good looking clothes, and Connie—you'll probably enjoy "Rockabye" in spite of the movie reviewers verdicts.

WILD HORSE MESA (Paramount)

Maybe the kids will go for this one with a wild whoop . . . but the adults (we have a hunch) won't give a whoop, or even a mild cheer.

Zane Grey's heroes are too, too pure . . . the heroines too, too unwilling and the villains overly villainous. But when Randolph Scott starts out to wipe out a gang of horse trappers (who are using barbed-wire traps); when the gal falls for his younger brother and when Fred Kohler blows up safes and picks fights with Randy . . . combined with some swell riding in the early dawn, you have the average western.

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio)

A hair-raising thriller, with plenty of mystery—and murders!

Briefly, the story concerns a Russian maniac who kidnaps and hypnotizes a girl (Gwili Andre) and poses her as Princess Anastasia, only surviving heir of the Tsar, in hopes of getting access to her large inheritance. This is where the French police come in and their secret methods of operating lends plenty of action to the picture.

Frank Morgan as the brains of the police department does some fine acting. Others in the cast are Gwili Andre, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton.

George Raft turns stool-pigeon in this one to avenge the death of his father by a gang of racketeers. Nancy Carroll, whose brother met the same fate, teams up with Raft—and what a team they turn out to be! Their scheming and plotting—Nancy's vamping of the "master mind" (Lew Cody) and unconsciously giving away the works—the many tight spots they get into—and are they tight! . . . all make for tense, fast-moving drama.

Raft is in his pet rôle—and gives an excellent performance.

UNDERCOVER MAN (Paramount)

A timely and immensely interesting story based on the life of the late Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "Match King."

Warren William as Paul Kroll (Kreuger), who starts in the gutter, rises to rule the world and ends in the gutter, is the whole picture. Arriving in Sweden to re-establish a dwindling match industry, Kroll achieves stupendous success through shrewd but unscrupulous methods.

His downfall comes when the banks refuse him more credit, and his sweetheart (Lily Damita) deserts him for another man.

THE MATCH KING (Warners)

Nothing new in the line of stories, but Joe E. Brown causes plenty of good laughs.

As the mistaken swimming champion, Brown is carried off to Catalina Islands to participate in the \$25,000 marathon. Not knowing how to swim, Joe gains confidence when he succeeds in wearing a non-sinkable swimming suit of his own invention. The marathon is the laugh high-light of the picture. The end is a riot, with Joe winning the pot as well as the girl (Ginger Rogers).

You'll like the bespeckled Joe in this one.

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL (Warner Bros.)

Those two excruciatingly funny sad people, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville, together with Roland Young and a very important supporting cast make this comedy worthy of your time. The story is a top-notch for a comedy—not too slapstick to be beyond probability. The scene where ZaSu goes swankily horseback riding—and the horse really and truly runs away—and Slim goes after her, has honest thrills as well as a great big laugh. ZaSu's flapdoodle hands and great big sad eyes and Calamity Jane voice, together with her superb gift for pantomime, almost steal the show.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

The Harding hilltop home is a very quiet place since Ann's divorce from Harry Bannister. Ann has sold her beautiful plane and has returned to horseback riding for exercise and diversion. Baby Jane is simply blooming, thank you. Ann loves long automobile trips into the mountains and the desert. She's had automobile pillows made to match her gowns—she simply can't stand wrong colors together. Having finished "Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard, she'll start work on "Christopher Strong." No romance rumors about Ann yet.



Photograph by George Hurrell

Meet Miss Boots Mallory, whose real name is Patricia. Her baby nickname of Boots has stuck. She was a Ziegfeld discovery. She also appeared in George White's "Scandals." She will be seen with James Dunn in "Walking Down Broadway" and, again with Dunn, in "Handle With Care." She was born in New Orleans, is married, sketches and writes verse for fun, loves dogs, is not superstitious, likes bowling because she thinks it's good for her figure, is five feet six, weighs one hundred and twenty and has ash blond hair and blue eyes.



Photograph by Freulich

Richard Arlen's only luxury is a very small yacht. He loves outboard motor racing and is planning to enter the races at Saltensea for the world championship. Dick plays no cards since the ribbing he received for wondering why B. P. Schulberg's pair of "ones" beat his own pair of deuces! Dick and Joby are having their home done over to resemble a Monterey farmhouse. Object: work for unemployed interior decorators. Dick has worked for Paramount for eleven years. Next pictures: "Island of Lost Souls" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



Not one person, even in jealous Hollywood, begrudged Helen Hayes that Academy Award. (See pictures on page 38.) Helen is appearing in "The Son-Daughter" with Ramon Novarro. There is almost nothing to say about Helen's married life except that she is completely in love with her husband, Charles MacArthur, the writer, and he is completely in love with her. Both worship their baby, little Mary MacArthur. Helen claims that she is filling her own mother's suppressed desire to be an actress. Her next will be "The White Sister."



Photograph by Irving Lippman

This is Lyle Talbot, one of the latest heart-throbs. You may see him in "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," "No More Orchids" and with Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Sucker." He works for Warners. His real name is Lysle Hollywood—honest. He was born in Pittsburgh and wants to live in London. He likes golf, tennis and handball. He isn't married. His hobby is collecting first editions. He's quite a reserved young man but he has a delightful sense of humor. He pals around alternately with Estelle Taylor and Wynne Gibson.



Photograph by Ray Jones

Tom Brown has been on the stage since he was a baby. He's started a novel called "Trouper to the Last," based upon his stage experience. He's crazy about writing. Tom has had no serious romances. He likes lots of girls in a nice, friendly way. He is humorously referred to in Hollywood as the masculine counterpart of the American co-ed. He's nineteen years old. He recently finished work in "Laughter in Hell" and is now busy on "Destination." He has freckles, an attractive snub nose and a "way" with girls of all ages. Keep an eye on Tom



LOOKING IN ON HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL EVENTS

AT THE MAYFAIR OPENING

... Come with the glittering stars to the
glittering events of the social season. The
Mayfair, The Cameramen's Ball, The
Invalids' Benefit

Pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott and Wide World

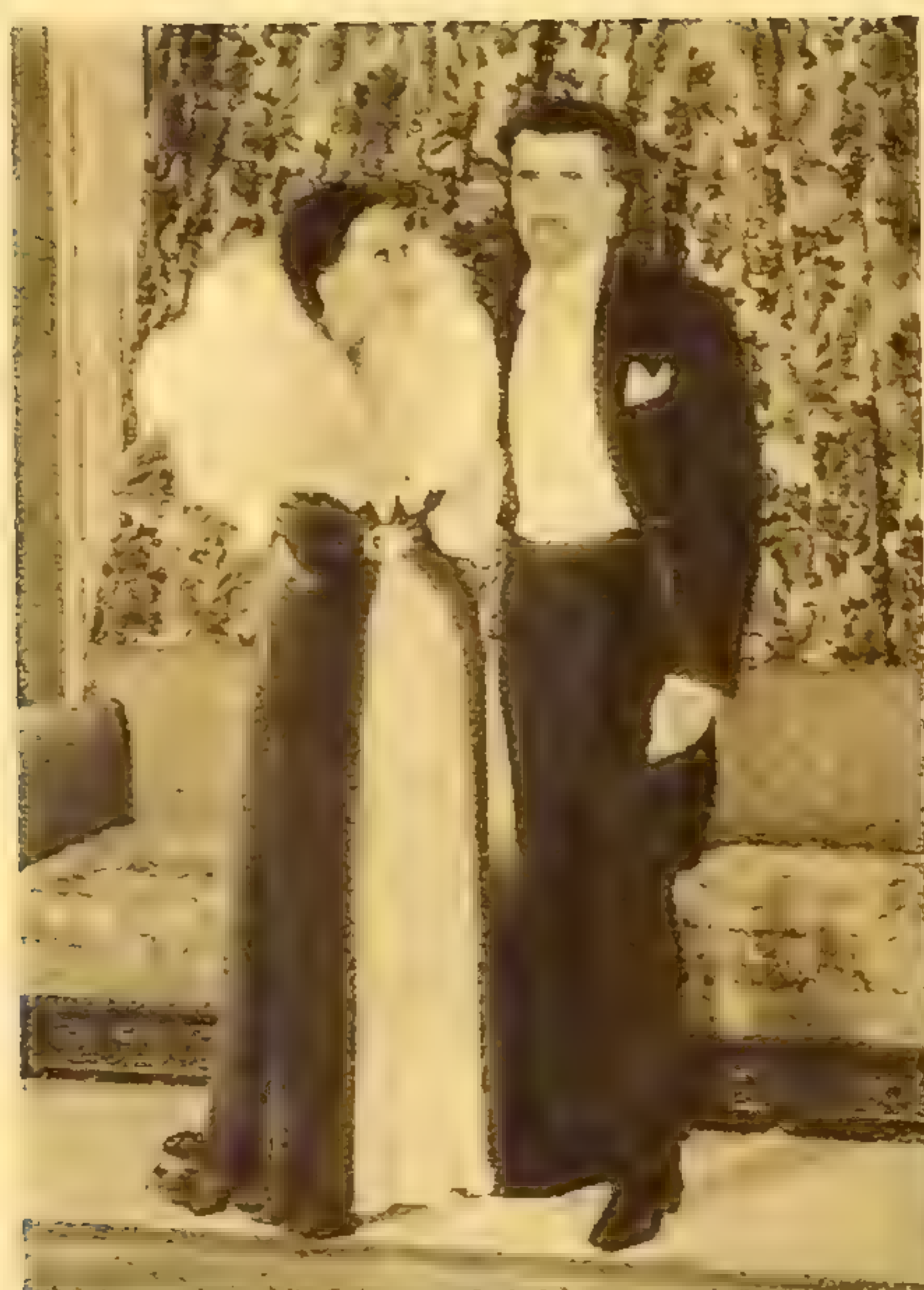


(Top of page) General view. See
if you can find Edmund Lowe,
Sylvia Sidney, Kay Francis and
Skeet Gallagher. (Above) Leslie
Howard and Norma Shearer.
(Right) Ricardo Cortez and Marian
Nixon. (Extreme right) Sylvia
Sidney.





LOOKING IN ON HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL EVENTS



(Above) Dolores Del Río and husband Cedric Gibbons. (Above, right) Sharon Lynn, Helen Hayes and Dolores Del Río. (Above, extreme right) Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. (Right) Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. (Extreme right) Gene Raymond.





THE MAYFAIR OPENING—BIGGEST HOLLYWOOD EVENT IN MONTHS



(Above) Thelma Todd and husband Pat De Cicco. (Above, left) Joan Crawford dancing with Clark Gable. (Above, extreme left) Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge. (Left) Sally Eilers and hubby Hoot Gibson—happy again. (Extreme left) Gable and his wife.

AT THE CAMERAMEN'S BALL

Mary Carlisle, Russell Gleason, Carole Lombard and William Powell. The occasion was the opening of the Little Club with a Cameramen's Ball at the Ambassador Hotel.



LOOKING IN ON HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL EVENTS



(Above) Pat De Cicco and Thelma Todd waiting for their car at about 5 a.m. (Above right) Clara Bow demonstrating make-up secrets at the Club. (Above extreme right) Vivienne Gaye and Randolph Scott. (Right) The Little Club hat check girl, Chico Marx, Ginger Rogers, William Powell and Mervyn Le Roy.





AT THE INVALIDS' BENEFIT

George Raft with Patsy Joe Tracy at the benefit for the Mount Sinai Home at the Shrine Auditorium. This was taken backstage—see the rope? Another admirer, George?

THE TWO EVENTS PICTURED ON THESE PAGES DREW MANY STARS



(Above) Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck. (Above left) Lew Cody and Fifi Dorsay. Fifi is appearing in another picture. In "They Just Had to Get Married." (Left) Eddie Garr, Sam Hardy and Lew Cody again, taking time out for a quick smoke between entertainment events at the Mount Sinai Invalids' Benefit.

WHAT YOU SHOULD MADGE EVANS



. . . How she went from fame as a child actress into obscurity. And how she later went on the stage, and through that, ironically enough, again crashed the movies

(Pictures at left, starting at the top and reading down.)

1. With William Haines in "Are You Listenin'?"
2. With Frank Albertson, Kane Richmond and Ramon Novarro in "Huddle."
3. With Robert Montgomery in "Lovers Courageous."
4. With William Haines again, in "Fast Life."

Al Jolson



enigma? I cannot. But ask those M-G-M executives for whom she works in Hollywood. They are men wise to the ways of temper and temperament. They know all the answers—except those that apply to Madge.

Remember her recent tilt with them when her contract came up for renewal? She walked out when they offered to take up her option at no increase in pay. And let them know that she didn't give a fig for their wordy promises of what they would do when business got better. Did she mean it? Was she bluffing? Would she actually throw up one of the most promising careers in the picture business? They don't know, for they quibbled a bit and then renewed her contract.

I can tell them this. I can tell them that Madge Evans isn't a poseur. Or a bluffer. I wouldn't be at all surprised if, some of these busy days, she tosses her golden head at the movie mahouts and walks right out of their gilded

CURTIS
MITCHELL

temples forever and ever.

And the first thing she would do, I think, is to marry.

Who? Well, it is no secret that Tom Gallery, California sportsman and ex-husband of ZaSu Pitts, has been her

escort for many uninterrupted months. It might well be genial, generous Tom.

Madge has told me that she wants above all other things a perfect home and happiness. She wants what she calls a "guaranteed peace of mind." These last two years in the limelight have taught her what, as a child star, she was too young to understand; namely, that a screen personality sacrifices almost all of his personal freedom and liberty. Madge's secret hope is this: she wants to become an everyday sort of person with an everyday sort of person's privacy and privilege. Now, the merciless glare of publicity prevents it.

Not long ago, she said, "If I could live my life over, I'd be a small town girl with freckles and braids and go to a little red school in a village" (Continued on page 101)

KNOW ABOUT...

CHARLES LAUGHTON

... How he annoyed everyone around him as a child. And later tried to learn the hotel business—finally landing in a stock company, then the movies

(Pictures at right, starting at the top and reading down.)

1. With Melvyn Douglas in "The Old Dark House."
2. With Tallulah Bankhead in "Devil and the Deep."
3. With Maureen O'Sullivan in "Payment Deferred."
4. With Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in "Sign of the Cross."
5. With Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams in "Island of Lost Souls."



CAN you picture yourself as a plump homely child, terrifically sensitive, turning between periods of extreme shyness and extreme cockiness—but always feeling yourself a person apart, lonely, fanciful, unhappy? I know one man who was a youngster like that. And perhaps that is why today, at thirty-two, Charles Laughton is close to being the finest young actor in the profession.

The other little boys and girls of Miss Saunders' School didn't like that child, Charles, very well. He didn't have many of those lovable traits characteristic of English kids of the tadpole stage. True, his family was one of the nicest in Scarborough. His father was respected for his ownership of the local hotel, and loved for the way in which he neglected it to putter around in his garden. Mrs. Laughton was admired as one of the town's gracious ladies; and her other son, Tom, was known to be a regular sort of chap. But Charlie—

There was something about Charlie that set him apart.

By CHARLES
GRAYSON

There still is. There always will be.

But now Charles isn't grieved by his difference from the ordinary run of humanity. If people like him, well enough. If not, that is too bad. But those days are past when shyness beat

down on him in great suffocating waves. Days when he was tortured by the fact that he was not as popular as he would like to be—and so anxious to prove himself a regular fellow that one day he conquered his great shyness, grabbed a little girl and kissed her soundly, to the combined shock and horror of all Miss Saunders' school.

Charles laughs about that incident now. But it wasn't funny then. Things like that simply weren't done. Just another example of Charlie Laughton's difference from the rest of the gang. And another reason why—as the miniature scandal ran its course—he retreated further and further into the world where he could be as dashing and attractive as even his demanding nature craved. The world of his imagination.

And oh, how much more (Continued on page 94)

Marian Nixon's Midwinter



(Furthest left) That is a dress which could go to the smartest bridge-tea without a qualm. Black ribbed velvet, with a cape collar trimmed with Belgian lace. (Directly left) Marian calls this a house dress—but one could wear it to school or to the office. Red and white silk in a tiny check fashions it. (Above) With one of the dressy short jackets which are so popular this saucy horsehair hat would be perfect.

THIS is one of those stories that read like a midsummer night's dream—you know, the kind you believe never happen.

It concerns an eager young girl not so very unlike a million other eager young girls the world over. She lived in a small Southern town. A somnolent town where the current of existence runs smoothly and slowly. One day she looked at the dark, serious little creature in her mirror and shook her head sadly. "Marian," she said, "I wish you had pretty clothes. I'm so tired of the old dark sweaters you wear . . . and the sensible heavy shoes . . . and faded gingham dresses." And suddenly her fairy godmother whispered in her ear—or maybe it was just her own common sense speaking—"Tut, tut, my dear, what nonsense to think you can't have pretty clothes. Use your head!" So Marian Nixon did. She used it to such excellent advantage that today she has a wardrobe fit for a princess—only, as a rule, royalty doesn't have such good taste.

Marian came to Hollywood and kept both brown eyes

By VIRGINIA
T. LANE

and her dainty ears well opened. She learned an amazing number of things in this land where personal appearance is first and foremost. She discovered, to her utter astonishment, that people who could afford to spend any amount

on clothes and who had a flair for buying chic things, quite often had no ability to wear them! "Now why is this?" she wondered. And pretty soon she had the answer. *They were not paying enough attention to the small details of their costumes.* They expected a dress of lovely quality and line to rest on its own merits, unsupported by a suitable hat worn at the most becoming angle, and by the correct shoes and gloves. Mentally, Marian made a note of the first maxim of style: *Watch out for the little things in dress and the big things will take care of themselves.*

SHE saw to it that the seams of her stockings were straight, that her hands were well cared for and her hair neatly arranged before she turned her eye fashion-

Wardrobe—*and yours!*



(Above, large picture) "As trig and trim a dress as you'll find in a day's travel" says Miss Lane. It's a most useful fuchsia color wool dress, made with raglan shoulders and there's a detachable beaver stole scarf which can be worn with a collarless-neckline coat. The little hat is fuchsia color fur felt. A warm, luscious shade. (Small picture, top) Marian has a mink coat to wear for all daytime occasions. We can't all have real mink, of course, but we can take a note of the simple lines of this coat and seek one just as smartly plain.

(Above, large picture) A grand wine-red satin semi-formal gown—one that can go a great many places with perfect assurance that it's just right. There's no elaboration of any kind. It's high in front, dips way down low in the back and has a dropped shoulder line that gives it the appearance of a sleeve. Take a note of this frock—whether you're a little thing, like Marian, or a big, tall girl. It's amazingly adaptable—makes little folks look taller and the wide shoulder line is immensely becoming to tall girls, too. The small picture shows the back. Now turn over the page and see what we have for you.

ward. Then, having looked after the essentials of good grooming, she went shopping.

In those days Marian had to count every penny twice. By purchasing a complete costume at one time, she found she saved money in the long run. Otherwise, she'd be apt to get a cute hat that had attracted her one week, only to find it wouldn't go with the suit she bought out of her

next pay check. Oh, here were a great many things she pondered over and solved in that bright little mind of hers. One day she saw a famous film beauty in a store. Marian studied her. The beauty had an unconscious grace that was charming—she stood with one foot slightly behind the other, her hips swayed forward, her shoulders seemed to be proud of giving an (Continued on page 99)



5120

Marian Nixon is one of the tiny girls in movie stardom who knows that a dress of two materials is vastly becoming to her type. She has chosen a candy stripe silk for the upper section—a really de luxe candy this, of black and gold and white. The skirt is made of black velvet. You can have a pattern—the number is 5120—for this dress in your own size and, really, there is no more fashionable design for a dinner or an afternoon dress. If you decide to make an afternoon dress from this pattern, the skirt should be cut shorter than the one shown in the picture. The thrill of this gown lies in the fact that it can be adjusted flatteringly to all types of figures from the smallest to the largest. Patterns come in sizes 12 to 20 and 36 to 42. In ordering this pattern, follow carefully instructions on the next page.

MODERN SCREEN'S PATTERNS FOR YOUR MIDWINTER WARDROBE

To order patterns: enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.

5114—The puffed sleeves in this dress may be long or short, shirred or left plain. Sizes 12 to 18, 32 to 42.

5124—Excellent for day-time wear in wool or silk is a tailored dress with scarf attached. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.

5117—This gracefully fitted gown may be made with or without sleeves. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5115—Pointed neckline and upper section of skirt make this dress becoming to every figure. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.

5127—As a relief from too many details this classic dress has a strong style appeal. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 42.



5114



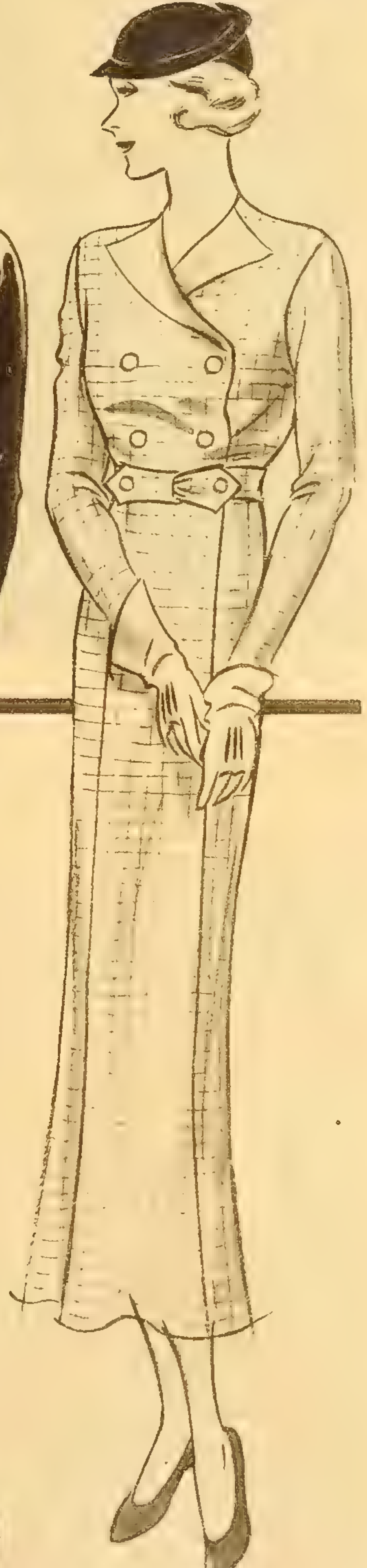
5117



5124



5115



5127



5117 5114 5124 5115 5127

WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN

... Men are alike the world over, whether it's a Hollywood star or the boy next door. Consequently, men will find this story highly amusing. And women will find it helpful, too



(Right) Hardie Albright's objection regarding girls' conduct has to do with the way they carry on at sport events. It's had quite a serious effect on Hardie. (Left) As for Jackie Cooper, there are a whole lot of things women do which annoy him. Poor kid! He's suffered at their hands.



By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WE were walking across the Paramount lot—Georgie Raft and the strange little man, Mr. Finn, whom Georgie calls his "bodyguard," and I. A beautiful girl passed us, wearing a raincoat, thrown over an evening dress from under which little bedroom slippers peeped. The men gazed after her, speculatively.

"I wish women wouldn't wear flat heels—ever!" Georgie exploded. "They spoil a woman's carriage, her figure, the shape of her feet. They don't look *feminine*. I like a woman to be dainty—to make me feel that I should like to ask her to dance with me at any moment—"

"Knickers!" Mr. Finn murmured, dreamily. "They shouldn't wear those, either."

Georgie nodded. "Very few women look well in pants," he agreed. "Unless they have had a good look at themselves in the *back*, they should be careful about pants."

Mr. Finn's mind was wandering in pleasant channels. "I wish they wouldn't always say, 'I've had a simply lovely time!,' when you take 'em home from some place. They can't always have a lovely time. I'd like to meet one just once who would say, 'It was terrible. The eve-

ning was a flop. I never want to see you again.' That would be *somepin*."

"I wish they wouldn't try to coax kisses when they've had a few drinks," Georgie added. "If I want to kiss a woman, I'll take some step about it, myself—and I'll like it much better if I take the initiative. Just when you are trying so hard to be a gentleman—to be nice and polite and respectful because you think she deserves it—she has three Martinis and spoils your illusions. I wish women wouldn't drink, anyhow. Their faces fall apart!"

The conversation was becoming most illuminating. "What *else* do you wish women wouldn't do?" I urged.

Georgie was emphatic. "Talk baby talk!" he began. "Or be noisy in public places or swear—" Here we were interrupted and I didn't learn the other things to which George objected in the feminine sex.

BUT I thought about the matter a little bit. It would be interesting if women could hear some of these expressions of opinion from the men whom they try to charm. The men in Hollywood meet the most attractive women in the world—women whose ability to charm is



(Left) Wouldn't you think that Clark Gable—he-man of he-men—would want women to be utterly, completely and devastatingly feminine? If you do think so there's a surprise in store for you. (Below, left) George Raft has certain dislikes which concern women wearing flatheeled shoes. (Below, right) Bob Montgomery says girls ask too many silly questions. Isn't he the meanie?



worth millions of actual dollars at the box office. These men should know!

I recalled a conversation I had one time with David Manners.

"Women's possessiveness," he told me, earnestly, "causes more trouble between the sexes than any other one thing. I was in love—almost—a little while ago. I took the girl home one evening, rather early. It was warm and there was a moon and afterward I drove alone to the beach and sat gazing at the ocean for a while—thinking about her—being pretty romantic. The next morning she called me and made the most frightful row! It seems that she had called me at home, had not found me there and had immediately suspected all sorts of things. That I had gone on to another party after I left her. That I had called on some other girl. Silly things! She wouldn't believe me when I told her the truth.

"It was all so small and unpleasant. It made her seem shrewish and it frightened me. All the fragile romance of that evening died—and I lost all interest in that girl.

"Men don't like to be called to account. The woman who demands an accounting of the hours a man spends away from her, who 'checks up' on his story to see whether he has lied, destroys something very lovely in

their relationship—trust. Only a very stupid woman will do it!"

I WENT into the matter further. Little things, I found, were what destroyed charm for these men. A woman might spend hours—days—making herself lovely for a certain occasion, rehearsing her rôle of glamorous siren and then destroy the whole structure in a moment by some unconsidered gesture.

Freddie March, the handsome, intelligent, conservative Freddie, confirmed this. "If they would only display some reticence!" he moaned. "A woman who seems sensitive and fastidious will so often startle you by discussing personal—even intimate—matters in a crowded elevator! She will enter into a chummy conversation with a friend at the next table in a restaurant. She will gossip in front of servants. She will discuss her husband, her best friend or her neighbors with her hairdresser. If she could know how such indiscretions make men squirm, she wouldn't commit them. Not that any of these things are important. It is merely that they show a lack of good taste.

"Women give themselves away so! The woman who makes a catty remark about another woman to a man destroys something. Men like to think that women are kind, that they are fair and tolerant and generous. There is nothing that puts a man on edge more or that makes him more uncomfortable than (Continued on page 104)



W O M A N

By MARTHA KERR

Loretta is twenty on the sixth of January. When she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," (small picture above) she was just turning fifteen. She lied about her age and said she was seventeen! Odd thing for a woman to do!

IT couldn't happen anywhere else but in Hollywood—I mean Loretta Young's being the pet of the intelligentsia.

Imagine, if you can, a girl who won't be twenty until the sixth of January yet who is a vogue. Imagine the people in Hollywood Who-Are-Supposed-to-Know taking you aside and telling you, "That Loretta Young—there's a girl with real intelligence, real wit, charm and poise."

Imagine that child of nineteen entering a smart drawing room and immediately finding herself the center of an adoring group—a group of men and women, some of them twice her age, who hang on her words, laugh at her *bon mots* and are entranced by her sophistication.

I have looked at her in amazement and wondered how it could happen. In other walks of life sophistication comes with living and intelligence and with maturity. But not in Hollywood. Not, at least, in the case of Loretta Young.

She is only nineteen—but I want you to glance at her career.

Eighteen pictures are chalked up to her credit.

Her engagement to various young men has been rumored many times.

She was one of the leading characters in a romantic, run-away marriage with Grant Withers.

She is now a divorcée, with sturdy views on life and love.

Loretta Young has far more poise than the average mature woman of the world

(Below) With Eric Linden in "Life Begins." It was of her work in this picture that Aline MacMahon, superb actress, said: "Her wonderful restraint is something I can never forget." (Below right) With Louis Calhern, George Brent and David Manners in "They Call It Sin." (Right) With Alice White in "Employees' Entrance."



OF THE WORLD — before twenty

She is one of Hollywood's most popular and sought after women and her friends are not people of her own age—oh my no! They are the cleverest writers, directors and executives in Hollywood.

She has been called by critics—and members of her own profession, as well—an actress of rare emotional ability; a true artiste.

And Loretta Young is only nineteen years old, the age when many girls are entering their Sophomore year of college. She is at an age when most girls are just beginning to take an interest in the affairs of the world.

NOW, I wonder, how does this phenomenon occur? Is she a child genius or is she, probably more accurately, simply the product—a very heightened sort of product—of that amazing town of Hollywood which gives its children very much at a very early age?

Let's look back over Loretta's career and find out how she came to be, as she enters her twentieth year, a poised and sure woman of the world.

The second picture in which she ever appeared was "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," in which she was leading woman for Lon Chaney. She was, at the time, fourteen, but she fibbed about her age and said she was sixteen. As a matter of fact, she had her fifteenth birthday on the set, while she was making the picture, and said it was her seventeenth. Actresses often fib about their ages, but

not to the extent of saying they are older than they are.

It was that picture, I believe, which started her on the mature road she has followed, for she was put through scenes and situations on the set that would have sent most fourteen-year-old girls home crying to their mothers. Loretta cried—and cried plenty—but she wept alone in her dressing room.

The director was Herbert Brenon, a fiery Irishman whose job it was to draw from this girl, for camera purposes, the emotions of a woman much older—to make her feel, so she could transmit that feeling to her audience, the love and joy and sorrow that usually is felt only by grown-ups. This gave her the background that now allows her to be a woman at nineteen instead of a child.

I remember one day on the set when Loretta was doing a very emotional scene. She could not get it, somehow. As what fourteen-year-old girl could? So Brenon said, before the entire company, "You should be ashamed—such a pretty girl, but such a rotten actress. If I hadn't already taken so many of your scenes—the pretty scenes that you can do well—I'd chuck you right out of the picture. But maybe I won't need to do that. Maybe we could finish with your sister, Sally Blane; she looks like you and is a better actress."

I saw Loretta's sensitive young face flush under her make-up. I watched that kindest of men, Lon Chaney, go over to Brenon and whisper, *(Continued on page 90)*

She is twenty this month. How did this almost-child attain such sophistication?

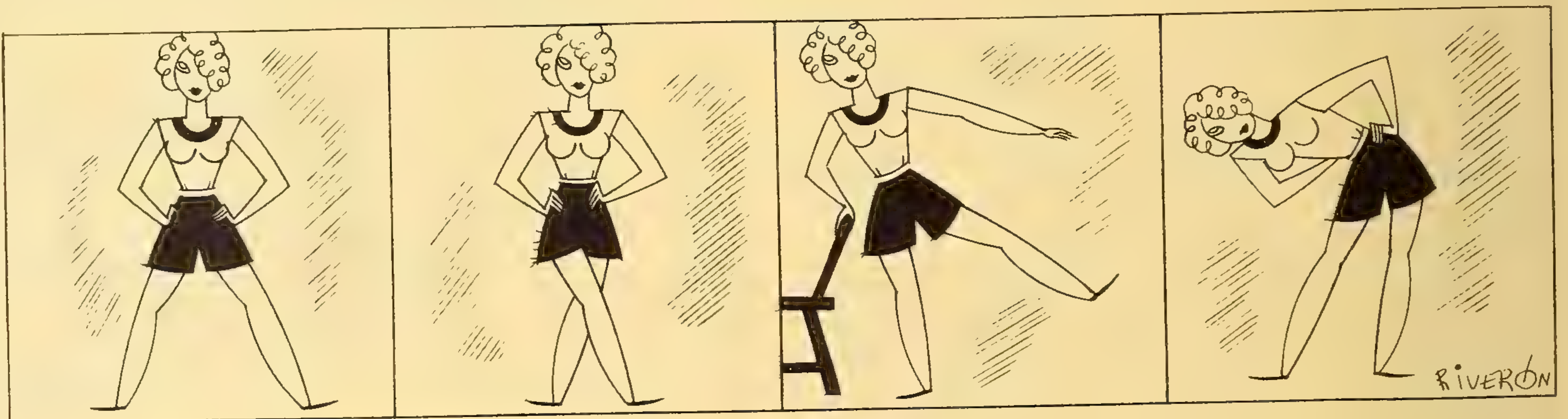
PERFECT BEAUTY AND THROUGH PROPER

This is the final article in our "Beauty and Health" series. The first dealt with general reduction of weight by proper diet and exercise. It presented a seven-day elimination diet and the first half of a thirty-day reducing diet. The second article took up "spot-reduction" and—something entirely new—self-massage. It also gave the second half of the reducing diet. You may obtain these valuable articles by writing for the issues in which they appeared—issues dated December and January—and enclosing ten cents for each issue

By WALTER
RAMSEY



Are you lacking in health and pep? Tired, nervous, or run-down?



A muscle tensing exercise for developing the chest and giving you lovely shoulders. You'll find it explained fully in the article.



RICHARD KLINE and Jim Davies are, respectively, the physical director and the dietician-masseur of the Paramount studios. They are the ones who keep your favorite Paramount stars and players down—and up—to their proper weights, in the best of physical condition—in perfect health and perfect beauty.

Now, this month, these two gentlemen have a new—and often neglected—phase of diet and health to discuss. It concerns the building of health and energy—for all kinds of people. Chiefly, of course, for those who are under-weight and generally run-down. But—you fat ones and you people who think you're "just about right"—don't skip this article. It contains much that you can profit by. So let's read what these two men have to say.

PERFECT HEALTH

DIET AND EXERCISE



(Follow the numbers on the pictures across the two pages) Here's a group of splendid "health and pep" exercises. Susan Fleming, Paramount player, poses them for you. 1. Starting with heels together and hands on hips, jump to side, feet well apart. 1A. Jump from there, bringing right foot across in front of left foot. Jump to side again and then cross left foot in front of right foot, and repeat. 2. Balancing weight on a chair, raise right leg from hip to side, keeping knee straight. Move right arm to horizontal position. Repeat with left leg and left arm. 3. Take a wide stance, hands on hips. Bend forward and roll upper body from hips in complete circle to left four times, then four times to right. 4. Take squat position on balls of feet, heels together, hands flat on floor. 4A. Extend legs to rear. Return to squat position and repeat.

Whatever your weight, these conditions can exist. Read how to correct them



Illustration by Riveron

BELIEVE it or not," said Dick Kline, perching on the end of the rowing machine in the Paramount Gymnasium, "but there are almost as many people trying to build up their weight and strength as there are those who are trying to lose fat! The main difference between the two classes is the fact that there is very little heard about those who are trying to gain . . . and they aren't apt to receive much sympathy for their plight. Nobody can break down and weep over a person who can eat all the chocolate cake in a pastry shop and never gain a pound!"

"As a matter of fact," interrupted Jim Davies, master masseur of the studio physical culture emporium, "there are more persons underweight in America than overweight . . . only a great proportion of them either do not



One of the fatigue-destroying exercises for office workers. This, too—and other fatigue-fighting stunts—you'll find in the article.



You must take breathing exercises for health and pep. Wynne Gibson is showing you in these two pictures the correct gestures for deep breathing. Inhale, rising on toes, extending hands above head. Exhale, lowering arms slowly and dropping the heels to the floor. Both inhaling and exhaling should be done very, very slowly.



realize it, or (in the case of many women) they look upon their lack of weight as a social blessing.

"And let me make the statement right here: *those who have the idea that they can build up their thin, weak bodies by eating 'pastry shop concoctions' are absolutely mistaken.*

"So many women have come to me with joy in their voices to say that they can eat all the candy and sweets they want and not put on a single pound. They actually think this is a funny twist of fate that works in their favor. It isn't funny at all . . . *actually, they aren't eating the foods that really put on flesh and contribute to strength.*

"It may be difficult for you 'weight wooers' to believe me when I say that the following lists of foods are just what you should be eating for the best results:

"Celery, lettuce, carrots, spinach, endive, green peppers, string beans, asparagus, peas, artichokes, swiss chard, parsley, cucumbers, cabbage, summer squash, onions, beets, cauliflower—if and when eaten with:

Such fruits as pineapple, oranges, cherries, peaches, apricots, plums, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, cantaloupes, musk-mellons and honeydews.

A HEALTHY body of normal weight requires both fruits and vegetables. Fruit eaten alone will clog the system. If one eats vegetables alone they will tend to eliminate and tear down. But the combination of the two builds and repairs.

"I shall never forget our build-up experience with Buddy Rogers. He was then under contract to Paramount, and when he first came to us he complained that he weighed but 152 and his aim was to weigh about 180 pounds if possible. Naturally, the first thing he asked for was a build-up diet. We gave him the following:

For breakfast, one raw egg yolk beaten up with a little honey, a pinch of vegetable salt and the juice of two oranges. (Taken twice a day, this drink will quickly build up strength and add some weight.)

For luncheon, try eliminating tea, coffee and ice

water from your meals and drink in their place the juice of one lemon in a glass of water with a little honey or a small amount of orange or grapefruit juice . . . *then eat what normally appeals to you.* In trying to build up strength, fruit juice taken with the meals helps to digest all the other foods, thus adding to the nourishing qualities of each meal.

For dinner, whatever hits your fancy, plus that glass of fruit juice.

"Well, you can just imagine Buddy's surprise. 'Look here!' he protested, 'I want to gain weight, not lose it.' We assured him that we had given him just the ticket. He could hardly believe it, but he decided to give it a fling anyway. All the time Buddy was away from Hollywood on personal appearance tours, he followed this diet. Of course, Dick gave him some of his body-building exercises, too—and Buddy thought so much of the necessary exercises that he has carried a personal trainer with him ever since."

Buddy returned to Hollywood weighing 180 pounds . . . and not an ounce of fat on his body!

AND let me remind you," spoke up Dick Kline, the expert on exercise, "not to forget the great value and necessity of careful exercises combined with the diets if you are anxious to gain weight. The healthy person usually gives exercise to his legs as a matter of course, but for the person who wants to build up his strength let me advise particular attention to the neck and abdominal muscles . . . the very seat of the nervous system. Nerves are a great reducer in themselves and consequently, if one is to gain weight, the nerve centers must be kept exercised and relaxed. Here are some exercises for the neck and abdomen that both Jim and I are anxious that you follow:

"Actually, the neck is one of the most important points of nerve access to the entire body. Keep the nerves healthy and you won't have to worry about being underweight.

"Sit erect so that the body does not move. Turn the head slowly toward the left shoulder and then move it gradually across the back to the right shoulder. Do this three or four times, very slowly. (Continued on page 92)

*Proved BY 2 GENERATIONS
Preferred IN 26 MILLION HOMES
Used BY 70 NATIONS . . .*

... and now in
STAINLESS form
... if you prefer

VICKS
VAPORUB



... the better method of treating colds — *externally*

YEAR after year use of Vicks VapoRub increases steadily. Holding its old friends. Winning countless new ones. There is only one Vicks. Tested and proved by two generations as best for colds, it maintains its unique place as the family standby.

Famous Direct Double-Action

Applied over throat and chest at bedtime, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, it gives off soothing, medicated vapors which are carried with every breath direct to irritated air-passages. It is this *direct double-action* that has given VapoRub overwhelming preference and world-wide fame. It brings quicker relief—and safely, too.

Mothers Know What's Best For Colds

Mothers everywhere have set VapoRub apart as outstandingly the best treatment for the family's colds—especially children's colds. Applied externally, it can be used freely and as often as needed, even on babies. It avoids the digestive upsets that so often follow constant dosing.

For Severe, Deep-Seated Colds

Stronger Stimulative Action—When there is much tightness or soreness, redden the skin with hot, wet towels before applying VapoRub—then spread it on thick.

Stronger Vapor Action—When the air-passages are badly clogged—or there is much irritation or coughing—also melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors for several minutes.

Further Solution of Your Problem of Colds

VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half!—Saved two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds!—Cut the costs of colds more than half! How to follow Vicks Colds-Control Plan in your home is fully explained in each package of VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds.

BELLE BENNETT'S BIRD OF DEATH

The story of the omen which always presaged death in Belle Bennett's family is one of those touchingly tragic things which is as rare as genuine emotion. Belle's own death—bemoaned by all her fans—has its own place in this amazing story.

By KATHRYN WHITE



IT couldn't be told until now—for obvious reasons you'll better understand when you've finished this strange tale. It's one of those stories that makes you wonder if, really, there isn't a "something" we scoff at because we don't understand. . . .

Let me take you back to a little less than a half year before this story was written. Last Spring, it was.

The scene was the hillside home where Belle Bennett, that grand screen mother whose "Stella Dallas" was one of the finest things done in movies, was fighting for her health. Her face was not only pale, it was what might be called transparent—there was no color, no substance to the skin. Every drop of blood, life, was draining from it.

Belle herself was in constant unceasing pain. Yet, with the same indomitable courage that kept her making "Stella Dallas" while her own son lay dying, that kept her making it even in spite of the flood of criticism that descended on her when her son died and she refused to "throw down" the studio by quitting, she clung to the belief that she could fight her way back to health.

Yet her doctors had said her case was hopeless. "They only know the physical; they don't know the spiritual. I will live," she said.

A few moments after that positive statement, she told of a family superstition—a superstition that had been engendered by oft-repeated fact. . . .

"Every time there has been a death in our close family," she narrated, "it has been foretold by the presence of a bird. . . .

"It came when my mother lay very ill. A bird, just an ordinary bird, flew into the house, hovered about her bedroom a few minutes, flew out. We knew—and so did mother—that it foretold the end. She died soon afterward. We and she knew for this reason—that my father's

death, my grandmother's death, my own son's death, was foretold in precisely the same fashion. The omen came never more than six months before the end.

"When my boy lay so ill in the hospital, where I spent with him every hour I was not at the studio, the bird came just as my boy lay in my arms one afternoon, saying: 'Mother, I don't want to die. I want to live, for you.' The bird fluttered then against the hospital window. He didn't see it, but I did, and I knew. The next night, my boy died."

Belle's eyes were full of tears as she told this. Belle has never been mawkish about her son's death. Maybe that's why they criticized her so because she went on working. They thought, the fools, that she didn't care.

But to get back, there were tears in Belle's eyes as she told the tale. She brushed them away, held her head in her hands for a brief moment.

And that, probably, is the reason Belle Bennett did not see, that moment, what this writer saw—

A swallow, perhaps frightened by some other animal, perhaps blinded by the setting sun that flamed those few minutes against that great living-room window, hovered outside for a moment. Its wings came so close that they scraped audibly on the window pane.

For fully fifteen to twenty seconds, while Belle Bennett's face was covered by her white hands, that swallow hovered there—barely more than a yard from her head. Then, as she raised her head to resume the interview, it flew away.

Less than six months afterwards, despite her determination, despite her hopes, Belle Bennett died. She never knew—no one ever told her, you see, because they knew her intense belief in the family omen—that the bird of death had hovered over her head as she talked about it.

FAOEN - as pure and fine as \$1 to \$3 Beauty Aids - yet ONLY 10¢



*Convincing, Scientific Tests PROVE Faoen
Beauty Aids Equal the Costliest in QUALITY*

Exciting news! Thrilling to every woman who rightfully and carefully considers the protection of her beauty . . . and her purse.

And that news is . . . Faoen Beauty Aids at 10c are positively equal in QUALITY to the most expensive brands!

Such an amazing statement is difficult to believe. Naturally you want proof. And here it is—absolutely scientific proof—from the report of one of the most famous Research Laboratories:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

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NEW YORK PARIS

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Beauty Aids

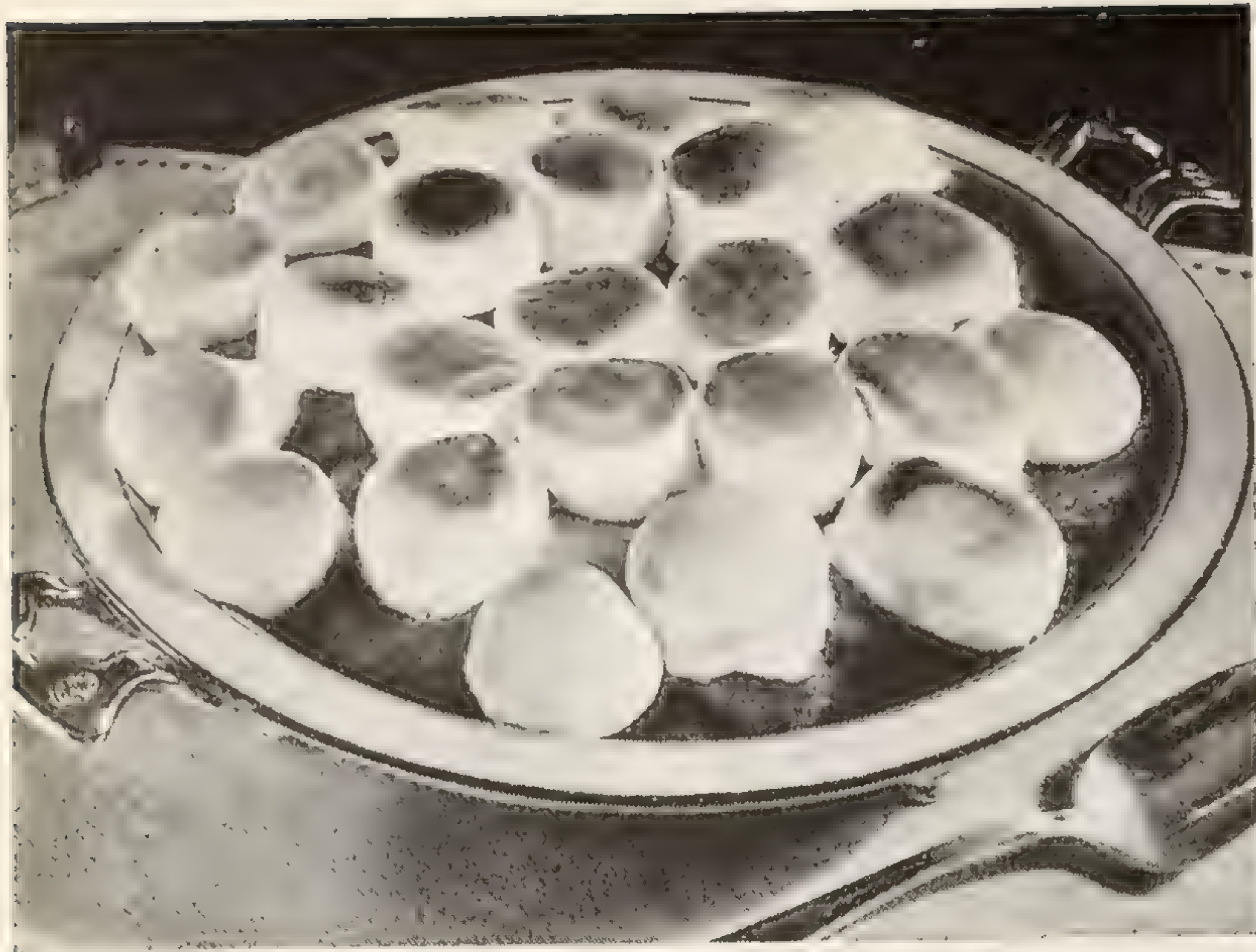
Additional proof! Every Faoen Beauty Aid has received the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

As a result, women are enthusiastic about Faoen . . . applauding the fact that now it is unnecessary to pay high prices for high quality beauty aids.

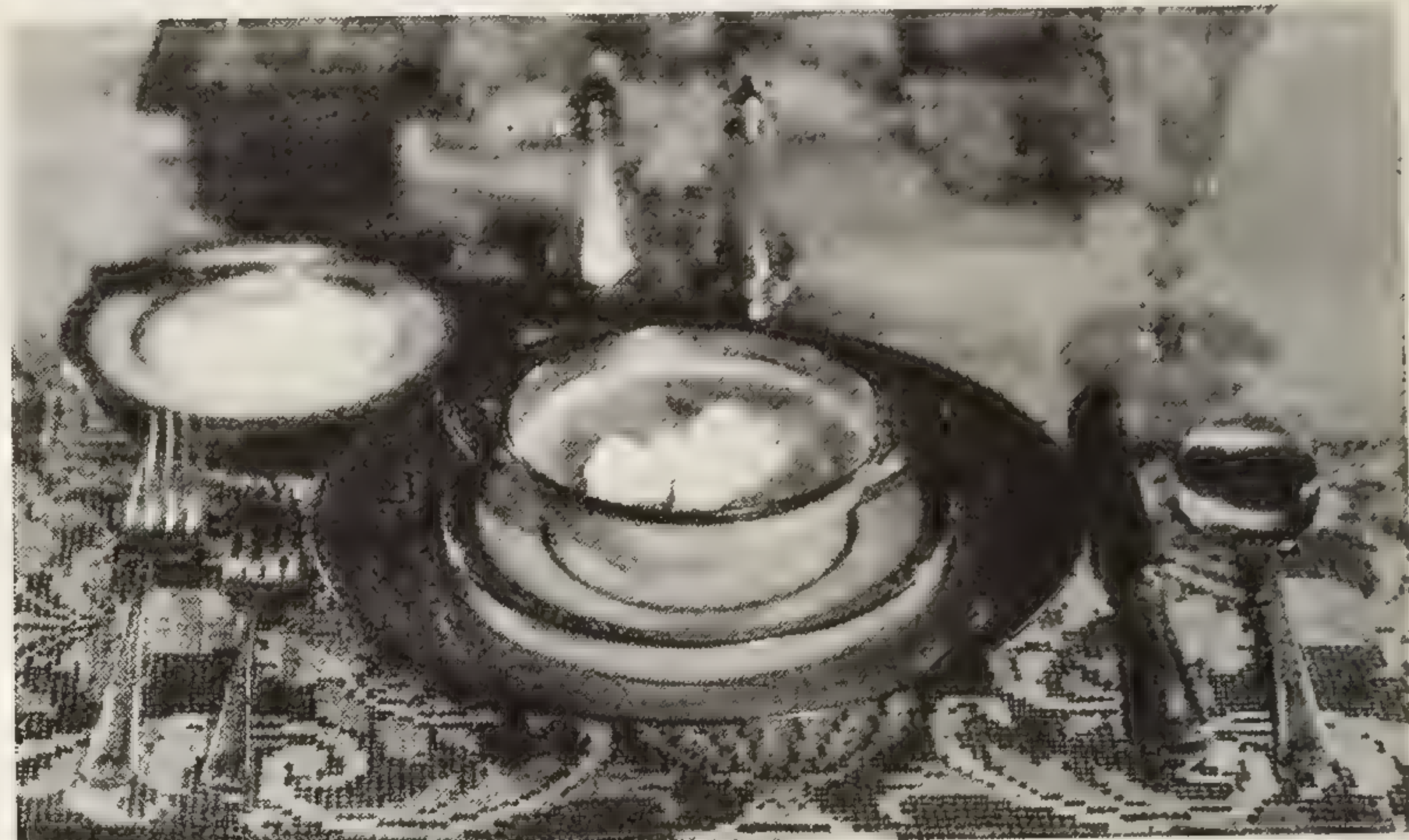
Such overwhelming evidence should convince you, too, that the time to begin using Faoen Beauty Aids is today!

10c each at S. S. Kresge Co.
and other 5 & 10c stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, those famous newlyweds of the screen, entertain a great deal. Ruth knows just how to plan a dinner for a large or small group—how to choose dishes which satisfy as well as intrigue. (Right) Cream of chicken and mushroom soup, topped off with whipped cream, is sufficiently hearty, without being too filling. (Above) Maple and marshmallow sweet potatoes! A favorite Chatterton-Brent dish.



Courtesy of Campbell Soup

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BRENT DESCRIBE A "COMPANY DINNER" FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS

THERE comes a time in the life of every woman when she has to give what is known as an "important dinner." Maybe your guest of honor is your husband's boss, or the girl-he-might-have married, or his mother. Maybe it's an old beau of your own, or a school friend you haven't seen for ages, or the president of your club. At any rate, you suddenly find yourself in a position where you have to put your best foot forward, bring the best china down from the top shelf and think up a really impressive menu. Your skill

as a home-maker, a cook and a hostess are to be tested to the limit, for the everlasting glory of your home, your family and your reputation.

When this great occasion arises please, please, we beg of you, don't determine to outdo yourself by planning an elaborate menu having more courses than you are equipped to handle comfortably. Don't rush out into the marts of trade and buy loads of expensive, out-of-season foods. Don't work yourself into a state of nerves preparing time-consuming, tricky dishes, which sometimes don't turn out right, or which must be served the instant they are done, or which require last minute ministrations.

Instead, follow the advice of Ruth Chatterton, who believes that the most successful dinners are distinguished by the perfection of their detail rather than by their lavishness. The lovely Ruth, who has at her command every facility, every service which money can buy, says, "I consider good, plain food, beautifully cooked and attractively served, preferable to rich, elaborate concoctions which may delight the cook's artistic soul but which fail to please the guests' tastes. Such delicacies as plover's eggs and other strange foods reputed to be served at stars' tables, never find their way to mine. Then, too, I think that men, particularly, are infinitely happier when served familiar foods, superbly prepared, than they are when offered highly imaginative dishes."

"Don't you think most men prefer their meats and vegetables served just about as is, rather than masquerading under some sauce?" we (Continued on page 83)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

MODERN SCREEN Magazine
HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for February, 1933—
at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in Pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

Here and There

HERE'S a chance for all you little kiddies (you folks over 15 are out of this) to get a nice personally autographed photograph of Tom Keene, together with an award (but that's a secret)! All you have to do is think up a good name for Tom's new horse and send it to him at Radio Pictures Studio, Hollywood. Tom is going to be the judge—and will personally select the name that he likes best.

Keene's new horse is one of the few remaining wild horses in Arizona. Tom captured him and broke him in himself. You'll see them both in "The Cheyenne Kid," Keene's new picture.

So get busy boys and girls—you might be the lucky one!

That Jimmy Dunn-Maureen O'Sullivan romance is going strong once again. (See picture on page 14.) Theirs is one of those changeable affairs. They're the cutest pair—and do they have fun when they go places! The other Saturday afternoon at the football game they were having a race to see who could eat the most hot-dogs!

P. S. Jimmy won by half-a-dozen....

ALTHOUGH the contract bridge epidemic is still raging in Hollywood, some of the "deep thinkers" have settled down to chess. Young Doug, Jr., is the president of the new Hollywood Chess Club, and Lew Ayres is one of its most enthusiastic members. However, Lew hasn't been seen around the club the last week or so. Y'see, it's duck season in California and hunting is Lew's "first love"!

It looks like that Greta Nissen-Weldon Heyburn divorce is off—and how! Ever since they first separated, Greta and Weldon have been simply ga-ga about each other! Right now they're out house hunting—so it looks like a grand reunion.

GUY KIBBEE declares that everything is upside down with him!

"While the country was enjoying prosperity," he says, "I was experiencing forty-three years of depression—and now that the country's suffering from depression, I have had three years of prosperity!"

Kibbee, who steals almost every picture he is in, has done everything from working in a gold mine to milking cows—to acting!

A CASTING director was interviewing some extras for a rôle in his new film.

"What is your name?" he asked a big Jewish woman.

"My real name is Sara Goldstein," came the answer, "but I use Dorothy O'Neil for the stage."

"And what have you done on the stage?" asked the director.

"Oh," came the quick reply, "I have never been on the stage!"

3 AGELESS SECRETS *of charm*



MAE CLARKE, Radio Pictures' player. For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.



THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-



BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant patent medicines.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Serve as a cereal, or use in cooking. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. F-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Charm."

Name _____

Address _____

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE;
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND
FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "First National," "This Sporting Age," Columbia; "The Match King," First National.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames, born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," "Guilty as Hell," and "He Learned About Women." Working in "The Death Kiss," Tiffany.

ANDRE, GWILI; unmarried; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police" and "No Other Woman."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "The All American," Universal. Working in "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Working in "The King's Vacation."

*ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "King Kong," Radio. Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS; separated from Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros., "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," "Renegades of the West" and "Little Orphan Annie."

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," and "Wax Museum."

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World," and "Okay America." Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out On Parole."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Borôshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent," Paramount. Next is "If Christ Came To Chicago," United Artists.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below," "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Faithless," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin," M-G-M. Working in "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Working in "Grand Central Airport."

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Man About Town" and "Six Hours to Live." Working in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros. Next is "Dangerously Yours."

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Flesh." Working in "Tugboat Annie." Next is "Twelve Miles Out."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Wild Girl," Fox; "Airmail," Universal. Working in "Destination Unknown," Universal.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National; "Rockabye," Radio. Next is "Our Betters."

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. Y., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week-Ends Only," "Wild Girl" and "Me and My Gal."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had A Million," Paramount. Next is "Luxury Liner."

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN; married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lawyer Man," "Central Park," Working in "Blondie Johnson." Next is "Broadway Bad."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Back Street," Universal; "Six Hours to Live," Fox. Working in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Starred in "Yukon" and "Men of America." Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Painted Woman," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Too Busy to Work." Working in "Cross Pull."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Crash," "They Call It Sin" and "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough to be Famous" and "Blessed Event." Working in "Hard to Handle."

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Man From Yesterday" and "Night of June 13," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot" and "You Said a Mouthful." Next is "Elmer the Great."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

(Continued on page 86)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Marion Davies	January 1	Clark Gable	February 1
William Haines	January 1	Ben Lyon	February 6
ZaSu Pitts	January 3	Ramon Novarro	February 6
Loretta Young	January 6	Ronald Colman	February 9
Tom Brown	January 6	Chester Morris	February 13
Richard Cromwell	January 8	Stuart Erwin	February 14
Kay Francis	January 13	John Barrymore	February 15
Bebe Daniels	January 14	Mary Brian	February 17
Nils Asther	January 17	Jimmy Durante	February 18
Tallulah Bankhead	January 31	Joan Bennett	February 27

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 8)

When my husband returned from seeing "Mata Hari," I asked him "How did you like Greta?" His reply was that he liked Mickey Mouse much better. How's that Mr. Disney? Imagine preferring Mick to Greta. But, then, my husband does not care for Greta—so you see she does not ensnare *all* the men. Both my husband and I feel that her popularity is due to wonderful press agency rather than acting—though we think she is very attractive looking. (*Dear me! Somehow or other Garbo always gets into these letters. Even one about Mickey Mouse. Oh, well—*) However, I do believe as MODERN SCREEN says that to know Greta personally would be to like her—while I believe to know Connie Bennett, after liking her on the screen, would be disappointing. I imagine Connie has none too sweet a disposition, though I love her pictures.

(*Hooray! That's what we've been waiting for! For someone to admit that a star may be a so-and-so at home and a mean old thing generally—but nevertheless a grand actor or actress. Though, really, Mrs. G. S., we think Connie has been much maligned. She's smart and shrewd and business-like—yes—but we don't think that she's unpleasant. We've heard many stories that point in the opposite direction. Incidentally, did you know that Walter Disney was given a Special Award by the Academy for his creation of Mickey Mouse and another "short subject" award for his "Flowers and Trees" short.*)

We thought this was kinda cute

E. C. STALEY of the Bronx, N. Y., sends in "A Model Short Story":

Doctor X and Chandu, the Magician, having lived at the Grand Hotel for The First Year, on The Night of June 13, decided to take a One Way Passage from Broadway to Cheyenne, where they would meet The Texas Bad Man—a regular Tiger Shark. Chandu was interested in The Night Club Lady—A Painted Woman—while the Doctor was fascinated by The Blonde Venus. Chandu was playing a Most Dangerous Game and was finally Exposed (They Call It Sin). Being Guilty as Hell and on The Last Mile on Hell's Highway, A Bill of Divorcement resulted. No, The Age of Consent had nothing to do with it, nor This Sporting Age. There were 70,000 Witnesses and Thirteen Women involved. It was a case of Love Me Tonight, which proved to be A Successful Calamity, The Woman Decided. Doctor X said to Chandu as he came Down to Earth, "It's Once In a Lifetime—you're not The Last Man, so Pack Up Your Troubles, meet me at the Sign of the Cross in Back Street and we will take the Phantom Express for our little Cabin in the Cotton. After The Crash and this Strange Interlude, Life Begins for us. So leave your Bird of Paradise and the Big City Blues, learn to Speak Easily and forget that you were ever Movie Crazy." Chandu said "Horsefeathers!"

(And we say "Bravo," E. C.)

The first of what we expect will be a flood of Hepburn letters

THOMAS HECKEL of Bloomfield, N. J., is all agog over the fascinating Katharine:

(Continued on page 85)

WHEN ROMANCE NEARLY CRASHED . . . by Timmins

1.

A NEW DRESS... A WAVE...
YOU *MUST* HAVE A HEAVY
DATE TONIGHT



YES, BOB'S TAKING
ME TO DINNER —
DANCING AFTERWARDS

2.

SHE LOOKS EXQUISITE. BUT I
WISH I DARED WARN HER TO BE
CAREFUL ABOUT ONE THING



3.

TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M SIMPLY MISERABLE.
BOB HASN'T BEEN NEAR
ME SINCE OUR DATE TWO
WEEKS AGO



FORGIVE MY FRANKNESS, BUT
COULD HE HAVE NOTICED A
HINT OF..... "B.O." WHY NOT
BATHE REGULARLY WITH
LIFEBUOY JUST TO BE
SAFE

4.

HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I FEEL AFTER MY
LIFEBUOY BATH. NO "B.O." TO SPOIL THINGS
WHEN I'M OUT WITH BOB TONIGHT



5.

I COULD DANCE
WITH YOU FOREVER!



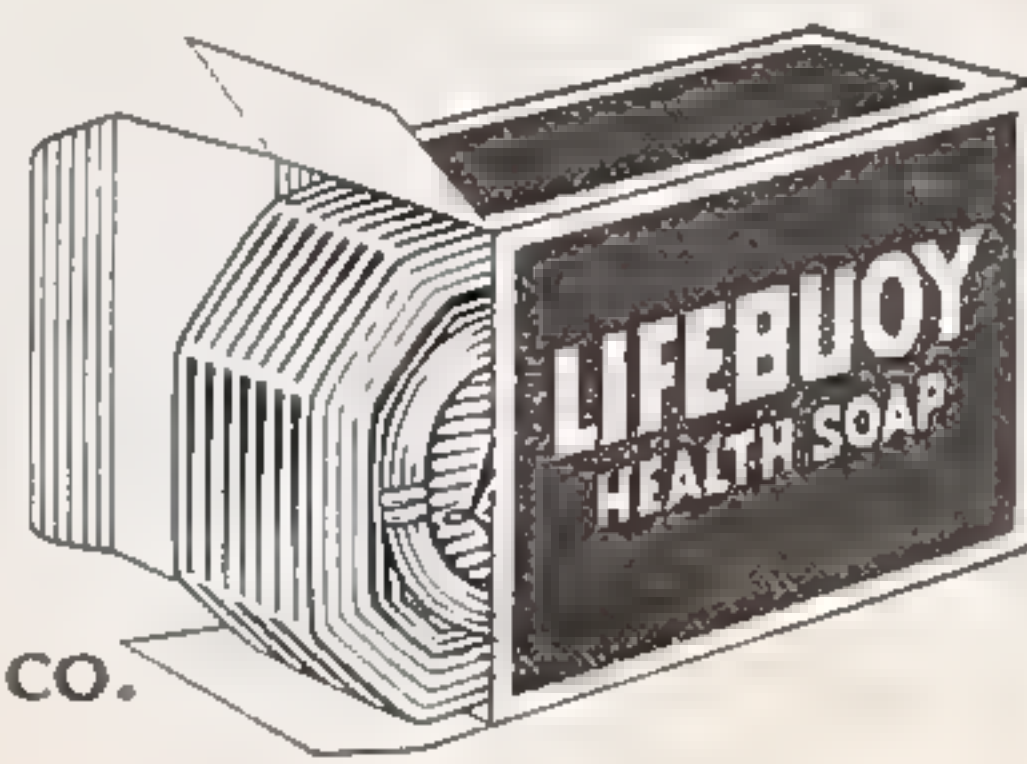
"B.O." destroys charm

(body odor)

THE merest hint of "B.O." (*body odor*) kills your chances for popularity—romance! Close, overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its rich, hygienic lather *deodorizes* pores—effectively ends "B.O."

New skin beauty

Lifebuoy's pure, bland, penetrating lather gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull complexions to new, glowing loveliness. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

THE LATEST IN MODERN CRAFT

By MARY BIDDLE



1. Astrakhan hat and dress trimming.



2. How it is done.



3. A woolly pussy-cat.

I WENT over to see Helen Twelvetrees the other day. But she wasn't there. At least, not the Helen Twelvetrees I expected to find—the tiny, blond, helpless-looking, wistful girl you know on the screen. Instead, I found a proud and practical mother-of-one, her very curly hair pinned tidily back. She was attired in a simple little housedress. You know, of course, that a young gentleman named Frank Bryan Woody made his debut in this world late in October. And that Helen Twelvetrees is his mother. I didn't see the baby, because he was asleep. But I did see his wonderful, marvelous array of presents. Oh my! Such a wardrobe of fine dotted-muslin frocks. So fragile—but they'll wash and wash because the material is so exquisite. Silk and satin and fleecy wool robes and blankets and little coats. And sweaters. It was over these coats and sweaters that I broke down and made those idiotic noises that grown-ups always make over baby clothes.

I held up a blue angora coat.

"Can you imagine," I asked Helen, "the long nights of knit-two-purl-two that went into this?"

"Oh, a very dear friend sent that," she answered. "Adorable, isn't it? But, listen, my dear—it isn't hand-knit. This friend told me so. She's a very busy woman and just simply wouldn't have the time for knitting. She

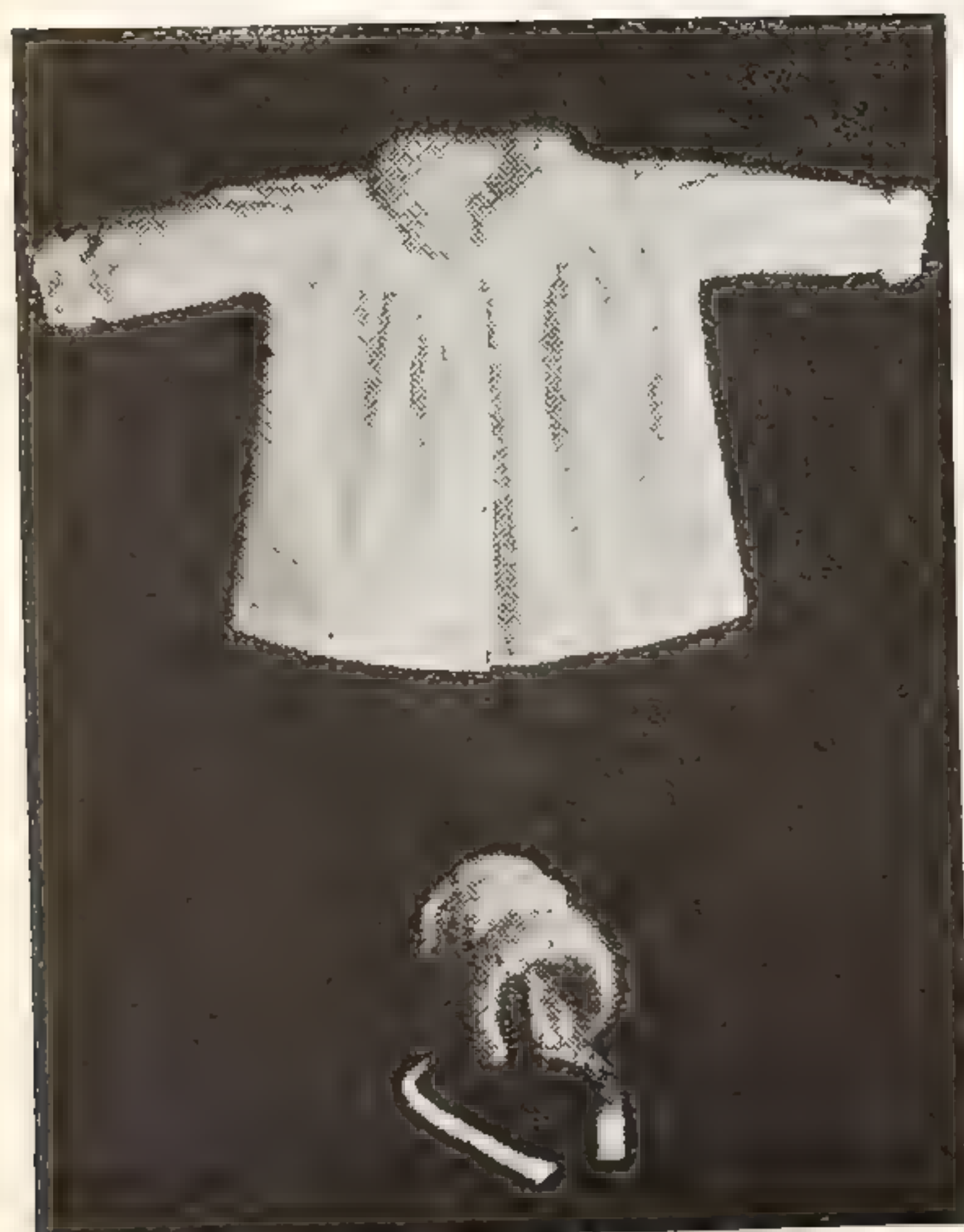
said she wanted to do something for the baby and she found out about a new sewing-machine gadget that does this sort of work. I declare I never saw anything like it."

And neither did I. And just as I was thinking, "Maybe MODERN SCREEN readers would be interested in this," Helen Twelvetrees said the very same thing. So I investigated—and here's what I found out.

You can make a rug on the sewing machine. Or exquisite yarn trimming for purses and scarves. Or "mock astrakhan" that would hoodwink a furrier—until he looked at the wrong side and saw that the "fur" was backed up with material instead of an animal's skin. You can make all the things illustrated on this page—I'll talk about them in detail later. Let's see—

You all know, I suppose, that elegant hooked rugs can be made out of that pile of old stockings which every girl has stowed away somewhere. But have you ever known anyone who actually got around to making a hooked rug out of old stockings? Well, I have—and it took ages and ages. And there was always the bother of that huge frame to be lugged about. Now, this is a busy age and we haven't the time to do all the hand-work we'd like. Yet we want lovely things for our homes and ourselves. The vogue for Early American furniture has brought with it a vogue for good craftsmanship. (Continued on page 87)

4. Baby's coat and bonnet.



5. Rag rug



6. Purse and scarf.



7. Wall decoration.



Hostess

(Continued from page 78)

inquired earnestly of Miss Chatterton.

"I'm sure they do," she replied, "but women are apt to be captivated by dishes which are a little out of the ordinary. The trick is to have your menu planned so as to satisfy *both* factions."

"Now, for the first course," Ruth continued, "let us have a sea-food cocktail. Here the sauce is of the utmost importance, because it gives the sea-food mixture its individuality. Of course, the whole mixture must be served ice cold, preferably with the glasses, containing the individual servings, set in finely crushed ice."

(Probably you are familiar with the cocktail glasses which come with separate containers which are to be filled with crushed ice. These are very smart, but deep sauce dishes may be filled with ice and the cocktail glasses buried in the ice, or if the journey from refrigerator to table can be made very rapidly you can chill the cocktail mixture thoroughly in the individual glasses and place them directly on the table.)

"The sea-food cocktail might be followed by a cream of chicken and mushroom soup, topped with a spoonful of whipped cream and a little chopped parsley." (That sounds easy enough, goodness knows, we thought.)

"And now we come to the main course. I very often have roast lamb because practically every one likes it." (We could think of other reasons for choosing lamb for the company dinner. In the first place, if dinner is delayed and the lamb stays in the oven over scheduled time, it is actually improved. Furthermore, it is easy to carve lamb, involving no choices between light meat and dark, or well cooked and rare. Baked ham or roast pork are two other meats which have the same virtues, and may very well be substituted for lamb if you prefer.)

WITH the lamb," Ruth continued, "pan-browned potatoes are delicious—but these necessitate gravy. If one does not care to have gravy, marshmallow-and-maple sweet potatoes might be substituted—and while this dish is unusual enough to fascinate the women, it is still sufficiently recognizable to be enjoyed by the men."

"Green peas are almost a traditional accompaniment to lamb, aren't they?" we suggested.

"Yes," agreed Miss Chatterton, "but they are so seldom properly cooked."

"How then do you think they should be cooked?" we questioned.

"Gently and tenderly," she answered with a smile. "The bottom of the saucepan containing the peas should be barely covered with boiling water. Then a little sugar should be added and a dash of salt, and then several large outside leaves of lettuce should be placed over the top of the peas, the pan closely covered with a lid and the peas allowed to steam over a low flame for about twenty minutes. To serve them you discard the

(Continued on page 88)

"Tell me, Ruth, how can you keep your hands so nice and smooth? Mine always get so terribly dry and rough in this weather!"

"Mine did, too, until May told me about Pacquin's Hand Cream. Now I have no trouble at all. Pacquin's seems to get right into the skin!"



Thousands of women who had "tried everything" are now enthusiastic friends of Pacquin's Hand Cream. The reason why Pacquin's does for their skin what other preparations failed to do is really very simple—

Pacquin's is especially blended so that it will *penetrate* the skin. It carries with it *deep into the under layers* certain softening oils which are taken out every time you expose the skin to water, wind or weather. The very speed with which the average skin *absorbs* every trace of Pacquin's is proof of the "oil-starvation" which *this* cream is especially made to correct! Because it *pene-*

trates, Pacquin's Hand Cream never leaves your skin greasy or sticky.

Try Pacquin's regularly for just one week on hands and arms, face and neck, wherever there is drying, roughness or chapping—and see if *your* skin isn't softer, smoother, whiter at the end of that time than you've ever known it! In convenient sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

(To meet the demand of women who wanted other beauty creams just as effective as Pacquin's Hand Cream, Pacquin now offers a Lemon Cream, a Vanishing Cream, a Cold Cream and a Cleansing Cream—also priced from 10¢ to \$1.00.)

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the skin*



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IN NEW
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"I LOVE YOU"

... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package, for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.



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LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

...Katharine Hepburn gets a real compliment
... Roxy makes a swell gag about his new theatre . . . and other news and gossip

EVERYBODY that was anybody was seen trekking off to the Hollywood bicycle races recently. Lew Cody (he'd die if he ever missed anything) was the first to put in his application for a box. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon spent the entire six days there—and Joel McCrea, who is crazy about races of all kinds, couldn't be found anywhere but at the races, although he was supposed to be working on a picture at the time.

NOT only does the whole country seem to have gone "Katharine Hepburn conscious" but Adrian, Hollywood's greatest fashion creator, whose original designs for Garbo, Crawford and others have made him world-famous, declared that Miss Hepburn is the only ingenue for whom he would like to create clothes.

"Young girls, even though they are actresses, do not usually have a definite personality. They are charming and that is all. But Katharine Hepburn is so definite a person she would be an inspiration to any artist," he said.

This, in view of the fact that Adrian is under contract to Metro, while Miss Hepburn has a five-year contract with Radio, is praise indeed.

Connie Bennett and hubby have been having a great time in New York! Besides seeing every single show in town—and buying trunkfuls of beautiful frocks, Connie was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for her work on behalf of the disabled war veterans! (See picture on page 36.)

And was the Marquis proud of his Connie!

NO matter how hard he tries, Joel McCrea just can't get away from these women!

While working in "Rockabye" with Connie Bennett, Joel was tormented by the affections of a little extra who had gone for him in a big way. Thinking to rid himself of the little nuisance, he told her that she must not speak to him any more as his wife (pointing to his good pal Betty Furness) wouldn't like it.

Imagine his astonishment when a few minutes later little Miss Pest came flying back to him saying: "Listen, Mr. McCrea, I just saw your wife talking to Charles Bickford—they were sitting real close together—and they looked that interested! So I'm sure she wouldn't mind if I talked to you!"

In describing his new Roxy Theatre in New York, movie theatre of Radio

City, Roxy told about the amazing faultless acoustics, the substitution of three staggering mezzanines for the usual overhanging balcony, the promise of magnificent musical and variety programs as complements to the movie fare. . . .

But his listeners went away laughing at his remark that "the ushers will no longer be admirals."

IMAGINE Ramon Novarro being turned out of a place! It happened the night that Lily Pons was singing "Lucia." Ramon was guilty of a stage-door act in the attempt to visit the lovely young prima donna, but a mob had preceded him. La Pons had finished her rôle, though the opera itself was not yet over. One more act to come, and an irate generalissimo backstage decided he wouldn't have the performance interfered with by anybody wandering into the wings. He singled out Ramon from the group of gate-crashers for some reason or other, and started to bawl him out for infringing upon opera discipline. "I wouldn't go into your house without being asked!" he shouted.

"And I wouldn't show the bad taste to have my brother throw you out if you did!" shot back Novarro.

But the hard-boiled stage manager was firm and Ramon had to get out and right snappily! The stage manager's parting shot to the gateman was: "And see that you don't let anybody else in here even if they are movie stars!"

MORRIS chairs have been appearing quite mysteriously just off the various sets at RKO, and so, the other day, an inquiry was set in motion. Lo and behold! it was discovered that a property man had placed them there and after a good deal of questioning the real reason came to light:

Actors, coming from the various sets, would see the low, comfortable-looking chairs and promptly throw themselves into them and many would soon be crossing their legs and in many instances bits of loose change would drop out of their pockets down into the sides of the chairs.

Now Radio officials don't know whether to fire the very enterprising young prop gent or to charge him and his fellow workers for the concession!

SO great was the demand for tickets for the "Grand Hotel" premiere in London that two consecutive "premieres" were staged the same evening.

(Continued on page 114)

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 81)

I want to give three long and loud cheers for Katharine Hepburn. She has it all over Garbo, Dietrich and Crawford. I saw her in "A Bill of Divorcement" and I think she stole the picture. I haven't the vocabulary to describe her, but she's glamorous, fascinating and exotic. Here's to more pictures for Hepburn. She's great.
(Your vocabulary is doing pretty well, so far, Thomas. We agree. Hepburn's next picture is "Three Came Unarmed.")

All right, Garbo fans. Here's a swell letter about your favorite

T. N. APERGUIS, of London, England, says:

Dorcas Wilkins of Paducah, Kentucky, has certainly a very elaborate vocabulary, which she uses in a terrifying way, but what of it? Is the result of her anger of any real benefit to the film industry? No. Just petty discussions which do not help the producer, nor the star. What does it matter if Garbo's hair is ugly or too wavy? Simply nothing. An actress is not an actress just because she is too slim or too plump, or because she wears a wig or has fair hair. Her way of registering emotion, her ability to make us believe and live what is otherwise but an impossible story—these are the main ingredients which make an actress and gain her real lasting admiration. There is no doubt in spite of whatever might be said that Garbo is an actress of outstanding capabilities. Her personality is indeed very strong and in spite of what some people may call ugliness, even her looks are interesting and pleasing—a definite and superior change from the baby-faced type with the so-called baby voice, which is the most aggravating noise one could ever wish for.
(There were, as usual, skaddles of Garbo letters. Penned in both admiration and aversion. Dorcas Wilkins' letter, which we printed in our December issue and which criticized Garbo in fiery terms, received an overwhelming response. The above letter, we think, is a most intelligent reaction.)

That's a scream you hear

VIOLET D'ANGELO (she doesn't give her address) wishes they'd keep rodents out of pictures:

For the simple reason that I become nauseated at the sight of mice, rodents and crawling, slimy things, why must one be sickened at the appearance of these ugly creatures? I would pass it by once or twice, but of late, it seems they are constantly present. I'm an ardent movie fan and always was, but I dread going to pictures for fear that one of these things or perhaps several should accidentally crawl up my favorite movie star's leg or down her back. Especially Harold Lloyd, in "Movie Crazy" with them draped around his neck. I never cared much for him but after that I wouldn't give a thin worn out dime to see him.

(Okay, Violet. But please don't include Mickey Mouse in your dread of rodents.)

"We want MacDonald"

Our announcement that Joan Crawford and John Gilbert might film "The Merry Widow" brought a storm of protest from
(Continued on page 111)

... WHAT A DELIGHTFUL
DIFFERENCE THESE FOUR
WONDERFUL MAYBELLINE
PREPARATIONS WOULD MAKE
IN YOUR APPEARANCE ...



1st Apply a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids, blending its creamy smoothness to a faint shadow. See how it instantly deepens the color of the eyes, adding lustre and sparkle. 5 shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



2nd Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It is easy to use, and of highest quality. Black or Brown.



3rd Darken your lashes into natural-appearing, long, luxuriant fringe with the New Maybelline mascara. Applied simply and easily with the dainty Maybelline brush and pure water, it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof. Black or Brown.



4th To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless, its fine ingredients are highly nourishing.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 80)

- BROWN, TOM**; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Hell's Highway," Radio; "Laughter in Hell," Universal. Working in "Destination Unknown."
- BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES**; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.
- BYRON, WALTER**; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Week-Ends Only," Fox; "Deceit," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.
- CABOT, BRUCE**; unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder" and "King Kong." Working in "Lucky Devils," Radio.
- CAGNEY, JAMES**; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Winner Take All." Working in "Hard to Handle."
- CANTOR, EDDIE**; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."
- CARRILLO, LEO**; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools" and "Parachute," Warner Bros. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.
- CARROLL, NANCY**; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Hot Saturday," Paramount; "Undercover Man," Paramount. Working in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.
- CAVANAGH, PAUL**; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "The Crash," First National.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES**; divorced from Lita Grey; born in London, Eng., April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."
- CHASE, CHARLIE**; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Now We'll Tell One" and "Mr. Bride." Next is "Fallen Arches."
- CHATTERTON, RUTH**; married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Crash." Working in "Frisco Jenny."
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE**; divorced from Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Way to Love."
- CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE**; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.
- CLAIRE, INA**; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists. Starred in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Appearing on the legitimate stage.
- CLARKE, MAE**; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio. Working in "Acquitted," Columbia.
- CLYDE, JUNE**; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Back Street" and "The All American."
- CODY, LEW**; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Parisian Romance," Hoffman; "Undercover Man," Paramount.
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE**; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Man From Yesterday"; "The Phantom President"; "Sign of the Cross." Working in "The Queen Is in the Parlor."
- COLMAN, RONALD**; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith"; "Cynara." Next is "The Masquerader," United Artists.
- COMPTON, JULIETTE**; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "The Match King," First National. Next is "The Masquerader," United Artists.
- COOGAN, JACKIE**; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.
- COOGAN, ROBERT**; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sky Bride."
- COOK, DONALD**; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Working in "Frisco Jenny," First National.
- COOPER, GARY**; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "Devil and the Deep," "If I Had a Million" and "Farewell to Arms."
- COOPER, JACKIE**; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "When a Feller Needs a Friend," and "Divorce in the Family."
- CORTEZ, RICARDO**; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red?"; "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Flesh"; Working in "Bedfellows." Next is "Giant Swing," Fox.
- CRAWFORD, JOAN**; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists. Next is "Turnabout."
- CROMWELL, RICHARD**; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.
- CROSBY, BING**; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.
- CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE**; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Columbia; "Night After Night," Paramount. Working in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount and "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros.
- DAMITA, LILY**; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.
- DANIELS, BEBE**; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Silver Dollar," Working in "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Radio Girl."
- DAVIES, MARION**; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies." Next is "Peg O' My Heart."
- DAVIS, BETTE**; married to Harmon O. Nelson; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Parachute."
- DEE, FRANCES**; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th" and "If I Had a Million." Working in "King of the Jungle."
- DEL RIO, DOLORES**; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.
- DEVINE, ANDY**; married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "The All American," Universal. Next is "The Big Cage."
- DIETRICH, MARLENE**; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Next is "Hurricane."
- DILLOWAY, DONALD**; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.
- DIX, RICHARD**; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "Hell's Highway" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."
- DORSAY, FIFI**; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From Calgary," Hoffman; "They Had to Get Married," Universal. Working in "The Sucker," Warner Bros.
- DOUGLAS, MELVYN**; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.
- DOVE, BILLIE**; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M.
- DRESSLER, MARIE**; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Working in "Tugboat Annie."
- DUNN, JAMES**; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Working in "Handle With Care." Next is "Sailor's Luck."
- DUNNE, IRENE**; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Working in "No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "The Lady," M-G-M.
- DURANTE, JAMES**; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "Phantom President," Paramount. Working in "Pig Boats," M-G-M.
- DVORAK, ANN**; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match." Now in Europe.
- EILERS, SALLY**; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Hat Check Girl." Working in "State Fair" and "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros. Next is "Sailor's Luck."
- ERWIN, STUART**; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "He Learned About Women." Working in "Face in the Sky," Fox.
- ESMOND, JILL**; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, Eng., January 26. Radio player. Featured in "State's Attorney" and "Thirteen Women." Visiting in London.
- EVANS, MADGE**; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Optimist," United Artists; "Fast Life," M-G-M.
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.**; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Love Is a Racket" and "Parachute." Working in "The Sucker," all for First National.
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.**; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."
- FARRELL, CHARLES**; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Starred in "The First Year," "Wild Girl" and "Tess of the Storm Country."
- FAY, FRANK**; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."
- FORD, WALLACE**; married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Employees' Entrance" and "Central Park," Warner Bros.
- FOSTER, NORMAN**; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Giant Swing."
- FOSTER, PRESTON**; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "The Last Mile," Tiffany; "I'm a Fugitive,"

(Continued on page 110)

Modern Craft

(Continued from page 82)

Why not adapt our love of beautiful things to our demands—to the time we have to spend and the money, too.

Going back to that pile of stockings again—run upstairs and get them. Also that three-years-ago velvet evening gown. And you needn't stop at that: old, worn out sweaters, silk dresses—even burlap, jute and gunny-sacking may be dyed, and utilized.

I HAVE on my desk a thin metal strip with two prongs in it. It's my new craft guide. I can wind new or old yarn around it, those old stockings or strips cut from old clothing—tuck the whole thing under the foot of my machine and fashion a hundred and one lovely things.

Turn to the illustration marked 1 on page 82. See the very smart turban and the trimming on that girl's dress. Made on the machine, with this new attachment, out of silky, looped black floss. Looks like astrakhan, doesn't it?

Look at the illustration marked 4—the baby's jacket and cap, trimmed with bands of fluffy angora. Made on the machine—and the same kind of work, incidentally, as Helen Twelvetees' baby's blue angora coat.

Illustration number 3 shows a woolly pussy-cat. A cute toy, isn't it?

The wall hanging—illustration 7—is made of light-weight wool yarn. The purse and scarf are decorated with what was once looked upon as a useless bit of left-over yarn. And the grand rug marked 5 was made on the machine.

How do you do this work? You wrap the metal guide with yarn or strips of material, as you can see in illustration 2. You place it—guide and material—on a piece of backing material—unbleached cotton, canvas or buckram are all good. Under the foot of the sewing machine goes the whole business, placed so that the needle will strike between the prongs of the guide. Now stitch nearly to the end of the wrapped section. Pull the guide toward you part way and wind on more yarn or strips and stitch again. You do row after row this way in no time at all. When the work is finished, the loops may be clipped and the top sheared or the loops may be left uncut. You can work out dozens of different effects, depending upon the different materials you use and the way you handle them.

To make a design, you can draw your pattern on the backing material. Or use a transfer pattern. And then simply follow this design with the colors you wish to use.

If you want to know more about this, just drop me a note and I'll send you further information. Address your note, please, to Mary Biddle in care of MODERN SCREEN Craft Guide, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York. Be sure to say "in care of MODERN SCREEN Craft Guide," because I don't want your letter to become confused with The Beauty Advice letters.

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*on the
sewing machine*

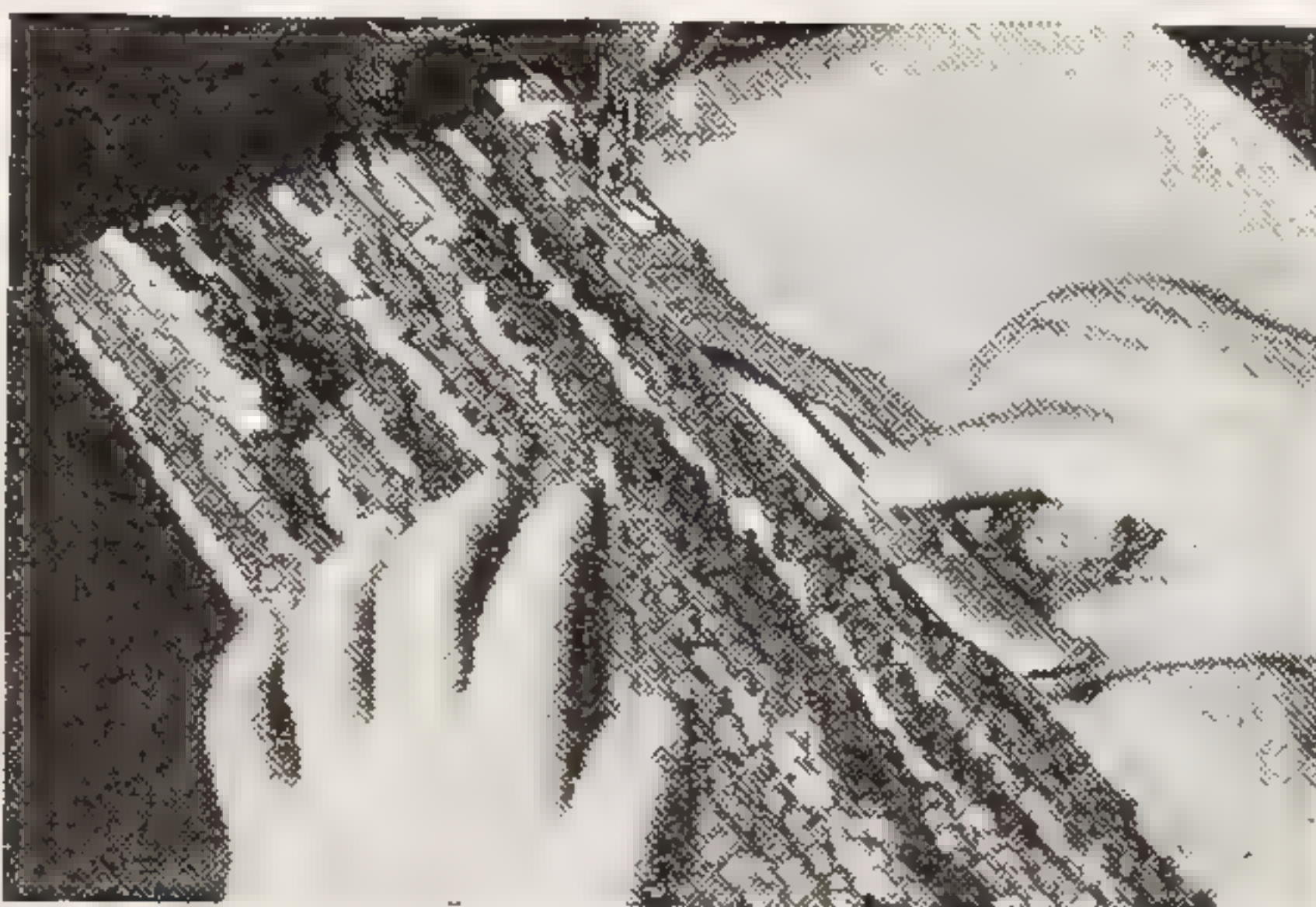


HERE'S a fascinating new way to make beautiful rugs, bags, smart dress trimmings and countless other articles—all in luxurious deep pile. It's done with Singercraft, a new sewing art that requires only the Singercraft Guide and your sewing machine. On this Guide you wind yarns, or strips cut from fabric or old silk stockings, then apply in rows to a fabric backing. No looms, no frames, no tedious hooking. It's as easy as straight stitching. You can learn in 10 minutes, be expert in 30.

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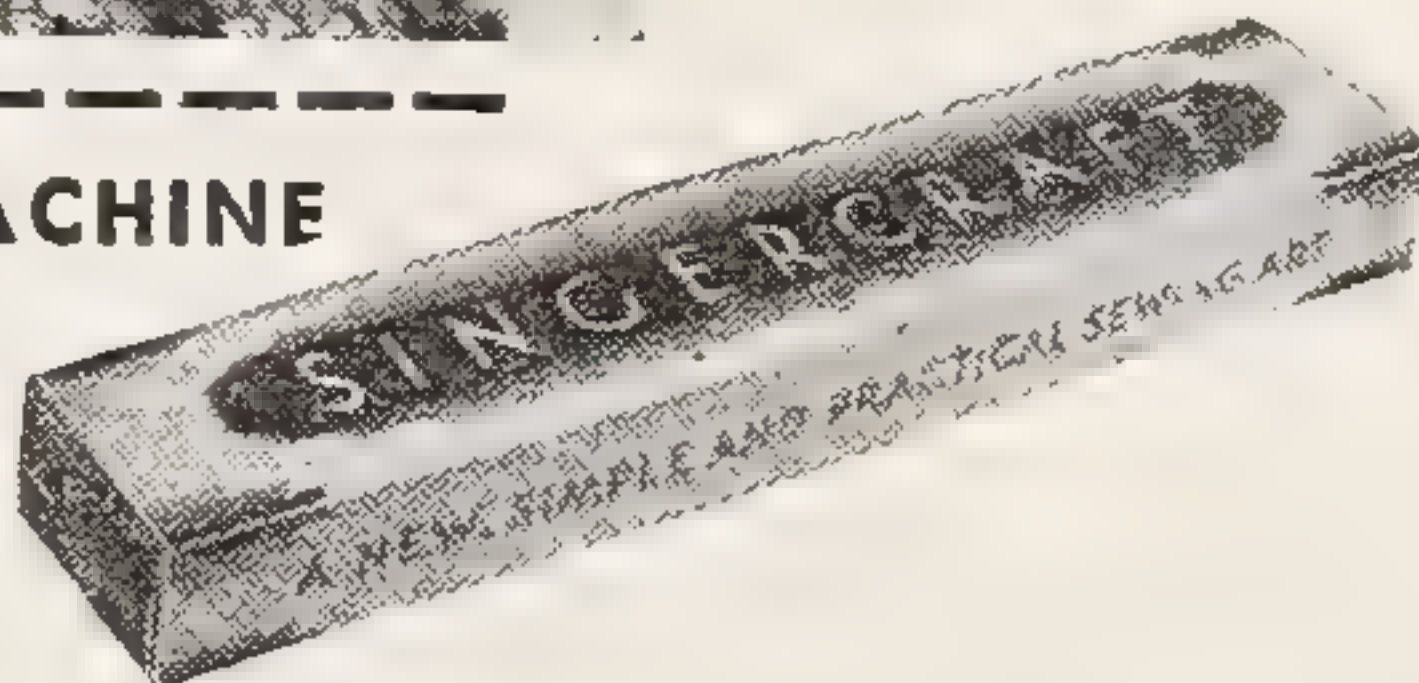
All you need to get started on this new craft right away is the Complete Singercraft Set. It includes the Singercraft Guide, hot-iron transfer designs suitable for beginners, and step-by-step directions with many illustrations in



color of things to make. Get this set at any Singer Shop (see address in telephone directory) or send the coupon with only 50 cents for the Complete Outfit by mail.

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COLOR REMOVER

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 83)

lettuce leaves, drain off what little liquid there is in the bottom of the pan and add a generous piece of butter. Then you have peas which are perfect."

(The lettuce idea was new to us, but since we have tried it we have vowed never to cook peas again without their blanket of lettuce leaves. What a surprising difference it makes!)

"Scalloped tomatoes and celery make a good secondary vegetable," Ruth went on. "And spiced apple salad is always a success with both the men and the women. Besides, as we haven't had any fruit in the meal as yet, here is a good place to inject it, don't you think?"

"Are you even careful about balancing company dinners?" we asked incredulously.

"Naturally," responded Ruth. "I can't see why people should be eager to serve or eat a badly balanced meal just because the occasion is a gala one."

(Isn't she marvelous—she thinks of everything, we thought! Lucky fellow, George Brent.)

"Now, we come to dessert. It must, of course, be light, for by this time our guests' appetites should be pretty well satisfied and it is the duty of the dessert merely to give a final fillip to the dinner and to leave a pleasant taste. I think a soufflé—perhaps a coffee soufflé would be nice. And, of course, there will be a *demi tasse* and fruit and nuts, raisins and mints."

WELL, well, well. We felt as though this menu were pretty complicated as Ruth Chatterton sat describing it to us, but when we wrote it down it looked like this:

Sea-Food Cocktail	
Cream of Chicken or Mushroom Soup	
Roast Lamb	
Maple-marshmallow Sweet Potatoes	
Green Peas	
Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery	
Spiced Apple Salad	
Coffee Soufflé	
Demi tasse	
Fruit	Nuts Raisins Mints

Nothing there which couldn't be served to the family any day of the week, nothing expensive or fussy or complicated to make. We think we were terribly lucky to get the recipes for every dish on this menu except the lamb—and you probably know how to roast lamb without our telling you. But simple as these recipes are and easy as they are to follow, still we want to implore you to try them out on the family first, before offering them to guests. This is simply because we know that when you are giving a party you have enough on your mind without trying out new recipes. After just one trial

you will consider these recipes as old friends, but, just for the sake of your own peace of mind, do give them that one trial. Besides, we think the members of your family are as entitled to enjoy these delicious foods as even the most important guest.

Two of the recipes are given here. The remaining four we have had printed on individual cards, enclosed in a little folder with Ruth Chatterton's name on it. So be sure to fill in and mail to us the coupon on page 78. The recipes will be sent to you, to help you to achieve the same success for *your* dinner party as is enjoyed by one of Hollywood's most charming hostesses, Ruth Chatterton.

Here are the two recipes we promised you:

SEA-FOOD COCKTAIL

Combine equal amounts of crab meat (fresh or canned) and flaked cooked cold halibut or cod. Moisten with cocktail sauce, as given below, and chill thoroughly in refrigerator. To serve, place lettuce leaves in cocktail glasses, place spoonful of seasoned mixture on lettuce leaves and garnish with small wedge shaped slice of lemon.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

3 tablespoons chili sauce
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup ketchup
 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 Dash of salt
 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 Mix all together thoroughly and chill.

SPICED APPLE SALAD

1 cup sugar
 1 cup water
 1 cup red candy cinnamon drops
 1 cup cottage cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts or cashew nuts
 8 to 10 small apples.

Heat sugar, water and cinnamon drops slowly until the candy is dissolved. (If you have difficulty getting the red cinnamon candies you can get very tasty results by adding one stick of cinnamon to the sugar and water instead. Coloring tablets then may be used to secure the red color.) Pare and core apples, place in syrup, cover and cook very slowly until tender but not broken. Turn once during cooking so that they will not become soft on one side. Remove apples carefully from the syrup and allow to cool. Chill thoroughly and fill centers with cheese and nuts mixed with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Arrange on crisp lettuce or other salad greens. Serve with a little mayonnaise or whipped cream dressing.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD \$1,000,000?

Nina Wilcox Putnam asks the stars—and tells you. In our next issue

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

overdone a bit. But at the same time, I'm glad to see a trend toward actually following the natural shape of the mouth which this fad does indicate. The only trouble is that gals with tiny, dainty, Cupid's bow lips want to play, too—and there they go, spreading their mouths all over their faces. Don't you do it. The movie stars can if they want to. Screen make-up is another matter. The screen demands certain tricks which are beautiful in photography—but which would be ghastly in everyday life.

Here, however, is a lip make-up trick which you can employ with safety. If the indentation in your upper lip isn't pronounced enough, or if you have a full mouth which is inclined to look "bunchy," do this: before you apply lipstick, spread your upper lip out to its widest extent. You'll look very funny, but never mind. Now—apply the lipstick. Accentuate the curve of the Cupid's bow as it appears in this stretched-out position. Shade the coloring so that there's almost none at the center of your lip. Now relax your mouth to its natural position. Better?

If you have a long upper lip, don't worry yourself into a state about making it look shorter. Keep the lipstick away from the corners, of course, but also accentuate the length of your lower lip just a tiny bit. It helps.

Before I leave the subject of lipstick, let me say that I think most men still like natural-looking lips. Even the most sophisticated of them. They don't care if you paint your mouth, just so long as the paint isn't on too thick and the color isn't too widely at variance with nature's own. In other words, they like to be fooled into thinking that the color of your mouth is its natural color.

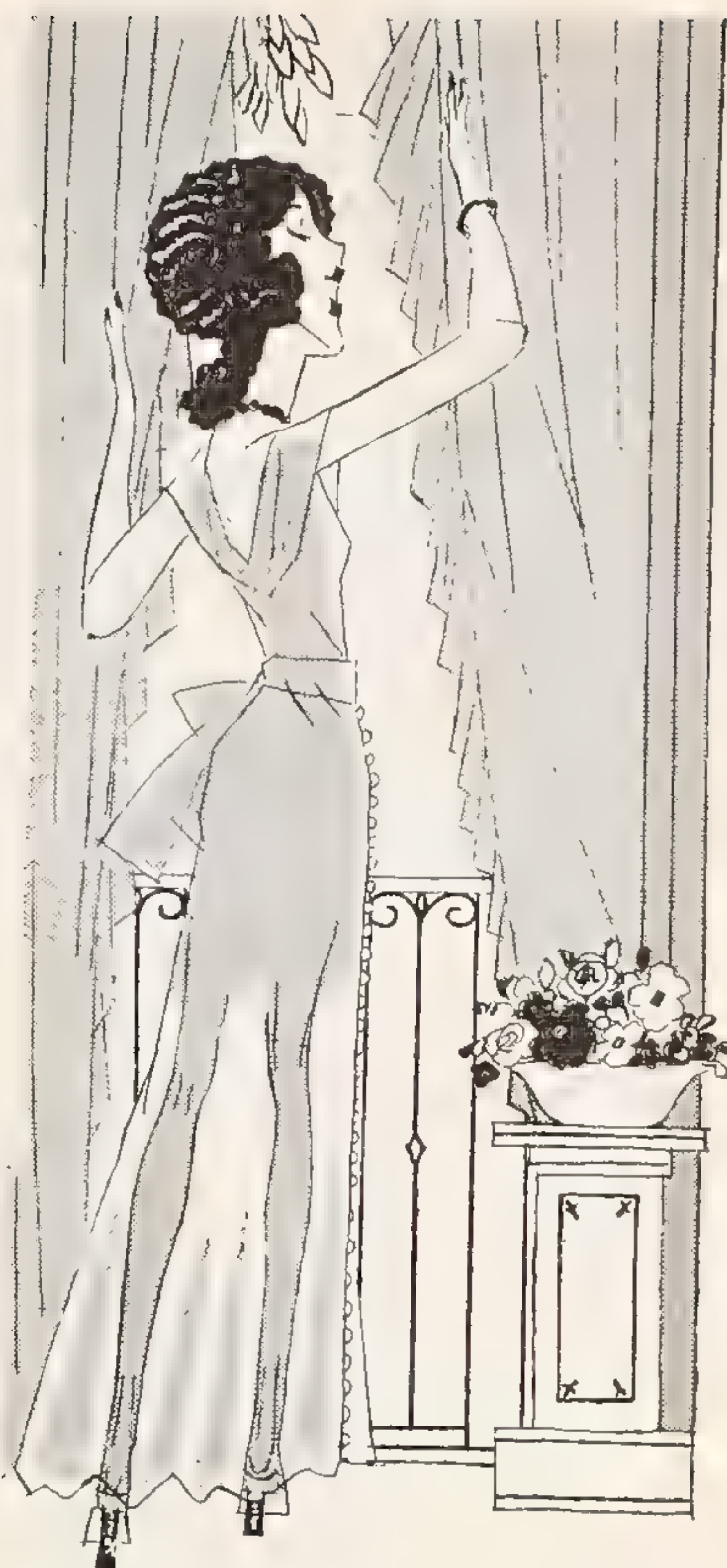
NOW a word about eyebrows. If you have dark, bright eyes, for heaven's sake don't thin out your eyebrows! Why? Because thin little wisp-of-darning-cotton eyebrows over dark eyes make the eyes look beady. That's why. Somebody told me that and I've been observing girls for months to see how true it is. Believe me, it's the truest thing that ever was said. Furthermore, it is next thing to impossible to pluck a heavy black brow to a thin line without leaving an area of dirty-looking discoloration where the hairs have been plucked out. And heavy—or at least, well defined—brows belong with luscious dark eyes. Pluck out the tiny stray hairs. And leave it at that. On the screen, eyebrows must be thin because the camera exaggerates the most moderate natural brow to burly proportions. But in everyday life, it's different.

Girls with blue, gray and hazel eyes and the various mixtures thereof can fool around with their eyebrows if they are so minded. My advice is—now and

(Continued on page 109)

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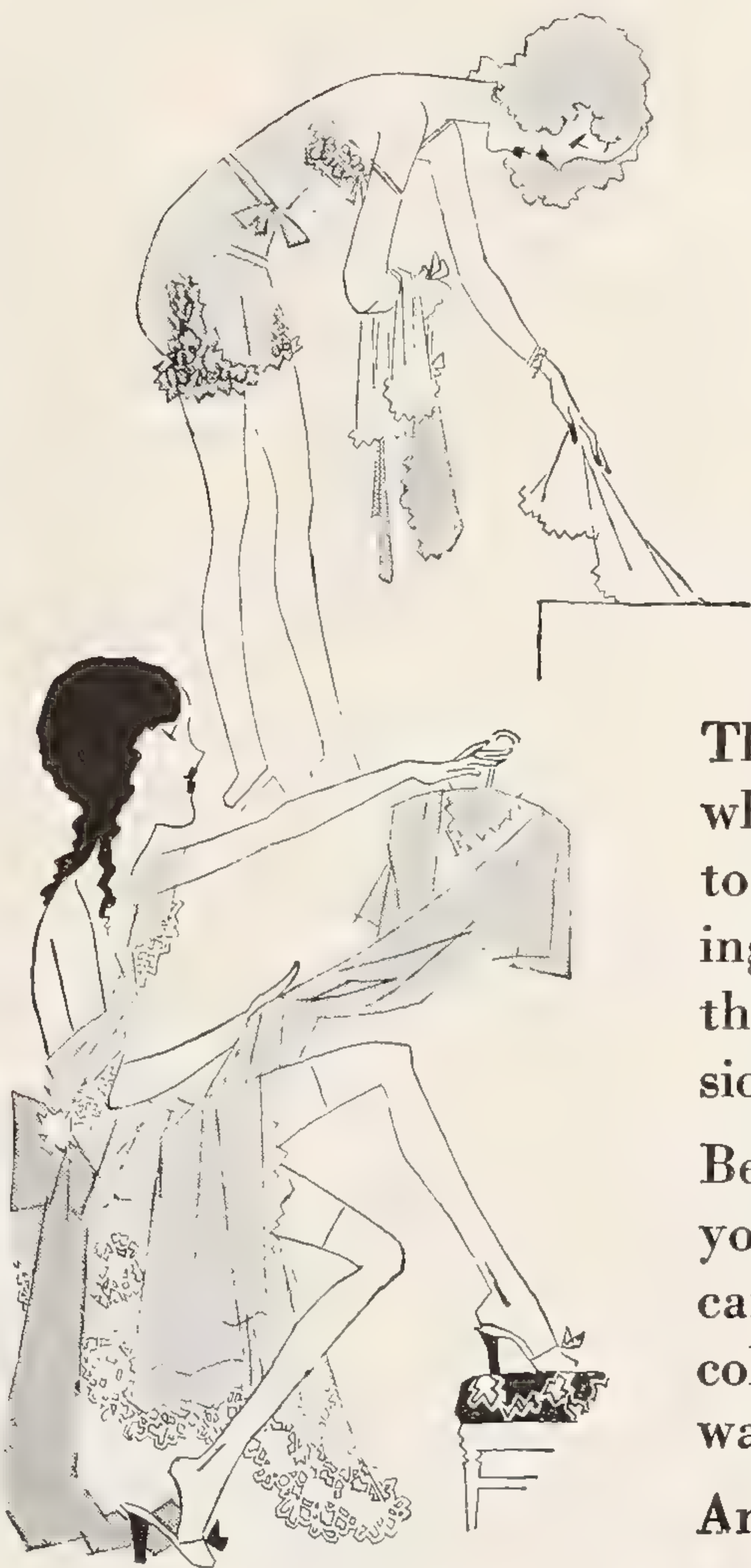


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Would You Give Back a Million?

(Continued from page 37)

every cent of the money he thought she wanted so much. She would do it quietly, without any fuss, but she would do it.

"That was partly what brought her back to Hollywood. That was what caused her to make those spectacular gestures that attracted so much criticism. That was why people said she was hard and cold.

"Yet, don't you see, she was doing all that for a very big reason. I wonder how many women would have had her courage—and also the courage it took to hear the gossip about herself without ever explaining why she was making her career pay so well.

"She doesn't need the money," people said, "isn't it selfish of her to demand it?"

"Connie had used Phil Plante's settlement to launch herself in a picture career—so that she would, eventually, be self-supporting, but she knew that she could not have his million dollars upon her conscience."

We were all silent. No one had moved while the story was being told.

At last one of the four said, "And what happened? Has she paid him back, now?"

"She has," said the narrator. "The million dollars—with interest—has gone to him. She is free, now, free from the sting of his words. She had a purpose

these last few years—a purpose which no one but herself knew. She could not be a real person until she had done what she knew she must do."

He paused.

"Where did you get this story?" someone asked.

"I can't tell that—it wouldn't be right. But I promise you I didn't get it from Connie. She would never have told that. And if anybody asked her about it now she would deny it—for that's the sort of girl she is."

And so I give you this little story—as I heard it. Of course, there is the chance that it isn't true. I can't promise you that it is a fact. But, knowing Connie and knowing of what stuff she is made, I choose to believe it is true. It sounds so like her. I hope it is so, because I like the story and think it explains so many things about the girl herself.

At any rate, it is something for you to think about. I've thought about it ever since I heard it and it has endowed Connie with a fineness and sweetness that Hollywood has never given her credit for having.

I hope and I believe that this is a fact, and if it isn't I hope that nobody tells me it isn't. But, then, I'm an idealist, so this yarn is told for the rest of you idealists who want to see a new side of Connie Bennett's nature!

Sophisticated—Before Twenty

(Continued from page 71)

"Go easy, Herb, aren't you a little hard on the poor kid?"

But Brenon turned to him and said, "It's the only way, Lon, it will make an actress out of the girl."

LORETTA had not heard this—all she knew was that there was a chance of her being taken out of the picture. Her fists clenched tight. She set her teeth. "Give me one more chance, Mr. Brenon. I think I can do it this time."

"All right," he said. "I'll give you one more chance."

This time, as the camera whirled, the tears came naturally to her eyes, her face was contorted with emotion and, later, in her dressing room, she gave herself over to sobs because she thought she was never to be good.

Thus, early, Loretta was taught in a hard school of acting. But Brenon was right and no matter what methods he used she emerged, in that picture, not only as a lovely young creature, but as a pretty darn good actress. She looked strange, however, in an elaborate evening dress, which did not hide the young bones in her neck. She

should have been wearing gingham.

Now—at the ripe old age of almost twenty—Loretta says that she would not take anything for the training she got from Herbert Brenon and, hard as it was to take, it was all worthwhile.

Having lied about her age, there was nothing for her to do but to live up to it and purposely she sought the older people on the set, denying herself young society.

At home, with her mother and two sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, although she was the youngest, she behaved like the eldest and when the other girls were talking about beaux and parties Loretta was quiet.

And then, when she was still in her 'teens, Loretta met Grant Withers, a dashing and handsome young man. Her family objected to the marriage on the grounds that Loretta was too young but, in spite of all her mother could do to stop it, they were married and moved into their own apartment.

HERE Loretta conducted herself like a young matron instead of the child she was. She picked out all the furnishings herself. I shall never for-

get her showing me over the place with pride as she pointed out some of the very lovely things she had bought. She put the household on a strict budget. But Grant Withers was not one to fit easily into a routine and shortly the marriage went on the rocks.

One day Loretta and I sat talking in the Brown Derby shortly after the divorce. She was smartly and simply dressed and there was a calm maturity upon her face. "I don't believe," she told me, "that one mistake should ruin your whole life. I'm glad that I was married to Grant. That marriage taught me many things that will help me through life—it taught me that love isn't everything the world has to offer and that you must discover a number of things about your husband, besides being just in love with him."

I sat back and looked at her in wonder. I think she was eighteen when she said this. The lives of most girls married and divorced so young are permanently wrecked—but Loretta was a product of Hollywood, and she knew that she must keep herself going for her career.

It was after her divorce that she began to be taken up by the *bon vivants* of the town. Herb Somborn, once the husband of Gloria Swanson, was her almost daily luncheon companion. Herb is a man of the world and he would never be interested in just a beautiful young girl like Loretta unless she had something much better than beauty.

AT the studio commissary at First National she is constantly surrounded by the writers on the lot and she can, in her calm, clever way, keep a tableful of these terse, sophisticated men, amused.

The result of all this has shown in her work. Not very long ago Aline MacMahon, one of the surest and best actresses on the screen, said, "Did you ever see anyone so lovely as Loretta Young was in 'Life Begins'? Her wonderful restraint is something I can never forget."

Yes, she is to be taken seriously now—to be numbered among the better actresses.

And how this all happened I'm sure I don't quite know. There must, of course, be some deep well of understanding in the girl herself, but I think that the demands Hollywood put upon her gave her this maturity. At fourteen she had to simulate the emotions of a woman of twenty. Still in her early 'teens she had to learn what marriage was and wasn't. She had to figure it out for herself.

Now, when you speak of Loretta Young, you don't have to preface your remarks by saying, "Isn't it wonderful for a girl of her age to do what she has done?"

She is accepted as a woman—not as a girl, for so much has been crowded into her years in Hollywood, so much living.

Loretta Young is not really a girl any more. She would be a girl had she lived anywhere else but in Hollywood. But she is now a woman—an intelligent, poised woman—and a good actress.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to

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Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not an imitation which cannot give same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

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Perfect Beauty and Perfect Health

(Continued from page 74)

Whenever you feel a sore spot, remember this is a sign that you are in need of the stretching and exercising!

And here's another neck treatment that will be a boon to those who are employed during the day, offering them a method of reviving fagged and tired nerves: press the fingers of both hands against the flesh on both sides of the base of the neck, pressing the flesh upward. Relax. Then press once more and relax. Follow this until you feel a tingling sensation.

For weak abdominal muscles, lie flat on the back, tense the muscles of the abdomen by drawing abdomen toward the spine. Relax. Then tense the muscles once again. Do this five or ten times both morning and night. This exercise will keep the waistline under control while you are putting on weight in other parts of the body.

The daily bath is another channel for those who must build up. If it is possible for you to bathe in the ocean for the benefit of the salt water, do so as often as possible. If not possible, put one pound of sea salt in the tub of warm water and soak. Massage the entire body while in the water and remain in the tub from fifteen to twenty minutes.

"Before the bath, the shower or the salt tub," says Davies, "I recommend the use of the toning-up massage. I have devised a method that requires but little skill and the use of an ordinary turkish towel. Here is the dope:

Grasp the ends of a large Turkish towel in each hand. Then, starting between the shoulders, rub the towel up and down in a diagonal position briskly and rapidly. You will know just when to stop as your skin will become warm and tingly. Move the towel up to the back of the neck and repeat . . . but not too vigorously here. Then drop the towel to the waist line at the back and bring the towel back and forth with rapid strokes. Lastly, place the towel beneath the calf of each leg (in turn) and work upward to the thigh with a rotating motion. The towel massage will tend to open the pores and make the salt bath just that much more effective!

IF a woman feels well and peppy," continued Dick Kline, "it is just as valuable as money in the bank. It actually illuminates her face and brightens her entire personality. To a motion picture star, pep is not only important—it is imperative! By pep, I do not mean the 'jitters'; nor do I mean that nervous, giggling brand of affectation that often passes for it. *Real pep is nothing but sustained energy.* If you want to start out for work every morning with a brisk step and clear, keen eyes, all ready for the day's problems, take my advice and go through this routine of pep exercises. They are illustrated for you by Susan Fleming on pages 72 and 73.

1. Heels together, hands on hips. Jump to side, then jump back,

bringing the right foot across and in front of the left. Jump to side once more and then jump back, this time bringing left foot across and in front of the right. Repeat.

2. Hands on hips, heels together. Raise right leg, directly from hip, to the side, keeping knee straight. Now move both arms out horizontally at the same time. Back to first position and then same exercise with left leg raised. Repeat.

3. Spread the feet apart to a wide stance, hands on hips. Bend forward, and then roll entire upper part of body from hips in complete circle to the left. Count four slowly. Make four circles to the left and the same number to the right.

4. Drop to squat position on the balls of the feet, heels together and hands flat on floor. Extend legs to rear at full length vigorously, resting on balls of feet. Without hesitation, return to squat position.

Do not overdo these exercises. Stop exercising at the first signs of fatigue, especially if in a run-down condition! This is *very important* . . . overdoing is extremely harmful!

"Of course there are many methods of gaining and retaining pep," Kline said further. "Gary Cooper likes a few brisk rounds of boxing every day and claims that this is all he really needs. Randolph Scott takes to weight-lifting for his pep. But these are not methods which are practical for girls and women.

"There is *one* method that I haven't mentioned yet and it really is one of the best. Good for men and women. Rope-skipping! Clive Brook does it to keep in trim."

If you are suffering from a natural stiffness, Kline advises that you get a short length of rope and attempt the following:

Start with the rope held behind your body, heels together, with the balance on the balls of the feet. With a relaxed spring in the knees and feet, jump two inches from the floor. Try to accomplish this without any jarring effects, looking directly to the front to retain balance at the same time holding the body erect. Practice this without turning the rope, until you are able to jump thirty times without undue effort.

Now hold the rope between the thumb and forefinger. Without swinging rope, revolve the wrists, which will automatically put the rope in proper motion. Keep the elbows close to sides.

Then try jumping with the same springy movement, at the same time attempting to attain perfect rhythm.

Limit yourself to ten hops at first and work up gradually!

FOR office workers (and studio workers, too) Kline has worked out a clever system of office-chair exercises that will relax tired bodies and nerves and help the "go-getters" keep up the pace.

1. Sitting in a straight-backed

chair, clasp arms behind the back. Inhale deeply, throwing the head back as far as possible. Then, drop head forward, exhale. Keep back against the chair. Extend the feet to the sides, resting weight on balls of feet. Return. While so moving the feet, inhale through the mouth and exhale through the nose.

2. Same position. Twist head from left to right, keeping back always against the chair. Roll head in circular motion. This relaxes shoulder muscles.

3. Still seated in chair, relax the hands in the lap. Tighten up the muscles of the entire arm, gripping fists together. Relax. Repeat until you feel a definite sensation of circulation.

4. To develop the chest: try tensing the muscles of the chest and shoulders by gripping the finger tips while contracting the arm muscles.

5. Still seated. Grip arms behind you, pull in muscles of stomach. Relax. Hold the contraction two seconds before relaxing. This is something like Jim Davies' own exercise for abdominal muscles and, like it, it keeps the line of the stomach flat and shapely.

6. To tense the muscles of the thigh, calf and arch, press down on the ball of the foot, contracting the muscles as you press. This also should be done while sitting.

The above group of "tensing exercises" is entirely new. With practice you will soon be able to isolate each set of muscles, tensing and relaxing them at will. It will help keep you in perfect condition.

"And don't forget, you office workers," called Jim Davies from his massage room, "that there are foods that will contribute to your well-being just as well as the exercises Dick has just outlined. I mean foods that build for mental as well as physical perfection.

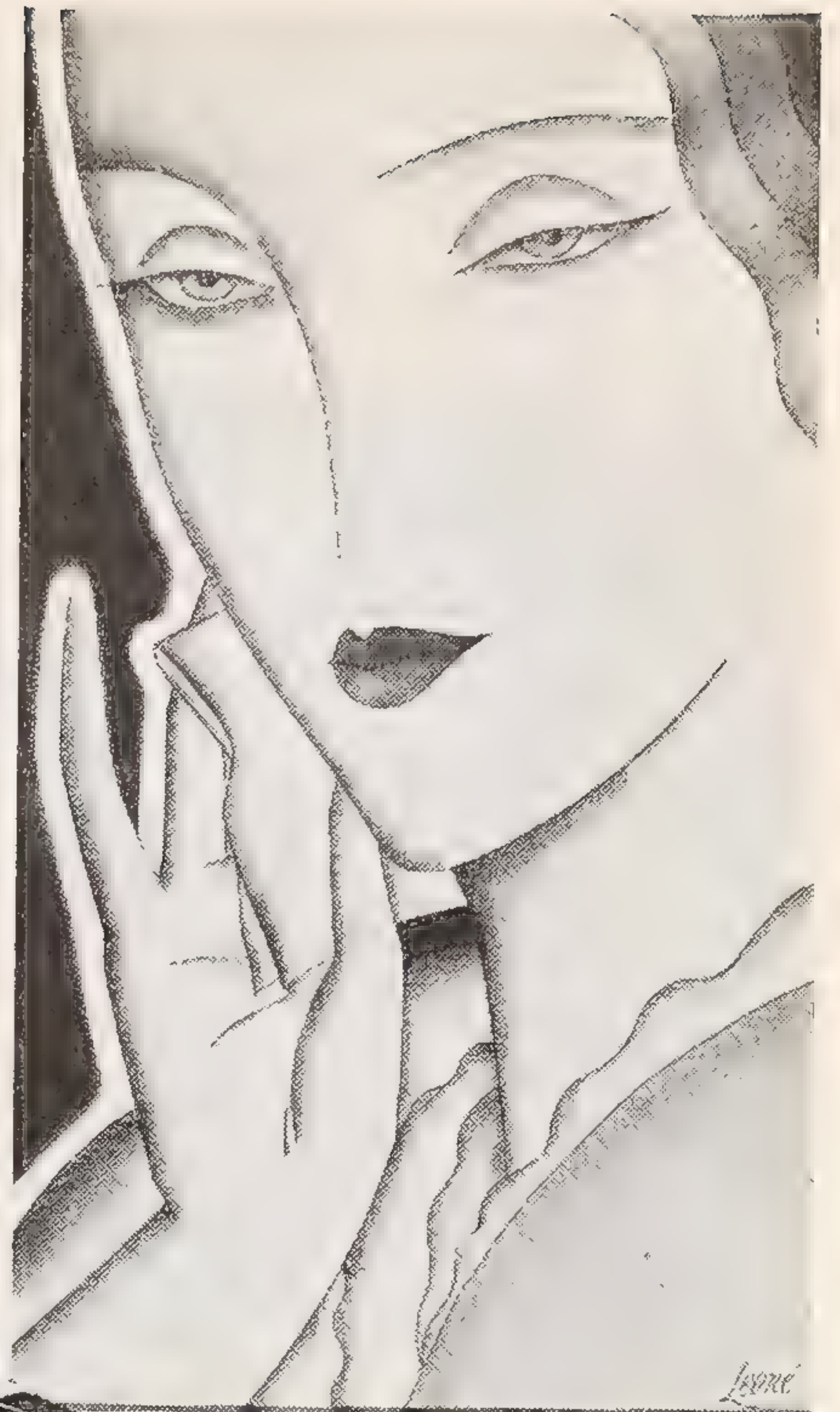
"For the fellow who swings a pick all day, corned beef and cabbage are swell, but not for the fellow or girl who has to sit indoors and exercise the brain for a living. It is actually a detriment to both health and pep. Here is a food list that I have prepared for the mental laborer who works under a maximum of nervous strain with a minimum of physical exertion:

- Almonds
- Pecans
- Walnuts
- Egg yolks
- Soft-boiled eggs
- Broiled mushrooms
- Avacados
- Any kind of fresh cheese
- Fresh butter (unsalted)
- Lamb chops (occasionally)
- Olive oil and lemon juice (half and half) help to feed the glands and brain cells. Also such foods as lobster, shrimp, crab, baked onion, potatoes, garlic and lettuce add to the general health and pep.

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About Charles Laughton

(Continued from page 63)

satisfactory a world that one was than the one in which he moved as a lumpy, self-conscious school boy! In it he paraded to his heart's content. Pirates and Indians were his specialties, fierce swashbuckling and ruthless fellows, all of whom bore a resemblance to Charlie, and given to beating into submission all those with any doubts as to the toughness of Mrs. Laughton's unliked son. Later Charlie used to think of himself as Valentino, and with all the charm of the famous Latin lover. But now he was content merely to fancy himself as a battler of parts.

Yet this imagination—effective shield though it was against the taunts of the other boys—often ran a bit too rampant. In Mr. Wheeler's Grammar School, for instance, where Charlie was enrolled after leaving Miss Saunders', it was the custom to distribute silver pencils to the ten boys who made the best marks for the year in arithmetic. One of the winners was Charlie. On the way to the Laughton home, proudly holding his prize, he became increasingly pleased with his possession and himself. Thoughts of the other nine boys dropped away and he came to look upon himself as the sole prize winner. This information he struttingly delivered to his family—and got a whale of a licking when his lie later was discovered.

"A very nasty child," Charles refers to himself. "A thoroughly unpleasant little beggar."

Doubtless he was referring to the occasion when he went wading in a convenient brook, and someone stole his shoes and stockings. "I bet you'll catch it from your mother," one of his companions howled gleefully.

"My mother won't be angry," Charles answered loftily. "She merely will be grieved."

That sort of thing scarcely endears one to one's playmates. And there was, of course, the knowledge that his mother *would* be angry, and very. But before all else one had to put a face on things. It would never do to let these boys see how scared he was. One must always put on a display of bravery, even though quaking. One must act at all times as if one thoroughly were a mighty and assured fellow. . . .

To act—that became second nature to Charlie, protecting himself. Not second nature, really, but closer to him than his own. When his hungry imagination demanded a larger and more concrete company than could parade across the stage of his mind, he began making dolls—marionettes. For the manufacture of these he was ruthless with his toys and books. There never is enough cardboard for the uses of an imaginative small boy, and in Charlie's home cries began to go up in regard to his vandalism.

HIS brother Tom was a sufferer. After his own toys and books had melted away under the fire of his needs

for more material to construct more puppets for his little theatre, Charlie began on Tom's. Tom howled, but Charlie paid him little heed. That theatre was rapidly becoming the center of his life. The hours he spent in constructing it, in arranging the costumes and fitting the strings to his puppets! The performances he gave—speaking all the parts, manipulating all the figures—and if no one would watch . . . well, he would be audience as well as impresario, stage hands, designer and actors!

And then disaster. Tom's indignation over the loss of his possessions continued to mount until it became homicidal. So one day when Charlie was away, he calmly and completely beheaded all the puppets, then sat down and with great relish proceeded to eat the crêpe paper curtain!

Charlie's rage and hurt were terrific. He floundered around the house like a little wounded sea lion, loud in his grief. Tom got out quickly; but this, poor Mrs. Laughton was unable to do, and so was driven nearly to distraction by Charlie's howls. Mr. Laughton was drawn in from his garden. What was all this bother about the loss of a few dolls? Theatrical things had small place, anyway, in the life of a prospective hotel proprietor—Charlie's future. It was time this sort of thing stopped; particularly Charlie's habit of giving dramatic readings and impersonations whenever a visitor came to the house. It had become so that Mr. Laughton never knew—entertaining one of his friends—when the portiers were going to part and reveal a vague, noisy facsimile of Sitting Bull, Captain Kidd, Rudolph Valentino or Queen Victoria!

"I guess I made a damned nuisance of myself around the house," Charles now admits. "People with a passion for exhibitionism generally do."

There was, for instance, the sore episode of the fireworks. Charlie's passion to put on a show reached a culmination on the Fifth of November, Guy Fawkes' Day—which is celebrated rather similarly to our own Fourth of July. Charlie had gotten together a lot of black powder and saltpeter and constructed a rocket which he promised would dazzle all beholders. Instead it nearly frightened all beholders to death, for when the inventor touched a match to it, it blew up with a window-shattering bang said to have ruined the peace of that English countryside for miles around. Charlie was not killed—and there probably were those disappointed thereby.

AT all events Mr. Laughton decided that before this theatrical tendency of his son's became too pronounced, he had better be packed off to Stoneyhurst. At college his natural shyness once more exerted itself, and Charlie did little acting there. What he did do, however, was memorable. At last, because of his great size and mature look

—even then he looked years beyond his age—he was invited to take part in one of the plays. And so well did he acquit himself as the lodging house keeper in "The Private Secretary" that the Stoneyhurst Magazine went on record as saying "by all means we should see more of Laughton."

But they didn't—for presently young Laughton went to London to learn the hotel business at Claridge's. There, as a reception clerk, he had ample opportunity not only to learn the hotel business—but to indulge his passionate interest in human characteristics. All day people passed before him, affording him studies in the flesh: differing bodies—postures, gaits, mannerisms; varied faces—beautiful, dull, ugly, plain, vital, grotesque, vapid, intelligent—faces, faces, faces.

They fascinated him, as—by now—did the world of the theatre. He spent his every spare cent on tickets—the stalls, the pit, the gallery, anywhere just so long as he could look upon the most dramatic world of which he could conceive. His idols were Hilda Trevelyan and Gerald du Maurier—and he thought them the most glamorous and fascinating people in the world. Beside the glitter of their life, that of a hotel man seemed dull as ditch water. But before he could give expression to his growing desire to abandon the latter for the grease-painted world, the world itself gave a sickening lurch and slid into war.

CHARLES went. He did his time with the Seventh North Hampshire's, and when it was over he returned to London knowing that now he could not go back to the routine of hotel work. His father, now more than ever engrossed in his garden, wanted him to take over the business in Scarborough. Charles refused, Tom didn't—and the problem was solved.

Charles at once joined the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and from there went to the Barnes Theatre group. He was so excellent in a small part that the director became interested in him. Komisarjevsky saw that beneath the great smooth exterior the man was shy, uncertain of himself. He took Laughton aside.

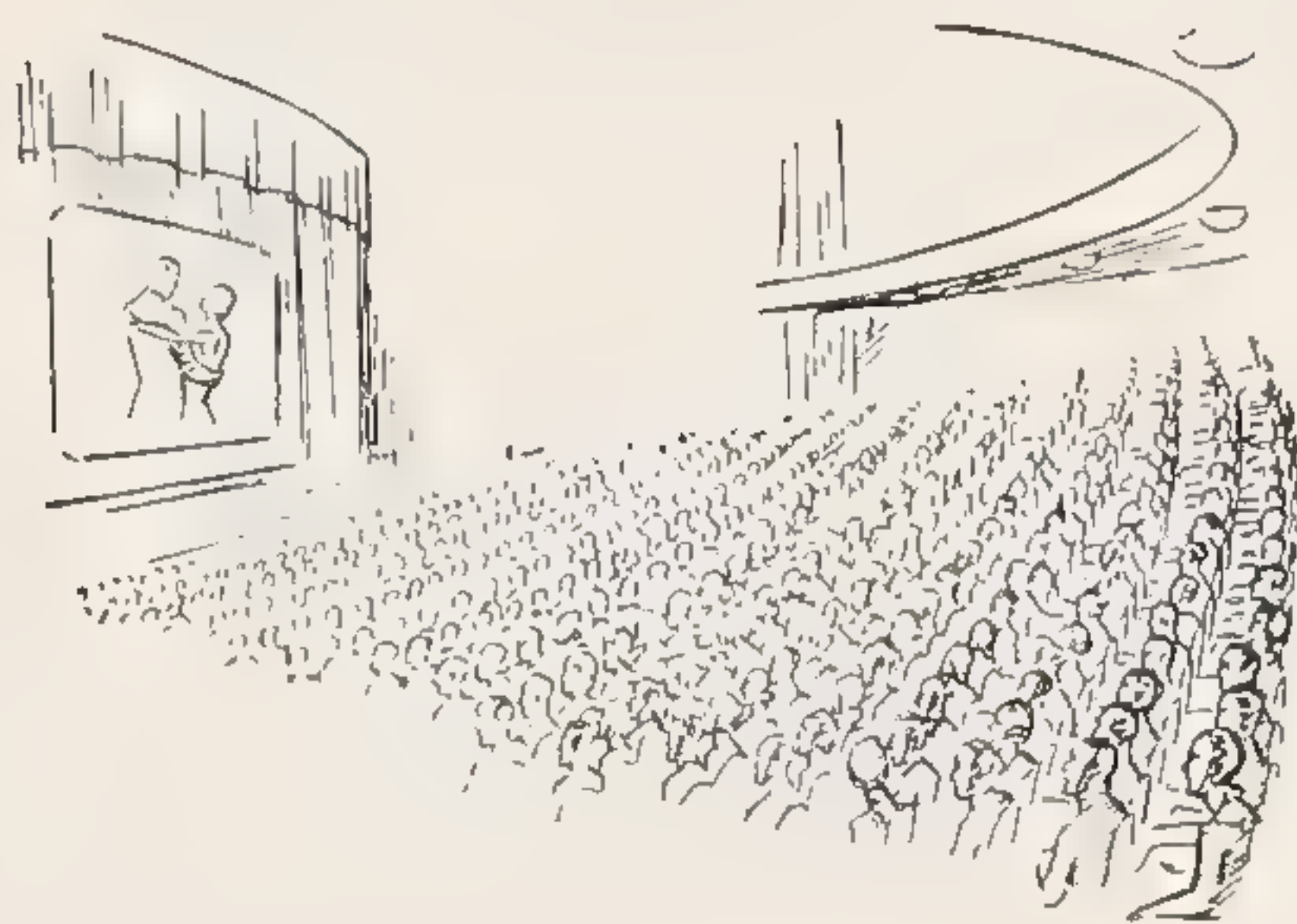
"You are ugly," he said; "you are fat, and you are not graceful. But in our next play you will be a lover, and—" he paused emphatically—"you will be all right!"

Laughton was. His feeling of inferiority fell away from him like a ragged garment before the Russian's confidence, and he began that brilliant series of performances which last winter brought him triumphantly to New York—and pictures—in "Payment Deferred."

It would be nice, now, to say that with his success Laughton flowered into a towering pillar of self-confidence. But that is not true. Charles' ego has not developed with his huge body. Inside he is still much the same small boy who in a desperate flurry of self-assertiveness kissed the little girl behind the door of Miss Saunders' school—whose shyness made him seek refuge in a dream world. Imaginings. Theatrics.

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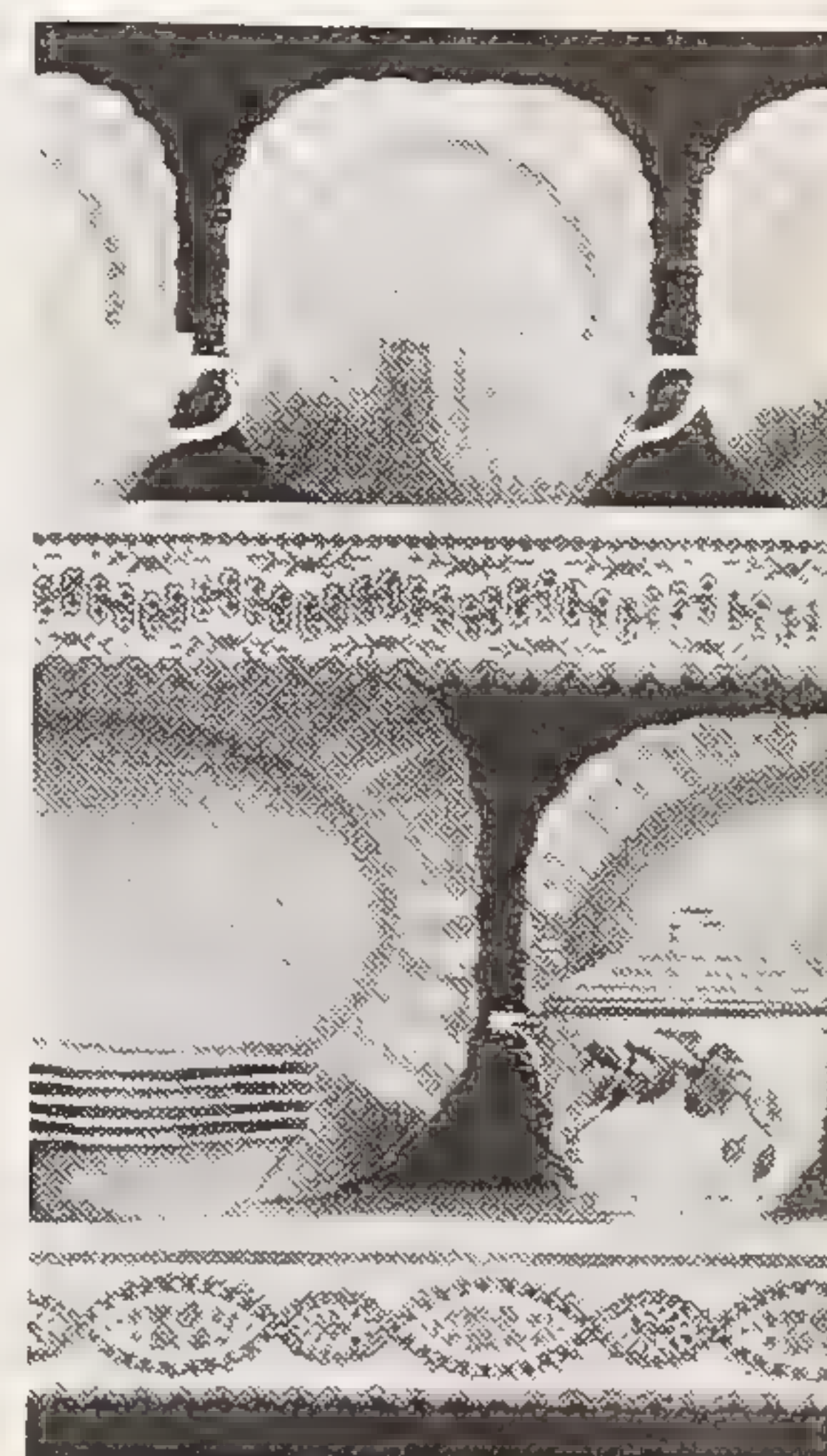
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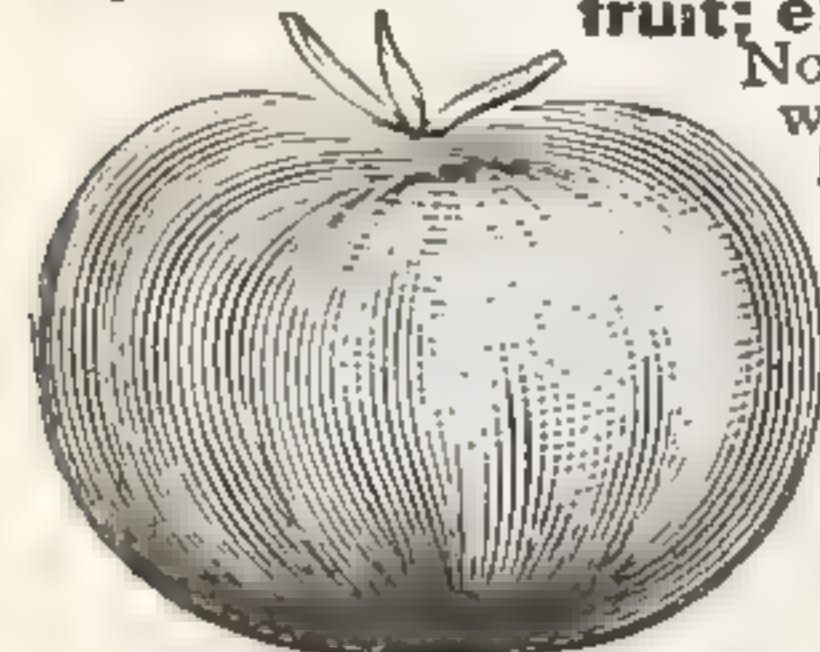
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And strangely, Charles knows that it is better that he *hasn't* become big in his own estimation. "If I should get confident and to thinking I am good, I shouldn't be any good at all," he says calmly.

"If you saw him in "Payment Deferred," "Devil and the Deep," "The Sign of the Cross," or "The Island of Lost Souls," it's hard to imagine his

being bad—he is so consistently perfect.

Charles tells me that he is a very lonely man. But he makes no effort to widen the small circle of his friends. Loneliness, he must know, is the lot of genius. And then, he has the satisfactory company of the shade of a small, sensitive and imaginative little boy who well might say: "I guess we showed 'em, eh, big fellow?"

She Actually Killed It!

(Continued from page 27)

matter. But not at that time. So Clara played with boys, who were kinder than girls; and that early association is what has given her the gamine, hoyden streak in her nature.

CHILDREN of the poor are familiar with birth and with death. Death, birth, poverty, these are natural adjuncts to their days and nights. They are not sheltered from these things. Those who survive them, as Clara has survived them, must acquire a certain, almost fatalistic philosophy toward life. Such children are never sheltered. The most sordid details of early existence are known to them from the time they can walk and talk. They are intimate with all the ugly processes of existence, without glamour and without idealism.

Clara's knowledge of death was entirely first hand. When she was very small her grandfather dropped dead while swinging her in a home-made swing which he had built. Isn't that somehow a symbol of Clara's whole life—high, high up in the blue air, laughing, perhaps, surely excited, thrilled with adventure and then the slow sickening drop to earth with disaster lying plain at her feet?

She was nine years old when she ran upstairs, following the strident sound of a scream and found a child with whom she had played, wrapped in flames, the mother distracted and useless. Clara kept her head, but God alone knows what horror must have invaded her child's brain. She rolled the little boy in a rug and held him, the flames quenched, while the mother ran for a doctor. But the child died, in Clara's arms. . . .

No, death is no stranger to her, sudden death, violent death. Nor are threats to her own life, threats which came from the mother she loved, the poor, disturbed soul who turned, as such souls do, on the person dearest to her. For Clara Bow was sixteen years old when she woke to find her mother standing beside her with a knife in her hands. She kept her head then, too, in the face of the sorrow which had befallen her, a greater disaster than all the others, which was the realization that at her bedside stood, not the woman she had known and loved, but a stranger who was violently insane. She kept her head—and reasoned with her mother until the danger was over. What a mark

that left upon her only Clara Bow can know.

IN passing, it is known her entry into pictures, or rather her attempt to start her career, was the signal for another outburst on her mother's part; in spite of which she won through.

As you know, a motion picture magazine was running a contest and Clara instead of sending the photographs she had had taken of herself and which, despite the fact that they had cost a precious dollar, were very bad indeed, took them to the office in person. The photographs would not have merited a second glance from the judges but Clara's lovely coloring, her vivacity, her personality listed her among the contestants; and she won the contest, and its reward, a "part" in a motion picture.

AT seventeen, therefore, Clara Bow started west. She was armed with beauty, with a burning talent, with belief in herself and that curious star which up till now had brought her nothing but misfortune. On the debit side she had the marks of her upbringing, the speech of the gutter, the shabby clothes, the utter loneliness of her situation. I wonder if she thought of the children who had ridiculed her, if she wondered whether a like fate would meet her in Hollywood, if her little chin went up in the air again, and if she said to herself—I can take it. . . .

She had never been away from home before; she had never been on a train. People liked her, in spite of her obvious handicaps. She showed no fear during the trip, she displayed merely curiosity and eagerness, two traits which have served her both well and ill during her life. The diner was a revelation to her and on her first meal aboard she ordered everything on the menu. The works, in fact, for which an extra table had to be supplied. This may have served the jesters as an example of bad manners but it was more likely merely the excited reaction of a youngster who had never in all her seventeen years had quite enough to eat.

The magazine had sent a chaperone with her and when she was instructed by this chaperone to use a salad fork she remarked that it was silly; why dirty up two forks when one would do for everything. This may have been

bad manners, too, but it was also amusing common sense. And when someone on the trip spoke of "wiring" flowers, Clara was puzzled. How in the world, she wondered, would they stay fresh!

Her first screen test was met with the placidity of an old timer. Usually an event which causes fear and trembling even among seasoned stage-folk, it daunted Clara not at all. She faced the camera in her old sweater and skirt and without makeup, and when told to cry she wept, and when told to laugh she laughed, to the amazement of those watching and directing. It was like putting a coin in a slot machine and getting what you wanted.

This original part was small but she had much publicity. Her big scene was one in which she cried, and cry she did, so well that all her makeup was ruined and the scene had to be cut out. So the picture was shown without her. A real test for any girl's courage.

Three months later she had another chance; hesitated; and decided to take it. Her age was against her, she imagined, so she borrowed a dress, put up her hair and set out. But the director wanted a youngster and told her so. Down came the curls and Clara won her point—and an offer of thirty-five dollars a week, more money than she had ever seen. But she didn't take it. She said, "I'll take fifty" and she got—fifty.

In her pictures she has always done what was expected of her regardless of the effect upon herself. She feared and hated horses; but she learned to ride. And socially she managed, right from the beginning, to carry off a miserable evening with a high hand. I remember the story of the evening she spent at Elinor Glyn's, one of her first important invitations. Badly dressed, snubbed, ignorant, uncultured, that evening must have been a torture to her. But she kept her nerve. She took it on the chin, once again and came back for more. Sheer personality triumphing over the external handicaps.

THERE has been plenty of romance in her life. Why not? She learned courage and she learned honesty and frankness and lack of concealment from the gutter. Therefore when she loved, she loved; and doubtless when she hated, she hated. Subtlety and discretion were words unknown to her. And she never thought of consequences or weighed actions in the balance. She was not worldly enough. A strange statement, but courage and honesty are not after all worldly traits.

There was Gilbert Roland. She might have married him had it not been for her father's interference. That wouldn't have mattered to Clara, but it mattered to Roland. There was also Bob Savage for whom she never cared but who, driven by vanity and a desire for publicity, staged an attempted suicide on her doorstep, which resulted in very unpleasant publicity—for Clara. Most girls would have washed their

hands of him. Not Clara. She spent a good deal of time in his room at the hospital, she was photographed with him, she laid herself open to scandal simply because she was not a quitter or a deserter. Courage—without wisdom, and courage, without fear—here is an outstanding example of it.

She was in love with Gary Cooper for two years, a romance to which the studio dictated a conclusion. I believe that Clara acquiesced in this feeling that, if she did not, both their careers must suffer—and possibly both their hearts, in the long run.

In Texas her name was bracketed with that of Victor Fleming while they were taking "Wings." The publicity was without Mr. Fleming's consent and Clara, learning that he was a married man, held no grudge against him for this front page unpleasantness which, of course, reacted against her and not against him, as is always the case.

Then there was the doctor whom she met in the Dallas hospital, and who fell so desperately in love with her. She did not know that he was married, and when she was sued for alienation by his wife, she paid. She might have forced the studio to protect her by paying the amount of the judgment brought against her, but she did not. She was, and is, an uncommonly just girl. She paid with her savings, which were in trust.

The Harry Richman affair was, as we all know, a publicity hoax. She went through with it for Richman's sake, thinking to help him in his career. The fact that she later fell in love with him is slightly sardonic. The whole affair was engineered to its wretched conclusion, even to the return of the ring, and the report of her attempted suicide in which there was no foundation.

Twice she had been courageous enough to sue blackmailers. Once it was during the celebrated Daisy DeVoe case and later the Girnau case. In each instance Clara Bow had the gallantry to come out in the open and fight. The Daisy Devoe trial took almost all her resources of strength, and the Girnau case what was left. Girnau, owner of the *Coast Reporter*, which was circulating lies about Clara Bow's private life, offered to sell that paper to her studio. Sheer blackmail, that was. But Clara refused to countenance the suggestion, Girnau was arrested and tried. No other motion picture star has ever brought blackmailers publicly to book and Clara Bow has done so—twice. Another example of the Bow courage.

There have been many rumors lately about Clara. Rumors that she is going to retire again from the screen after "Call Her Savage" is finished. And rumors that all is not well between her and her husband, Rex Bell. Whether these rumors are true or not, you may be sure of one thing—whatever fate has in store for the Bow girl, she will face it with her head in the air. That game little chin of hers will be raised to "take it." She has always had the grit to face her mistakes.



SISTERS? *it's her Mother!*

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hair dyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

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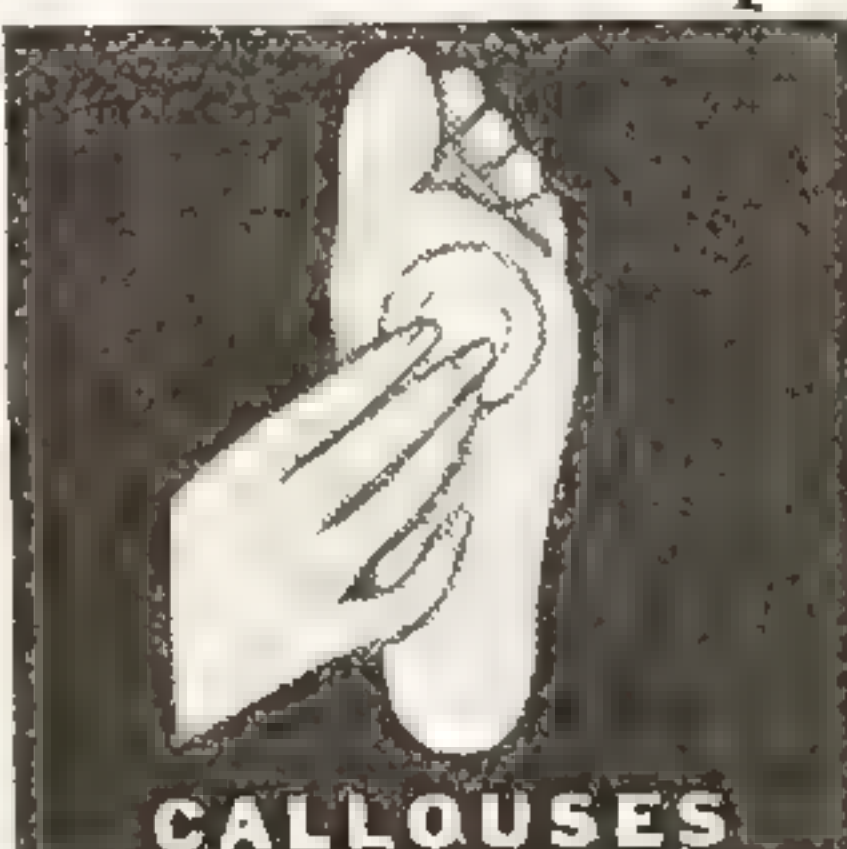


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Convicts—and the Movies

(Continued from page 29)

for future citizens of worthwhile calibre."

Listen to what Dick says, when asked what type of picture he recommended to make a good citizen. Says Dick:

"It is my personal belief that the Big-Business-from-Boyhood and the athletic picture which stresses sportsmanship, can do much in moulding a boy's character.

"A man in whom the elements of true sportsmanship have been firmly implanted when a youth will, when matured, possess an ingrained love of fair play which will keep him from ever going entirely to the bad, and it will always be a foundation upon which his reclamation may be planned.

"The Alger type and the Country Boy type of hero are obsolete. The modern youth wants real live heroes whom he knows. I am glad that I believed in dryads and fairies and Santa Claus when I was a child. It was fun, but the up-to-date boy does not want them. If you do not give him a real live Babe Ruth then he will take a Jack Diamond. He is not an idealist so much as he is an idol worshipper. But he wants his idols real ones."

That, from Dick, sounds quite logical.

I have often been queried regarding the emotions of my 2,500 charges and how they react to a motion picture. That subject has its interesting side.

We frequently see tears in the eyes of prisoners during the showing of certain types of pictures at the prison movie shows. It is usually during a melodramatic subject. It has been said that such a display is evidence of some inherent goodness—something upon

which to build character and worth.

In some cases I do not doubt the truth of this, but in the great majority I think it is simply the natural reaction of minds that never have been properly developed. Their souls are like shallow pools and are easily disturbed.

Most of these men have never been trained to govern their emotions; they have always given way to them. Prison routine puts a certain curb upon them to which they are unused. Consequently anything which appeals to the emotions—sentiment, anger, cupidity—affords them an outlet to which they readily respond.

This state of softened emotions rarely ever has any permanence; hence its valuelessness as a basis upon which to build character.

The men of Sing Sing have, of course, their likes and dislikes when it comes to screen entertainment. It may be a broad classification, but the majority of the inmates of Sing Sing favor comedy, melodrama, and underworld. Comedy because it is natural to laugh; melodrama because of its sentimental appeal, and underworld because it gives play to the imagination—permits them to supplant themselves for the hero, putting their wits against the world, or going down to defeat in a blaze of glory. It is just as it is outside. It is just being and doing all of those things they would like to be, and do if they had the courage or the opportunity. Many of them believe that it is not too late—they believe that opportunity may give them another chance. And it often does I'm very glad to say.

The New Novarro

(Continued from page 25)

time, that Ramon was the same intelligent lad with the same beautiful and simple spirit—for deep within Ramon there is a spiritual quality that nothing can ever destroy.

What Ramon was doing then was to find himself.

AND now he has found himself. Now he is leading his own life. His family is settled. They have everything they want—including Ramon's love. But now they have interests of their own. So Ramon has found a set of interests for himself.

Number one: He has a house of his very own—one that reflects his own personality. Perched high in the hills in the Los Felez district of Hollywood, it is reached by intricately winding roads. But the trip is worthwhile for there before you on the side of the mountain is a unique dwelling place. Ultramodern in every detail, it is built around a large swimming pool. All the

floors are covered by heavy rugs and the walls are almost entirely made of windows. The ceilings are low and heavy draperies may be pulled across the windows at night, giving the effect of an enormous broadcasting studio.

Number two: His entertaining. Remember, in the old days almost all of his personal friends were Spanish or Mexican and the Hollywood people bidden to Ramon's parties could be named on the fingers of one hand (and you would still have enough fingers left to light a cigarette). Now his new home is a place where laughing, gay, sparkling, talented Hollywood people are entertained. They play cards a good deal (Ramon uses beans instead of chips) and there's a perfectly swell marble game which so delighted Una Merkel that she had to be dragged away from the board one night.

NUMBER THREE: The Ford. That may sound pretty strange. It isn't.

For years Ramon did not own a car. He used the studio cars—renting them by the hour—instead. He thought that he could never learn to drive a car. Now—with his new found freedom and his new interests he has bought a little Ford for his own use (he has a limousine for state occasions) which he is learning to drive, perilously taking the curves in that winding road that leads to his house. This is in keeping with all the new activities that are now a part of his life. He is doing all the things that he never did before—and his life is full and rich.

Number four: His work. In spite of eleven years as a star Ramon is more interested in his screen work now than he has ever been before and he is fascinated by "Son Daughter," the new picture with Helen Hayes. But there's more work than that. He's writing a book, too, which he hopes will eventually be bought for him as a screen story.

So that brings you up-to-date about Ramon Novarro. Ramon has found himself, now. And, like all people who know, at last, what they want and have the ability to get it, he is happy.

Marian's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 65)

air of smartness to her costume. Marian caught sight of her own reflection in a large glass. Her two little feet appeared to be rooted to the spot, toe to toe, so that they threw her whole body in an awkward position. Her slim shoulders drooped wearily. She was weary. She had danced in a scene for fourteen hours the day previous. But, gamely, she straightened up—and so learned the primary lesson in good posture, the greatest aid in acquiring style.

Since then, Marian has travelled a long way up the road to fashion. It's a far cry from the little girl in the old sweater to the trimly elegant young person she is now. And yet—there is the same unaffected sweetness about her, the same wistful youngness that is so completely captivating.

Just look at the youthfulness, the supreme simplicity of her house frocks. She's as radiantly fresh as a dewy morning in them. There's that clever silk crêpe in an almost invisible red and white check. (See page 66.) A very wearable type of dress with its two deep pleats in the skirt both front and back and a red leather belt with a thread-like white stripe and white buckle. That bow of white organdie that finishes the rounded double collar, finds a corresponding note in the bows on the balloon sleeves. (What a season of sartorial upsets this is! With organdie being worn in challenge to the winter snows and *piqué* trimming *broadcloth* and *wool* evening gowns.) Marian's stockings, the kind she chooses for most occasions, are a golden beige in sheer chiffon. Her pumps are black patent leather.

TOUCHES of red do to Marian what the golden glow of sunset does to trees—it will do the same thing for you if you happen to be a small person as she is and have the same gentle sort of gaiety. Of course, if you're a very ebullient type, beware of it. Vivid people do not need red; it makes them a trifle garish. One of Marian's daytime frocks of a crinkled crêpe has a wavy diagonal stripe in red, black and white. The gilet in front ends in a V that is braided through the belt of red stovepipe ribbon and a bow of the ribbon

sets off the transparent linen collar.

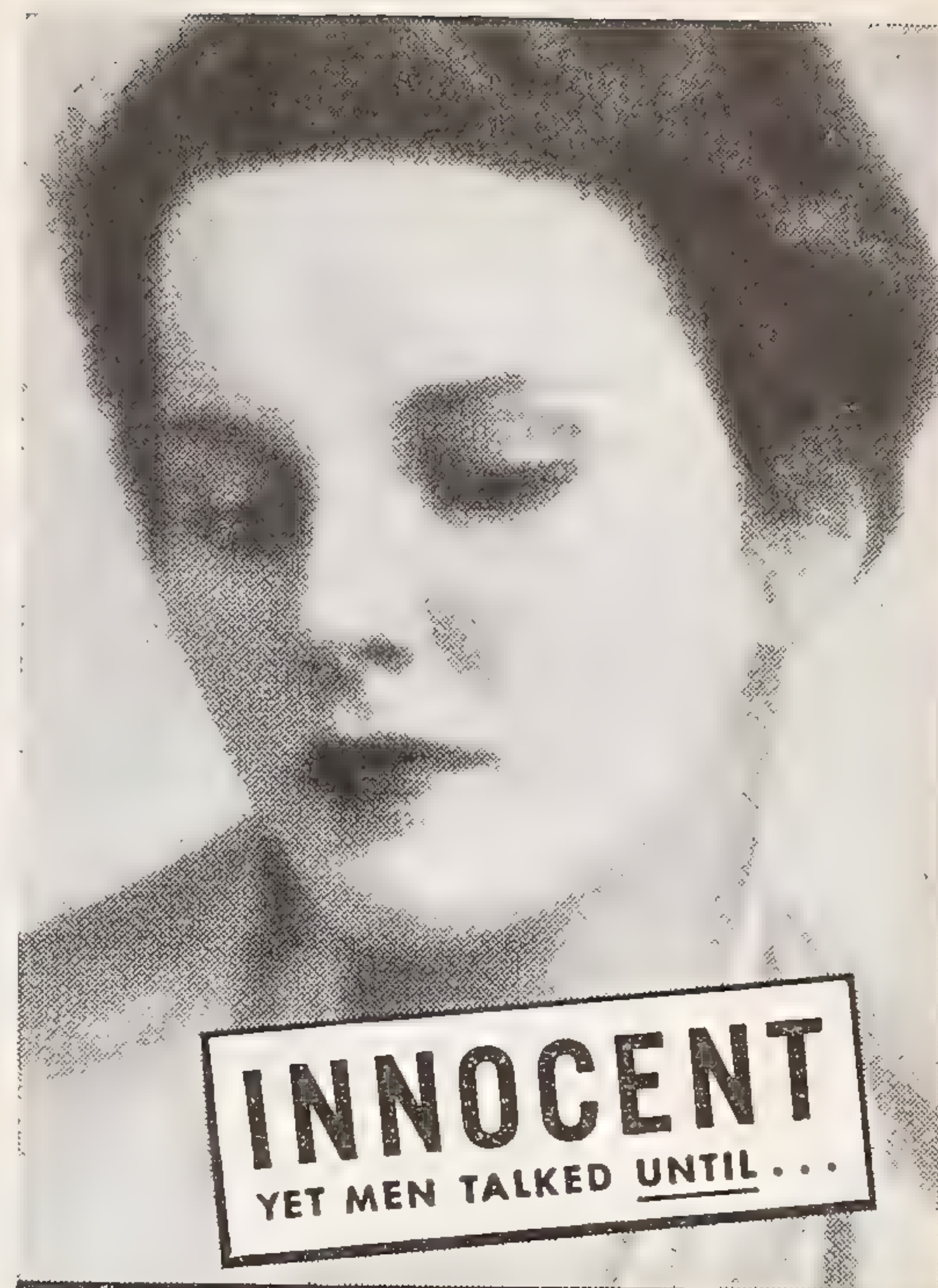
Many of Marian's dresses have this V effect. In some clever way the material is manipulated so that it forms a point, for this causes her to look taller.

She has a rough silk dress in *poudre* blue that uses the same trick. It's pleated in such a way as to give the semblance of a pointed vest that dips below the girdle. Five big cut-crystal buttons trim it. Crossbars of darker blue run through the silk in an interesting manner and shoulder ruffles provide trick sleeves. A white batiste collar with interwoven tucks is faintly suggestive of the Pilgrim Fathers.

But there's absolutely *nothing*, my dears, that's even remotely puritanical about that luscious delicate pink satin hostess gown on page 65. I suppose every girl, at one time or another, pictures herself in that kind of costume. I know romantic little Marian did. And here she is wearing it—in her lavender and gold boudoir. Fitting, too, that the gown adopts the princess line. Those medieval sleeves and the rippling train are bordered with chinchilla. Marian admits it's her most extravagant costume. And how she loves the soft beauty of it. You ought to see the exquisite care she takes of it—and all of her wardrobe—the considerate way she smooths out the slightest wrinkle. That illusion of a belt on the hostess gown, incidentally, is created by frogs of the reverse side of the material. Scrumptious, isn't it?

THIS young Miss Nixon goes in for negligée, also, on quite a large scale. They come in numerous shades and shapes. There's one, a Japanese ceremonial robe, that is in the most heavenly purple hue you can imagine. It's splashed with great sprays of white wisteria and an undulating red and white line runs through it. The lining is watermelon red silk. Then there's another Oriental kimono of the "Madame Butterfly" variety. It's in pale blue and gray and rose-colored silk. Her slippers are dark blue embroidered in brilliant tones.

And for those chilly evenings when



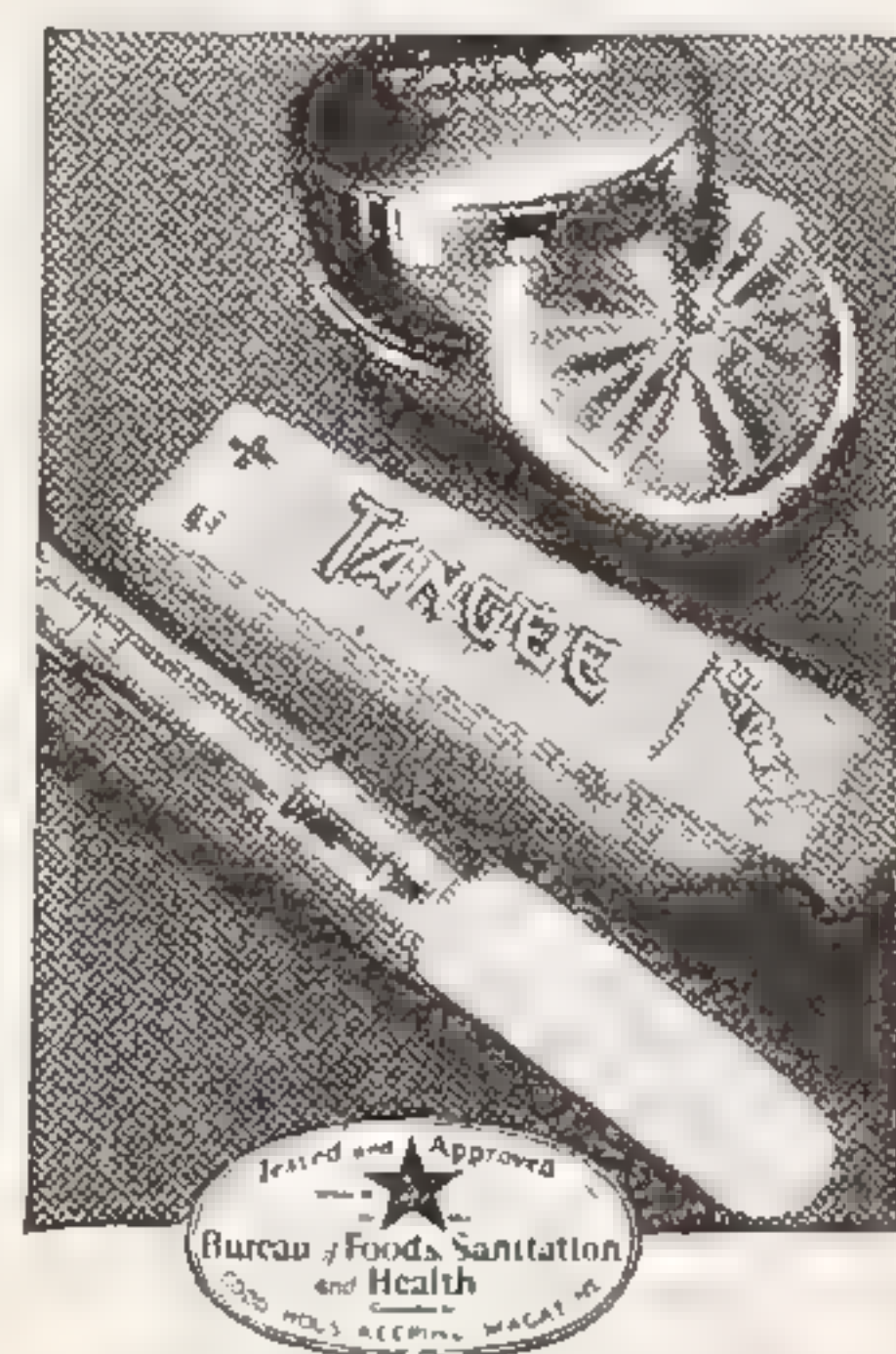
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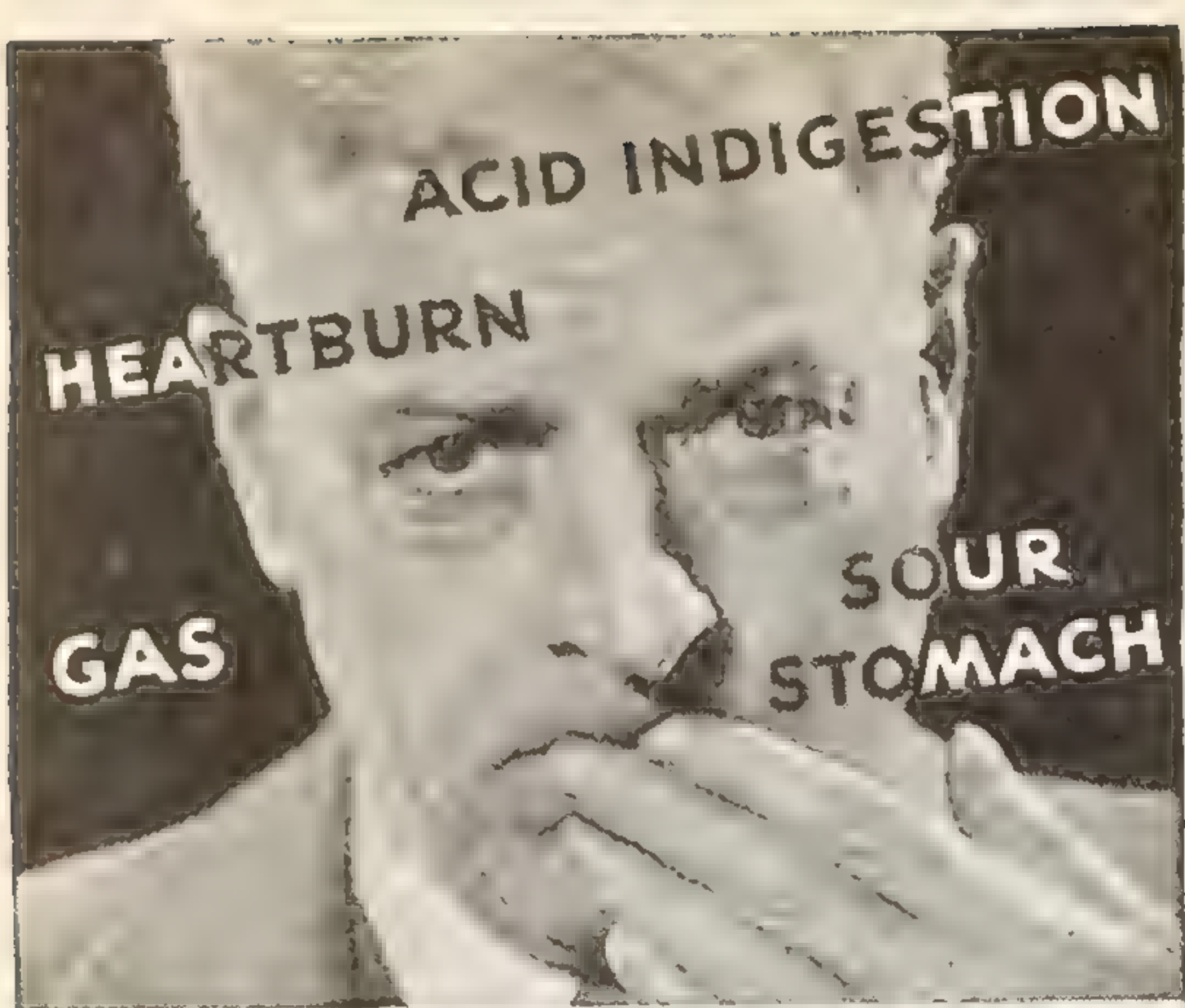
M-2

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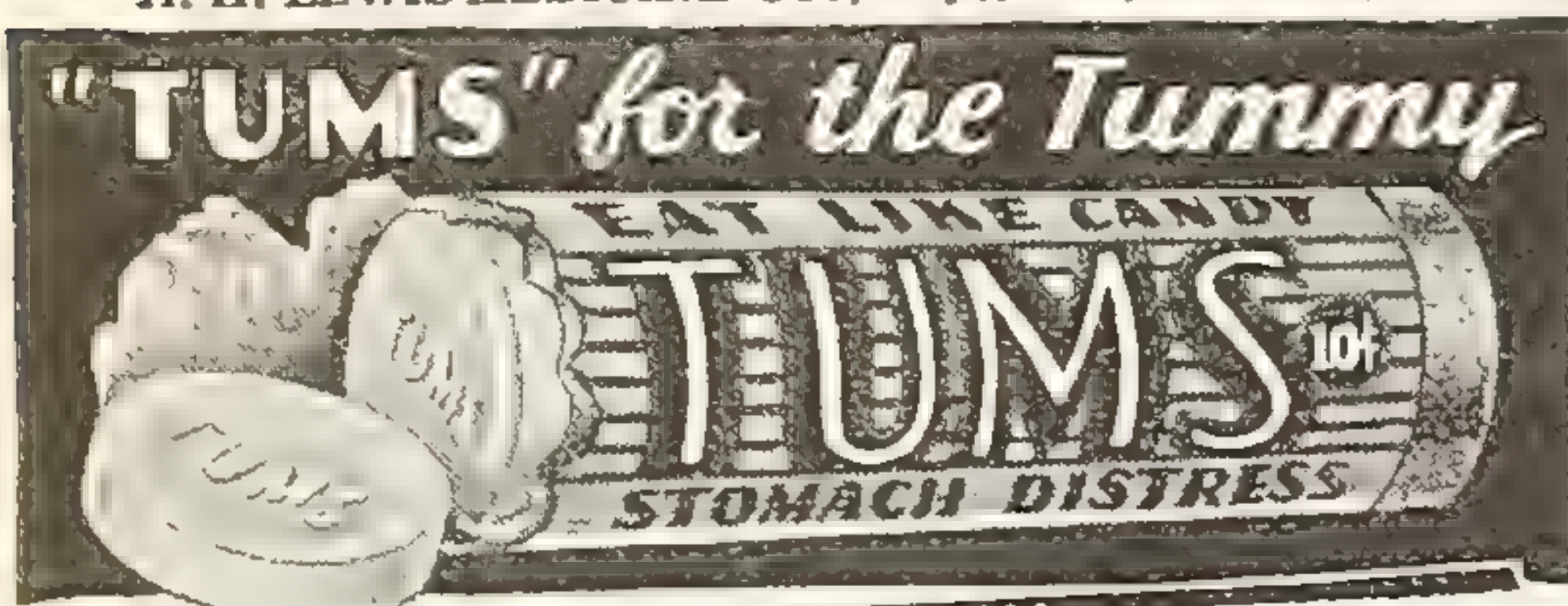


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The Real Way to Reduce

she wants to relax in perfect comfort and warmth, there's a white rabbit fur jacket, lined in pink silk brocade, that is a companion piece to the cover of her *chaise longue*. Incidentally, it's one of those "changeables"—you can wear it equally well on either side.

Lace for candle-lit hours. There's an undeniable charm to it; it has a softening influence that's most enticing, especially after you've spent the day in tailored togs. And now that it's, oh, so modish again, Marian is making delightful use of it. One of her formal frocks is in the palest possible pink silk lace—Rosaline is the name of this fine, filmy stuff. It's demurely quaint in front . . . and dashing modern in back. A train is suggested in the way the flounce, which begins in the center front, widens as it sweeps down the back and onto the floor. A small ruffle introduces the peplum note. Tiny cap sleeves are hinted at in a most amusing manner. Diamond and emerald clips are of the same design as the bracelet and the green earrings—an extra touch if you happen to like earrings, but lace so lovely doesn't require added adornments.

She uses the clips also to accent the square neckline of a black lace dinner dress. The hat that goes with it is truly entrancing—the kind that is the answer to why fashionable supper clubs were instituted. It's of horsehair, all of it, even the cute little buds that cause the crown to fit so snugly. You can see it on page 66. Isn't it becoming with Marian's blond hair?

"I wore very little black until I had to dye my hair for 'Rebecca,'" she explained. "I've always liked to wear jolly, bright colors and I'm only now learning how *interesting* black can be." A good many people are finding out the same thing all at once. Would you believe that a black frock could be gay? Almost insouciant? Marian has one, an "after dark" dress, in that marvelous new material, "Bagheera," that proves it. It's throttle-throated, after the latest vogue, of a modified princess line (two things that help tremendously in making us look tall—and we're all trying to do that this season), and small buttons zip all the way up the back. It's extremely smart with that black velvet collarless jacket. (See page 66.) Voluminous sleeves of the ermine terminate in long tight velvet cuffs—and notice how effective her diamond and *cabochon* ruby bracelet is against it . . . and her ruby ring. The jacket is slightly bloused, due to the velvet sash that starts in front and ties neatly in back.

ANOTHER dress to form partnership with the jacket is of black velvet that has a yoke and sleeves of silver lamé. The waist is decidedly "pinched." "If we keep on," said Marian, "we'll be corseleted again! Indications are that by spring the smaller the waist is, the smarter the dress." Heaven help us! At least those of us with pronounced thickness through the tummies ought to thank two of the fashion-powers-that-be

for advocating dropped waistlines which approach the hips.

Marian has a passion for fur coats (who wouldn't, after those raggedy-Ann old sweater days?). She has a slightly fitted mink wrap and a black broadtail trimmed with silver fox. She has only one plain cloth coat that she dons occasionally for motoring. Somehow, these swagger coats do not suit her. Her chum, Sally Eilers, is an all-sports girl—looks better in sweaters and skirts and heavy polo coats than in anything else. Marian doesn't.

With Marian's mink coat (see page 65) goes a diminutive muff fashioned after the vintage of 1890. There's nothing more stunning with the rich brown tones of mink than the new fuchsia shade. Marian often wears an outfit of that color with the coat—an exceptionally clever little outfit of wool. The skirt has inverted box pleats and the jacket! As trig and trim as you'll find in a day's travel. Darts in front lead to the raglan shoulders which blossom out into modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves. There is an Ascot tie of the material that folds neatly beneath a beaver stole scarf, worn when she dispenses with the coat. Her gloves are fuchsia colored. So is the toque that sits in such a sprightly way on her blond head. It's French fur felt and a saucy novelty points straight out over the right eyebrow in a constant salute.

And—in case you've been speculating on how to re-make that old black velvet evening dress—here's a thought. Give it a new top and transform it to look like Marian's latest dinner gown. (We've had a pattern made for you after this gown—see page 66.) The blouse, in one with the black velvet skirt, is white satin striped in black and gold. It has a surplice closing, the ends circling the waist and tying in front. The sleeves are short and puffed and would have been equally smart with a touch of the black velvet. The skirt is cut on the bias and godets supply extra fullness below the knees.

Again black velvet—this time a silky ribbed velvet—fashions a delightful dress that goes to the theatre, to bridge teas, to dinner. It's quite simple really. Long tight sleeves end in points that come down over the hands in a very flattering manner. The cape-collar is trimmed with rows of Belgian lace and the belt is held in place with a diamond buckle. (See page 64.) Black velvet is introduced also in the accessories—in the pumps, the bag with its gold and pearl mounting, and the hat where it's appliquéd on black duvetyne. There's a fascinating shadow veil on the hat, too.

One of Marian's dance frocks is in wine satin. (Page 65.) "It just *is*" as she expresses it. No elaboration of any kind but you can depend on it to get you places! High in front, dipping low in back and with a dropped shoulder line that gives it the semblance of a sleeve. It's an easy-to-wear frock, young and still sophisticated enough to be interesting.

NEXT MONTH: NORMA SHEARER'S WARDROBE

About Madge Evans

(Continued from page 62)

where everyone knows everyone else."

Since she was six, you mustn't forget, she has been tutored and chaperoned and "dressed" for the public eye. No wonder she is a trifle fed up. Since six . . . her life has rolled along incredible roads. For instance, she has never been to school a day in her life. Not once has she had the exquisite pleasure of playing "hookey." She has never gone bare-footed along dusty country roads, feeling the warm dust bubble up through her toes. She has never been allowed to run harum-scarum in warm summer rain, soaked to the skin but supremely happy.

Don't understand that she had no childhood. Indeed, she had. But it was circumscribed and poor in the usual youthful experiences. Generally, she was a child among adults—working in a picture. Occasionally there were playmates. Once, she remembers, she put on her first roller skates and whizzed about her block in high glee until a cast iron lamp post obstructed her progress and laid her out on the cement, unconscious for the first time in her life. And there was an infrequent game of "Post Office" at a neighbor's house. There she kissed her first beau (at the age of seven, mind you). His name was Jimmie and he had dark, curly hair, blue eyes, and an olive complexion. A luscious combination. Madge's love never waned until she met a red-head. She recalls that he was irresistible because he had huge freckles and was the first red-head she had ever seen.

As a child, she had but one serious fault. She would lie. Fortunately, her lie was the same one told over and over to every new child who came into her neighborhood.

"I'm the only blonde Spaniard alive," she told them. She told them in all seriousness and demanded that they believe her. She doesn't remember why she said it or that she was ever punished. Even today, she sometimes confides to total strangers, "I'm the only blonde Spaniard alive."

When you see her on the screen today, when you view her grace and charm and freshness, it is hard to believe that she has been working since she was six years old. That year, a motion picture director visited them in New York and suggested that Madge try out for a child rôle in a film that he was directing.

MADGE remembers that she was sixteen before she went out unchaperoned with her beau. It was a gala occasion, a church dance. As she left the house, her father patted her on the shoulder and said, "Have a good time, baby." Nothing more than that. Not a word about what time to be back. He trusted her. Invariably, if Madge discovered that she would be later than usual in getting home, she would telephone.

When you talk to Miss Evans of her

early years, memories crowd upon one another. Memories of working at the old Fort Lee studios in New Jersey. Of posing for photographers when she was just a baby . . . of posing for an artist who sold her picture to a brewery for a beer calendar. The first long train ride from New York to the West and the thrilling ascent of the high Sierras when she was nine. The tragic death of her pet cat that had been given her by the doorman of the old World studio. Crowded, busy, kid days. . . .

Then, suddenly, she was growing up. Long, awkward legs emerged from her skirt and she was no longer the wonder-child of the screen but just a gangling youngster. She quit the silent movies. When she returned, the talkies had thundered into every picture palace in the land and taken full possession.

Usually, child actresses fade away and become memories that merge with peg-top trousers, hobble skirts, and horseless carriages. Madge faded, too. But in her years of oblivion, she chose a career for herself. In her teens, she felt the lure of acting for the first time. Before, it had been a lark. A movie set had been a fairyland in which she was a sort of Alice in Wonderland. This new ambition was different. It was concerned, not with the movies, but with the stage.

She studied. She grubbed in stuffy rooms while dramatic teachers subdued her gestures and modulated her voice. Presently, she was in a Broadway show—at eighteen, I think. But not as Madge Evans, the child star. Here, she was on her own. It was her first attempt since the ancient five reelers she had made. And the public found her competent and capable and beautiful.

When Hollywood surrendered to the talkies, the call went to Broadway for actresses who had voices as well as faces and figures. Madge was in a Broadway show. Unwittingly, she had chosen the one pursuit that could carry her back to new triumphs on the talking screen.

Today, one finds her a remarkably composed and self-sufficient young woman. And one of the cinema city's least "actressy" actresses. The Hollywood gay places see her rarely. She seldom attends an opening or lunches at the Brown Derby. Her friends are doctors and advertising men. Talkie-town gossips admit that she is "poor news." Madge doesn't mind at all for she is far happier riding or swimming, or attending the Wednesday night boxing bouts with Tom Gallery.

USUALLY, you can measure a woman on the yardstick of what she likes and dislikes. Shall we try it on her? Well, she likes to eat. And she does eat, anything. She never diets. She likes small hats . . . pajamas . . . medium-length skirts. She likes to smoke after meals and while playing bridge. She likes Marie Dressler and



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Lionel Barrymore. Southern fried chicken is her favorite dish and she cooks it herself. O. Henry is her choice as an author. She will dance to a fox-trot when nothing else can move her. When she switches on the radio, she likes dance music best. And she laughs harder at the "Skippy" cartoons in the newspapers than any other.

Just as definitely, she dislikes poetry . . . liquor . . . swear words . . . spinach . . . women's clubs . . . and people who snore. Neither does she like to dream, for she has a distressing one that re-occurs much too often. In it, she finds herself stark naked in broad daylight on a busy street, fleeing from huge crowds of people.

Her favorite slogan is "Finish anything you begin." Not long ago, her will clashed with that of a studio executive over a trivial matter. Characteristically, she had her way. Such determination is not temperament either for she is remarkably even-tempered. She does admit some inclination toward stubbornness but a jolly sense of humor usually saves her.

And that is our yardstick. By it, we find a girl who is surprisingly like that every-day sort of person that she wants to be like. In it, we find nothing much to alarm the studio officials who want her to continue in their films. But this—this next thing is different. Last summer, Madge told me:

"I think that a marriage is happiest when the man makes the entire income."

Does that mean that she intends to retire when (and if) she marries?

She said something else, too; a thumb-nail creed, a nugget of personal philosophy mined from her innermost heart. It was:

"I want to live—as simply as possible—and let live."

It isn't easy to live simply amid the blaring ballyhoo of Hollywood. Madge has already found that out. And that is why I wouldn't be at all surprised if, some of these busy days, she tosses her golden head at the movies and walks out in search of these precious things that she values more highly than either fame or fortune.

A Very Dull Young Man

(Continued from page 31)

sort of person. And, if you're looking for the average type of movie actor—a wild and temperamental man—I imagine that you, too, would think Freddie March a "very dull young man."

Of course, he is an actor—which reminds me of that grand story about him which proves it. I don't care whether you've heard it or not, I'm going to tell it again, it's so swell.

When he was playing the famous John Barrymore satire in "The Royal Family" he brought the rôle right into the home and would bombast and declaim for the edification of Florence—striding around on his romantic legs and speaking in the wild Barrymore accents. So wrapped up in the part was he that he hardly realized he was carrying on in this fashion.

One night Florence cried out, "For heaven's sake, Fred, stop it! Get back to being your own self. Why, since you've been acting in 'Royal Family' I don't feel as if you're my husband any more, but as if I were living with another man!"

That stopped him from doing off-screen acting around the house any more.

Of course, one of the reasons that people, who expect him to be something that he is not, call him dull is because he comes from such a nice family. They're all good, sturdy folk—intelligent, loyal to each other and loving. The sort of people, in fact, that I like to think are typically American.

His brothers are business men. Fred, along with the rest, was given a college education and joined a fraternity—Alpha Delta. They wanted him to go into a bank, but Fred wanted to be an

actor. There was severe family disapproval in the Bickel clan (Fred changed his name to March, a contraction of his mother's maiden name, Marcher) when the "baby" went on the stage. But Fred held fast to his rebel idea and now he has been forgiven and they're all proud as an extra girl with her first "bit" over his success.

AS a matter of fact that was the only rebelliousness Fred has ever shown. He is a conventional man, with conventional ideas of life, love, marriage and work.

Fred is a good workman. He thinks out his rôles, instead of—as so many do—depending upon emotional hysteria before the camera. And he has a unique system of what he calls "opening out of town." Knowing Florence Eldridge's sure dramatic instinct, he tries his parts out first with her composing an audience of one and together they discuss them before he appears on the set. He's one of those people upon whom a director can depend to turn in a good, craftsman-like job.

And that, I suppose, would be called very dull by a fan who expects temperament, quarrels and high flown scenes from screen heroes.

Hollywood is the first real home the Marches have ever known and in the town they have become accepted members of Hollywood society. In fact, Freddie plays the rôle of "mine host" so well and Florence is such a delightful hostess that they're fast becoming leaders in their group.

A few months ago MODERN SCREEN showed you pictures of the now famous gay'nineties party that Fred and Flor-

ence gave and to which were bidden—and to which came—the greatest notables in film-land.

Like everything else that Fred touches that party was well planned and carefully thought out beforehand. Its purpose was to give their friends a good time, but it was more than that. It was, in its way, a sort of artistic triumph. There was nothing haphazard about it. Florence and Fred spent weeks planning it and their home was changed from a charming modern house into a mid-Victorian atrocity. Even the servants wore clothes of the nineties.

And that—let me tell you—was far from a dull party!

If you call leading a gentle, quiet assured life dull, then Freddie March is "a very dull young man." But if you think it thrilling, as I do, that an intelligent well behaved citizen can make a great film success in the wilds of wild Hollywood—then you would regard Fred as a spectacular and thrilling person.

And for my money, two people who can stay married in that partner-changing town for over five years can't be dull. At least not to each other!

What'll Happen in 1933?

(Continued from page 34)

another prominent actress.

She will continue to be associated professionally for part of the year with Josef von Sternberg, but before the end of the year they will part. She will remain married to Rudolph Sieber, despite much divorce talk. During the year, she will visit Germany. There she will turn down a big film offer, to return to Hollywood.

After splitting with Dietrich, von Sternberg will develop a new "protege" whom he will attempt to drive to film heights.

Clark Gable faces good portents for 1933—professionally. Accident threatens him, either through horses or airplanes. There are signs that the year may develop into a domestic crash, with probability of divorce. Divorce would be bad, however, and from his reading of the stars as they influence Gable's life, Dareos warns him strenuously against divorce if he can avoid it. Gable's good name is threatened as the result of the doings of another actor.

Jean Harlow will find a new love in 1933. She will have two offers of marriage, one from a prominent actor, the other from a movie official. However, it is unlikely that she will marry until 1934, although the wedding may occur late in 1933. It would be better, according to the stars, for her to wait until 1934, Dareos warns.

However, "Jean Harlow will never know the meaning of the word happiness in marriage," Dareos says the stars show.

She will suffer a severe illness during the year. In her work, she will go on to new heights, and will get away from sexy rôles.

For Marie Dressler, the year is uneventful, but she must guard against dangers to her health.

MAURICE CHEVALIER faces eclipse in his American film work in 1933, Dareos says the stars foretell! His popularity will wane sharply, suddenly, and he will return to France. Even there, he will not be welcomed in any great degree. He will find much resentment among his fellow countrymen against the type of rôles he has

played, and also against his divorce.

George Raft will be the foremost of the star bets of 1933. He will skyrocket to the heights in his career, his popularity even rivalling that which Valentino once held. He will be in demand by all the foremost producers, to play opposite the leading stars.

His romantic life will be checkered—he will have many quick crushes, but no serious romance. There will be one big love interlude in his year, but like the others, it will fade and not eventuate in marriage, despite indications that it might. This will be with a now prominent actress. A certain married actress will make a spectacle of her efforts to win Raft's attention.

George Brent and Ruth Chatterton face not one alone but many years of domestic happiness, Dareos says. Their love life in 1933 will be idyllic, and it will last for a long time to come. Later, not in 1933, they will go on the stage together, with success. Of course, there will be gossip that the Brents are "on the verge of separation," during the year, but it will be utterly untrue. There will be no baby—at least, not in 1933. Later, they will adopt a child, and this child will play a strangely great part in Ruth Chatterton's future. Brent's career will be successful, but Chatterton's screen zenith has been passed. Her only big success in the future lies on the stage.

Alexander Kirkland will be the surprise sensation of 1933, especially during the end of the year. In 1934, he will be starred. In that year, also, he will marry, the outcome of a romance that will begin in 1933.

Sylvia Sidney faces the big romance of her life in 1933. But it will be turbulent. Dareos says the stars warn her to stay clear of entanglements with the opposite sex until after the middle of the year, lest love lead to scandal. There is a man coming into her life whom she has never met, the stars foretell. He will be an easterner, and wealthy. This will be her great love; they will marry in 1934. Professionally, she will share the feminine honors for the year with Joan Crawford. Other indications for 1933 include a long sea

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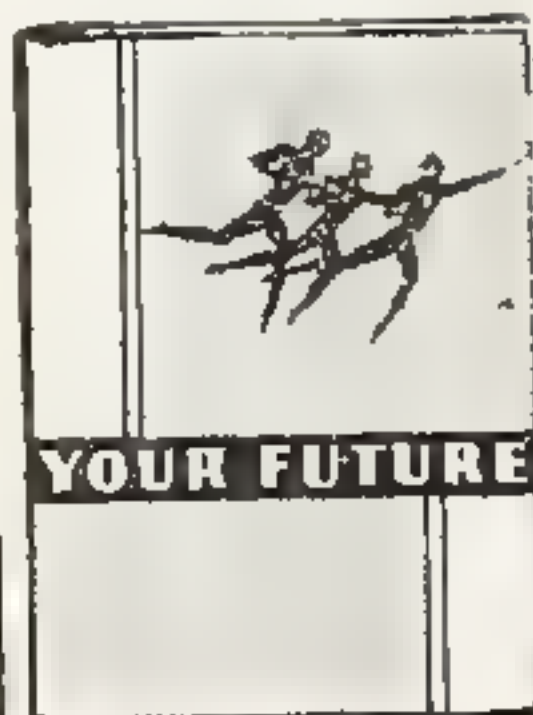
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voyage, and an accident, most likely a temporarily crippling fall from a horse, in spring.

James Cagney will have another year of big screen success. Then he will turn his back on acting, enter a profession quite apart therefrom. His home life will go on unruffled, unchanged.

GARY COOPER'S 1933 will prove interesting, if the stars' indications come true, says Dareos. In his screen career, he will come back with a bang. But in his private life, there are all sorts of turns and twists. He must be careful lest he become seriously involved with an older woman, an actress, born in or around the month of April. Other heart affairs will complicate matters for Gary in 1933. There is a possibility that the end of the year may find him married—to a prominent young eastern woman, not of the movie world. This would be to Gary's advantage, for his horoscope is such that marriage to an actress would prove disastrous. The greatest danger that faces his reputation during 1933 is the danger of being named in a divorce action.

John Gilbert is through as a great screen actor. However, he will turn to writing and directing, and find new success in those fields of cinema making.

His domestic affairs enter a period of strain. John Gilbert is another who will never know marital happiness for any lasting time, Dareos says.

For Charles Chaplin, the year is one in which he must watch his every step. The signs of his love life are confusing; it cannot be definitely stated whether 1933 will find him married, or clinging to bachelorhood. However, if he *does* marry, the marriage will *not* last through 1933. Because of dangers that threaten his reputation and purse, he must be ultra careful of new associates. He will make one more picture, and it will be his last. It will be of a type different from his screen appearances in the past.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay face a year of danger, in their domestic life. Not because they are not true lovers, but because of things that may strike at their happiness from an outside source and through Frank. The signs are not clear as to the nature of this force, but it will be purely from the outside.

Clara Bow, despite her own wishes, will make two more pictures after "Call Her Savage." She will prefer not to make them, but public demand will virtually force her to give up her desire to live quietly as Mrs. Rex Bell on their ranch. Her time of scandal is past; there are no more front-page blowups ahead of her. She will continue very happy in her marriage. Toward the end of the year, the advent of a baby will be talked about, but the baby won't come until 1934.

For Janet Gaynor, the year is not exciting. She will find continued screen popularity, but 1933 will be her last big year. After that, her star will wane. Domestically, she and Lydell Peck will continue "as is." There are planetary signs of a death either in her family or of a close friend.

Charles Farrell, likewise, will continue in domestic tranquillity with wife Virginia Valli. There will be a baby in 1933, toward the end of the year, and the child will be brilliant.

Mary Pickford faces new professional success, but not on the screen in 1933. It will come with her stage work in 1934, and will be great. The health of her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Senior, is seriously threatened during 1933.

Ann Harding enters a year of new romance. There will be talk of a reconciliation between her and Harry Bannister, but she will not remarry him. Instead, a prominent man from outside picture ranks will attract her, with likelihood of marriage before the end of the year, and subsequent permanent retirement from the screen.

What Men Dislike in Women

(Continued from page 69)

a woman's nasty remark about another woman. It *warns* him, somehow . . . if a woman is clever, she won't do these things!"

If a woman is clever. . . . It is significant that all of these experienced gentlemen admit a willingness, nay, an eagerness, to be fooled a little by the gentler sex! They want illusions.

Paul Lukas says, "If they only would not be so *obviously* commercial! A man doesn't mind having a woman get things that she wants from him. If he cares for her at all, he *wants* to do things for her. He loves to give her presents which please her. That, after all, is an elemental male trait. It is more than that. It is masculine privilege.

"But he hates to have her chisel in an obvious manner. He hates to have

her make it apparent that, to her, he is merely a source of frivolous and pleasant knick-knacks. A man doesn't want to appear to be a sucker to himself! *If a woman is clever*, she can get what she wants and make the man think that it was all his own idea!"

If a woman is clever! Over and over, I heard that phrase, during my investigation of this moot question. There was Nils Asther.

MEN dislike women who moan. They dislike women who make martyrs of themselves, deliberately, women who make a constant play for sympathy. No doubt women have much to bear. But men do not want to hear about it. Men are childish creatures and frequently imagine that they have troubles of their

own. They naturally flee to the woman who laughs easily, who has no griefs or burdens or problems to propound. One of the things that attracted me to Vivian was her easy, spontaneous laughter. I am a moody person, inclined to melancholy. That gaiety, that bubbling giggle, seemed to me lovely and alluring.

"It may be unfair. But it is true that men shrink from complaining women who insist upon telling their troubles and demanding sympathy. If there is any sympathy going around, the man wants it himself! It's the way we are made. *A clever woman* keeps her troubles to herself—or saves them to tell her best woman friend!"

Most of the men with whom I talked put great emphasis upon the importance of femininity—the frilly, helpless thing. You know what I mean. Yet, most of them objected violently to traits that are characteristically feminine ones. There's no pleasing the creatures!

Bob Montgomery wails, "If they only wouldn't ask so many silly questions, imagining that they are making conversation! If they only wouldn't trump their partner's aces!" Yet he objects to women who go in heavily and earnestly for athletics. And he loathes women who use exotic perfumes!

Clark Gable has crisp and emphatic ideas upon the subject. He wishes that women would never, never, *never* try to be coy! That they would never take on the airs of sophistication unless it is real. Descending to smaller matters, he remarked, "I *wish* that they wouldn't wear ruffles and lace and ribbons unless they are the type for those things. So few women are! And so many women do it. There is nothing more depressing than a woman adorned and bedecked with one thing and another when she would be much lovelier in simpler attire. On second thought, I believe that no woman should ever wear frills. It makes her—er—obvious. It is an apparent appeal to the male. It is bad showmanship!"

"On the other hand, I do wish that they would wear stockings. One pair of legs in a thousand will bear scrutiny without them. And no pair of legs whose owner is over twenty can possibly bear it. They should get a glimpse of their own knees from the back! It is so stupid of them! Any shapely leg, in a thin covering of silk, may be alluring! If the legs are not shapely—then they should thank Providence for the boon of long skirts!"

WHILE we were talking in the publicity offices at M-G-M, Jackie Cooper came in. He listened so attentively that it occurred to me that he might have some ideas of his own upon the subject. So I asked him. His first reply was a characteristic, boyish, "Aw—!!" But under slight (oh, ever so slight!) urging, he unbent.

"Well, they might remember not to talk baby talk to a fellow!" he said,

resentfully. "A pretty grown-up fellow! And they needn't *kiss* a guy!" Warming to his subject, he opined, "They needn't ask you if you are their best beau and they needn't pat you on the head, either!" Further conversation revealed that women had objectionable ideas about the exaggerated importance of soap and water, that they were inclined to clean out dresser drawers and closets with a disconcerting disregard for the importance of certain objects belonging to a guy. Jackie, one gathered, had suffered at the hands of the other sex. As we parted, he tossed an additional remark over his shoulder.

"If they *have* to kiss you," he said, with resignation, born of long suffering, "they might at least not have their mouths all smeared with red, gooey stuff that *comes off*!" Older men than Jackie have complained of that!

Hardie Albright wishes women would not ask him how many stitches there are in the football—"just at the psychological moment when the player is about to make a forward pass which, if completed, may wrap up the old ball game." He wishes it so intensely that he now declines to take a lady to a football game at all!

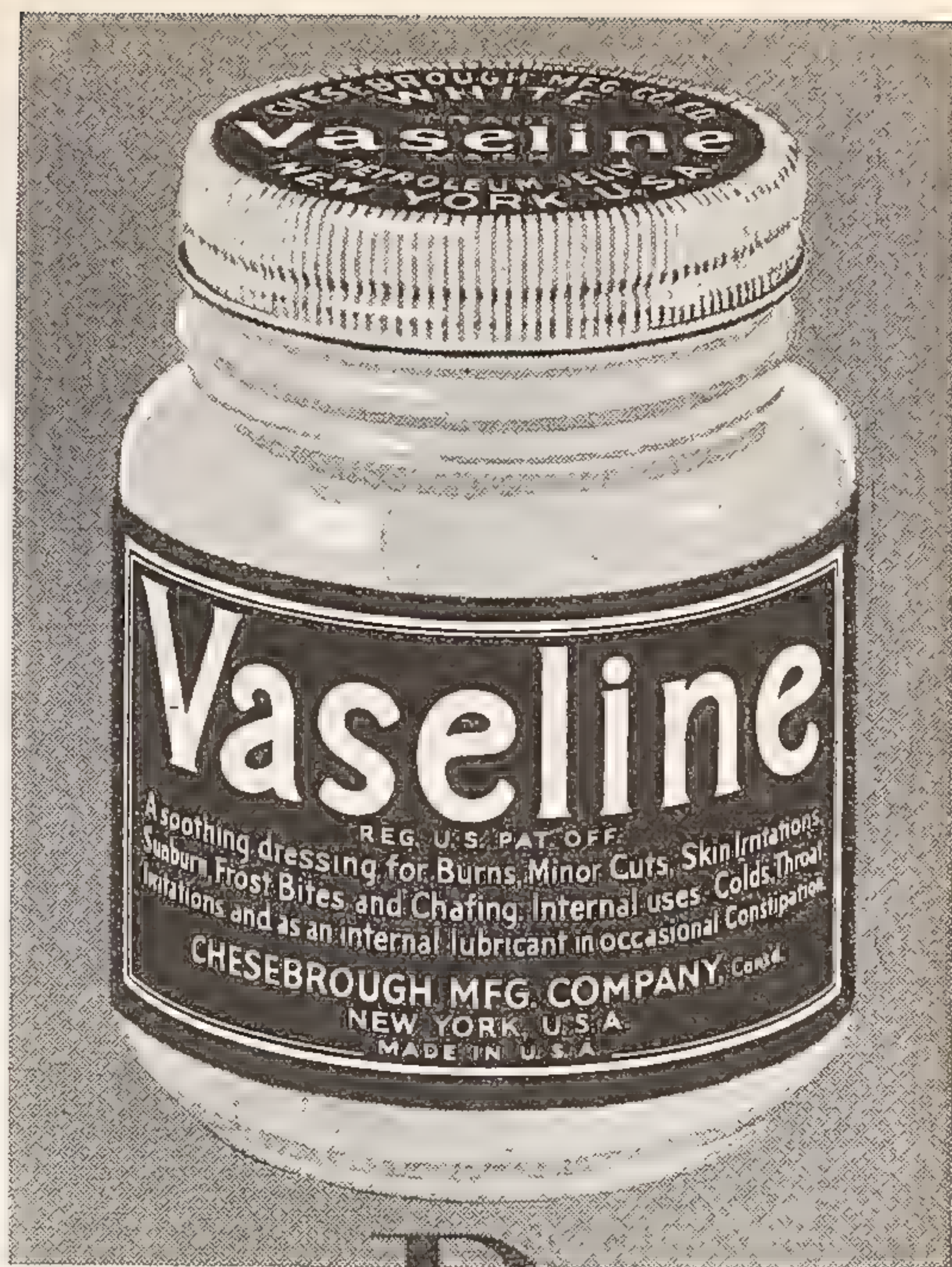
Bob Armstrong objects (as do a lot of other men) to women squealing kitenishly when they enter the ocean. "Why such a fuss about it," he inquires, with that awful, masculine logic, "if they want to go in at all? They needn't, you know!"

Harry Bannister objects to over-developed muscles in ladies. (I found a number of men who were pretty bitter about *this*.)

"Women have achieved, with fair success, what they have gone after in this present generation," Harry says, with resentment. "Why can't they be *satisfied*? Why do they have to go violently athletic and beat you at games which you have always imagined were your own? It hurts a man's pride. *A clever woman won't win at athletic contests—if she is interested in the male contestant!* Women don't belong in athletic contests. At least, there are a lot of men who believe that they don't.

"It's tough, you know, to fall in love with a girl who could probably beat the tar out of you in an argument. And that feminine gesture of lifting a pale and graceful hand to adjust a stray lock of hair loses a lot of its charm if the flexed arm looks like Jack Dempsey's."

From all of which I gather that men (at least the men who are in pictures) still have their ideals about women. They wish that they would remain "feminine"—by which they mean clinging, flattering and not too efficient at anything. They hope for honesty. They hope for tact. Most of all, *they do not want to be disillusioned*. They are not so different, these men who are in pictures, these men who meet the world's famous sirens, day after day, from any other men one meets, are they?



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(Continued from page 41)



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salary didn't salve that hurt. In spite of the fact that he knew that a movie contract wouldn't pay him *one third* that amount!

BESIDES," smiled Buddy, who had just returned from signing his M-G-M contract, "I'm a better business man than most people give me credit for being. I knew that my huge salary in New York was, in a great measure, due to my movie reputation. I reasoned that if I didn't make a picture occasionally, even that gold mine would disappear! One field promotes the other. No movies . . . no fat checks for personal appearances! The public forgets mighty fast, let me tell you."

So Buddy wired his agent that he was willing to return to Hollywood. With a certain professional vanity, he figured that it would be comparatively easy to arrange a good movie contract. Hadn't they wanted him eleven months ago?

Eleven months, however, is a century in Hollywood. Many things can happen . . . including shut down studios, curtailment of production and financial trouble. Contracts were getting fewer and fewer. Many stars were returning for "brief appearances on Broadway"! For six weeks, Buddy waited to hear from his agent . . . nothing happened.

He was face to face with the facts. He had his choice of hanging onto his New York contract for fifteen weeks longer—at six thousand a week—or dumping it overboard and taking his chances in Hollywood. Remember, he was absolutely sure of his next fifteen weeks, during which he could have earned enough (when combined with his movie savings) to have allowed him to retire as a very graceful has-been!

But twenty-nine is not an age for "retirement"—or at least not to Buddy. He thought his added experience and poise made him even *more* valuable to the screen than before. So he made his big decision. And you might call it a gamble. Buddy kissed the \$6,000.00 a week good-bye, and without any assurance that he would get a movie contract, returned to Hollywood!

"Such a move as that leaves you with a funny feeling in the pit of your

stomach," Buddy went on to tell me as we sat on the spring-board overhanging his Beverly Hills swimming pool. "These movies are the damndest business in the whole world!" (Yes, it was Buddy Rogers speaking . . . the same kid who almost got snowed under in Hollywood by a series of Peter Pan rôles!) "There is nothing else with which it can be compared. In any other line of work, a man who is actually worth \$6,000.00 a week is considered valuable to his business. But when I walked out on that amount of money, I wasn't sure I was wanted *any* place! It's haywire, it's crazy. No wonder people think actors are crazy, they are driven to it by uncertainty every day of their careers!"

He has grown up, this Rogers fellow. In fact the name "Buddy" hardly fits the *new* Rogers! When he left Hollywood he weighed 152 and he now returns carrying 181 of solid beef and muscle. He no longer *looks* like a "Buddy"—and we have a strong hunch that you will see him in a very different type of rôle than he used to do in the old days. Very small lines are beginning to appear around his eyes and mouth, giving him character and an entirely different look. His manner is less eager, less boyish . . . and yet he has lost none of his charm.

THE big trouble with me when I was here before," he went on, "was that I was so *grateful*! Gratitude is alright, but it doesn't make for good business sense. When you're so darned grateful for being *allowed* on a studio lot, you can't argue very forcefully for better parts and a good salary! In spite of the fact that I knew my pictures were making money, a fast-talking executive could make me feel like an orphan who was lucky to be alive!

"Well, I'm still grateful . . . but this time the gratitude will extend only as far as the good rôles and decent salary extend! In short, gratitude only when gratitude is deserved. I'm no longer scared of movie executives."

P. S. A lot of things have changed about Buddy Rogers . . . but evidently NOT his taste in ladies! Mary Brian is *still* "first lady" in his estimation!

Movies Growing Up?

(Continued from page 24)

would only a few short years ago, undoubtedly have fallen beneath the censor's hatchet.

With Cinema growing up, there appear dimensions to this art-industry. Cinema promises to develop into a creature of wit, truth, humor, art, satire and civilized intellectuality.

The custard pie, hokum, mawkishness, sentimentality, are in jeopardy.

May they rest in peace!

With Cinema growing up, enter adult entertainment.

Yes, she is growing up. It really does not matter who revolted first against her prolonged period of swaddling clothes, the public or the producer. Give them both the credit.

The important thing is that Cinema is growing up.

Karloff's Strange History

(Continued from page 45)

service." It was natural that, since the father had served his government well, his sons should follow his steps, and they all did . . . all except Karloff—"the Russian."

As they grew older, each of his brothers took the "examinations" and went away to some far-off place. One to China to serve in the British Consulate . . . one to Brazil with a French cable detachment . . . one to India, directly in his father's footsteps, and another to Egypt. George, the second eldest, was elected to remain at home, however, and act as "father" to Karloff. Between these two brothers grew a strong attachment . . . the only family tie that Karloff ever knew with the exception of his mother.

But even with his understanding of Karloff's strange, Russian character, George was fundamentally British. He argued that Karloff should be enrolled in a military prep school from which he would eventually graduate into "the army."

The school suggested by George was small, having an enrollment of but forty students. The classrooms were dark and draughty and the entire student body was presided over by an eccentric "master" by the name of Starky.

The aged pedagogue had miserable teeth, an almost comically-pointed head and a very peculiar way of drawing in his breath in a hissing manner when he spoke. Had the worthy, but detestably ugly master known that years later he would prove the inspiration for one of the most grotesque make-ups ever imagined for the Hollywood screen, he would no doubt have seized the occasion to "wallop" Karloff mightily!

GEORGE, his brother and self-appointed "father," died when Karloff was about fifteen. None of the other brothers assumed the same protective interest in his welfare and from that minute he was practically "on his own." His mother had seldom refused *her* boy anything, and so when Karloff decided to leave Starky's school for one more to his liking, there was no family opposition. With considerable excitement, he enrolled at Merchant Taylors, a famous old school in Charterhouse Square in London.

There he went for two years of high-school, when he entered Uppingham for his academic work. Karloff considers the six years he spent in schools of his own choice as merely "routine." He learned to smoke with the usual digestive difficulties—saw his first French postal cards—got drunk to see what it was like, and didn't like it. All during this time, however, his flair for drama was given an even greater incentive.

He spent every "bob" he could scrape together attending the theatre in London. He presented himself religiously for parts in school play activities. He no doubt possessed the mild good

manners that he now has, but his dark skin in contrast to his British fellow students was so pronounced as to fit the description of "menacing" and he was usually given the villain roles. Which was just to his liking!

When his mother died during his fourth term at Uppingham, Karloff quit school. He had almost definitely made up his mind to enter upon a career of acting . . . but two older brothers were equally determined that he should follow the tradition of the family and take up government service. Against his will the boy was goaded into taking the "examinations"—which he deliberately failed to pass. His attitude so infuriated his quick tempered brothers that Karloff decided that he had best leave England forever. He decided to run away.

His mother had left him a small inheritance, but the family solicitor had prevailed upon Karloff to leave it in the bank for safe-keeping. Thus he had little actual cash with which to make his escape. He didn't know where he was going, so he flipped a coin. *Canada!* So, on a certain spring morning in April, Karloff told his brothers he was "going up to London." As casually as that did he break the family ties! Without a word of good-bye. And at the moment he walked out the door, a third-class cabin passage for Canada nestled in his pocket.

THE family solicitor had explained that there was little chance of his landing a job in a strange country . . . so he had arranged for Karloff to go immediately to Ontario and enter the service of a farmer there. So be it! And had Karloff arrived in Canada in the *fall* of the year, we might never have had our great character actor in Hollywood. He might have *liked* farming! But as it was he arrived just as the winter ceased and his main job was cleaning the barns and hauling manure. And since the job only paid him \$10.00 a month and "keep," he lasted but six weeks!

Where to go now? It suddenly occurred to him that he should have the money he had left in the bank in England. He hopped a boat and returned for it immediately. His brothers pretended not to realize he had ever left. He took their silence with a smile . . . withdrew his money and departed at once for Canada again. This time he decided to go far west to Vancouver.

On the way, he passed through beautiful Lake Louise. He liked the looks of the place . . . got off the train and stayed there for three months, living the life of a gentleman of ease. When his money began to give out, he packed once more and set out for Vancouver. He arrived at his destination with less than ten dollars in the world!

FOR a brief time he was an unsuccessful real estate salesman. Then came a job digging ditches in the street at

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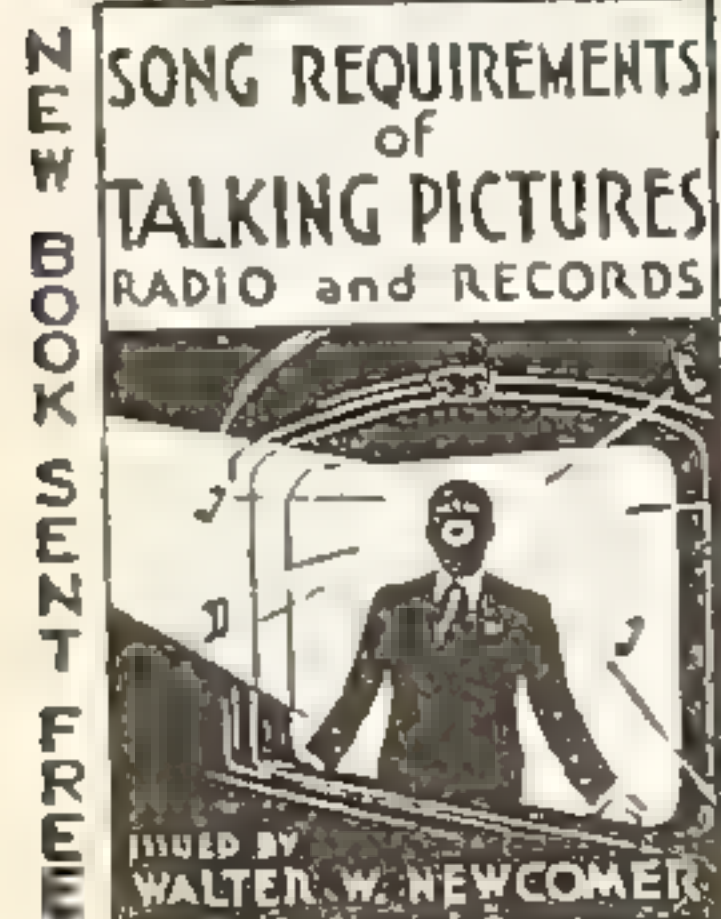
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the sum of 28 cents per hour. He tried to get an "advance" the first day on the job because he didn't have sufficient money with which to eat . . . the foreman, however, explained that he had fallen for that gag before and in each instance the ditch digger had failed to return to work. Karloff living during that week on 15 cents!

At last he was promoted to the surveying group and his pay advanced to \$2.00 a day. It was while eating his lunch one day in a hotel lunchroom, that a stranger entered the café and sat down beside him. Karloff looked at the man. Each seemed to recognize the other . . . yet no word was spoken. Finally the stranger smiled and held out his hand: "I believe I know you but I can't seem to place you." Upon further conversation it developed that they *did* know one another. In fact *they were brothers!* The stranger was Karloff's brother Jack who had been in China for eight years and was now on his way back to England. They had quite a night of stories and anecdotes. Karloff wound up the reunion by borrowing \$75.00. That was the last time he ever saw Jack . . . he has never repaid the money and claims he never will!

And good luck followed him all that week. Not alone did he have money in his pocket . . . he was offered a chance to go with a stock company traveling in central Canada . . . the Jean Russell Players!

Karloff arrived at Kamloops (where he was to join the company) in the afternoon, just as they were rehearsing the next show. He entered the theatre and sat down in one of the rear seats. By watching the actors he knew that the man seated in the orchestra pit was the manager. He heard his voice . . . heard how he talked to the actors on the stage and promptly knew that he would never be able to work for this man. It was no go. He walked from the theatre without ever so much as seeing the man he had learned to dislike.

A TRIP or so made around the block, however, caused him to realize that he had spent the last of his money and had no way to returning to Vancouver! He must take the job. He returned to the theatre and with his innate politeness presented himself to the manager of the troupe. He was a thick-necked, bristly-haired individual with a perpetual chewing tobacco stain in the corner of his mouth. His name was Ludie . . . and Karloff sensed immediately that Ludie hated *him* just as much as he hated Ludie! The stage manager seemed to dislike Karloff's manners . . . although he never used this as an excuse to upbraid him. He also cordially disliked Karloff's appearance (especially his face) and seized every opportunity to say so at the top of his voice! But as much as he hated Karloff, his emotion was a mere *dislike* when compared to the soul wracking violence with which Karloff hated him!

"The hatred between this man Ludie and myself is one of the most amazing experiences of my life," explains Karloff

in speaking of that period. "Strangely enough, it was unfounded. That is, we did not have the usual reasons for hating one another . . . a quarrel over a woman . . . a drunken fist brawl. It was something far stronger than this. If you can believe that a great love can have its inception in some 'other life' . . . then the same thing might have been the reason for the intense hatred between us.

"I don't suppose I shall ever forget that first feeling of revolt that I had when I saw his back from the last seat in the theatre. That feeling of unbelievable irritation! It grew with the months. For a whole year we traveled and played and lived together . . . hating! He was unbelievably cruel . . . and while none of us likes to believe that the puppy dog tail-pulling cruelty of childhood extends into manhood—this man had that sort of cruelty. He vented it upon human beings. Once, in a bar, I saw him hold a steaming cup of coffee up to the lips of a poor, helpless old beggar . . . and just as the old fellow had managed to reach the cup, Ludie dashed it in his face!

BY a round-about means, I got wind of the fact that Ludie was planning to jump the show . . . leave us stranded. And the worst part of it was that he owed most of us a lot of back pay and was planning to leave us helpless. I figured that if I let him know that I was onto his little game that I might delay his departure at least until he had paid off the troupe.

"So I went to his little room in a cheap hotel. He was lying on an unmade bed . . . a bottle of liquor on the night stand beside him. I didn't want to fight. I greeted him as amiably as possible, removed my hat and placed it with my cane across the end of the bed. Then I sat down to talk.

"I started out by talking of other subjects. But Ludie knew why I was there and it infuriated him that I would be the one to learn his secret. Suddenly, before I had even broached the subject and without warning he jumped to his feet. Like a fat snake, he jumped from the bed with my cane in hand and before I could grasp the situation he crashed it down across my head and face.

"Something happened inside me! As the blood from the gash on my head poured into my eyes, blinding me with fury and my own blood . . . something terrible came over me. Suddenly I knew the feeling that must come over a murderer just before he commits his crime. I went insane . . . and for the moment I was as much the beast as he.

"I don't know how I got the stick away from him, but when the first vestige of sanity returned, I was conscious of my arm—rising and falling . . . rising and falling, cutting deep welts into his prostrate form with my cane. Like a crazy subtitle in a movie, it flashed across my mind: "*I am beating this man to death!*" Yet I couldn't stop. Rising and falling . . . rising and falling . . . that cane went on."

(To be continued)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 89)

forever—to leave your brows alone, except for stray hair-plucking, unless you have received a very poor deal in eyebrows from nature. If your eyes or brows or both are placed too close together, you may widen the space between your brows and improve your appearance no end. Look at that picture of Anita Page on page 6. The space indicated between her eyes is a good inch and a half. Measure your own between-eyes space. If it's under an inch and a quarter, I'd thin out my brows a bit over the bridge of my nose if I were you. It will give you additional beauty and a sweeter, more intelligent expression.

Movie stars can change the shape of their brows entirely. Garbo has, Dietrich has. Camera demands made them do it—and the type of rôles they play. But remember that they have personal maids and make-up experts at their daily command and you have not.

I may have told you before that a dash of rouge on the eyelid is excellent for very young girls to try on party occasions. Nice for those who are too young to get all gummed up with eyeshadow. And speaking of eyeshadow—if you have been annoyed by your mascara coming off in little exclamation points against your shadowed eyelid, just try patting a film of powder over your lids before you apply the mascara. There are cake eyeshadows, too—just like cake rouge. But they're much harder to apply with an artistic effect.

Now—there—that word “artistic” prompts me to say something I've had in mind for a long time. It's this: decide whether you want to be artistic or natural in your make-up. Not forever and a day, of course—I don't mean that. But it does make me so mad to see a young girl with a frankly artificial mouth and all the rest of her face and hair just girly-girly and natural looking. Or mascaraed, eyeshadowed eyes and no lipstick. Please try to make your whole appearance gee. Make an ensemble of your face as well as your costume. I'll illustrate.

FOR daytime—office, school, around-the-house or marketing, put on a little film of powder (not neglecting the neck) of a shade that matches your skin tone. A bit of face rouge if you need it. A natural-looking lipstick, well blended in. No eye make-up, unless, perhaps, a very faint line drawn on the upper lid just above the lashes. Hair—neat, sensible and rather plain.

For a gala daytime event—like a

football game—you can get a little bit fancier with the lipstick. But keep away from too much make-up because, after all, you'll be subject to a strong outdoor light all the time and you mustn't look too painted.

For a luncheon or bridge or tea, keep your powder and face rouge natural looking, but perhaps make-up your eyes a bit. A touch of mascara on the brows and lashes. Perhaps you should tint your nails to match your lipstick. But, even so, don't get yourself up in too glamorous a style. There'll be mostly women there, you know. And they're so ready to criticize!

For evening, remember that there are two kinds of evening dates—the intimate sort and the great big party. If you're just going out with the boy friend, wear a soft color and a subdued make-up. Yes, you can put on all the cosmetics there are, from powder to eyeshadow and your favorite exotic perfume, but subdue them all. A light perfume would be better, especially if you're going to the theatre where a thousand perfumes will be mixed up with yours. The soft color is important. Men like 'em. Or wear a black dress, not too sophisticated in cut. But for a big party, wear the most daring shade that's becoming to you. Red, probably, if you're blond, brunette or in-between. A real, bright red. Emerald green—or a luscious purple or plum shade if you have red hair. Gold, silver, dead black and dead white are good, too. After all, there'll be oodles of girls in pastel shades and pale colors. Why look like all the rest of the crowd? And if you're too short or too young to get away with a daring color and a daring gown, then, of course, go very, very old-fashioned and demure in a much beruffled frock, look as helpless and 1860 as you can—and you'll be a sensation.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know what remedy to use for this or that beauty problem, or if the task of selecting the right cosmetics becomes a difficult one, drop a note to Mary Biddle. She'll willingly help you.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)

five From a Chain Gang," First National. Work-
ing in "Ladies They Talk About."
FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City,
December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once
in a Lifetime," "Merry Go Round," Universal;
"Don Quixote" and "Rol Pausole."
FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born
in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros.
star. Starred in "One Way Passage," First Na-
tional; "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "Cy-
nara," United Artists. Next is "Keyholes."
GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in
Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured
in "Strange Interlude" and "Red Dust," M-G-M.
Working in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.
Next is "Lovers" and "Twelve Miles Out."
GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm,
Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred
in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me."
Next is "Christine From Sweden."
GARGAN, WILLIAM; married; born in Brooklyn,
N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in
"Rain," United Artists; "Sport Parade" and "Ani-
mal Kingdom," Radio. Working in "Lucky Devils,"
Radio.
GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in
Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred
in "The First Year" and "Tess of the Storm
Country," Working in "State Fair."
GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in
Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art
Studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in
"A Man's Land"; "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy
Counsellor."
GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City,
July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Lady &
Gent," "Night After Night," "If I Had a
Million," "The Devil Is Driving." Next is "Strange
Bedfellows."
GILBERT, JOHN; married to Virginia Bruce; born
in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred
in "Downstairs."
GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born
in New York City, May 23. Write him at Uni-
versal. Free lance. Featured in "The All Ameri-
can," Universal; "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio.
Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Para-
mount.
GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore,
Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild
Girl" and "Walking Down Broadway."
GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng.,
January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Devil
and the Deep"; "The Blonde Venus" and "Hot
Saturday," Working in "Madame Butterfly."
GRAVES, RALPH; separated from Virginia Goodwin;
born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M
player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M;
"War Correspondent," Columbia.
GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York
City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in
"Girl Crazy" and "Little Orphan Annie."
HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va.,
January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You
Listening?" and "Fast Life."
HALE, LOUISE CLOSER; unmarried; born in Chi-
cago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured
in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. "Ras-
putin" and "Son-Daughter," M-G-M.
HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in
Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio
Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Payment De-
ferred," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio.
Working in "Acquitted," Columbia. Next is
"Tarzan and His Mate."
HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born
in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio
star. Starred in "Westward Passage," "The
Conquerors," "Animal Kingdom."
HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga.,
January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with
Stan Laurel in "Pack Up Your Troubles" and
"Scram." Working in "Their First Mistake," all
M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN; widow of Paul Bern; born in Kan-
sas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured
in "Red Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Next
is "Night Life."
HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born
in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star.
Starred in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount; "Son-
Daughter," M-G-M. Next is "White Sister."
HEPBURN, KATHARINE; married to Ludlow Smith;
born in Hartford, Conn. Radio player. Featured
in "A Bill of Divorcement." Next is "Three
Came Unarmed."
HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen,
Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in
"Grand Hotel," "Mask of Fu Manchu" and
"Flesh."
HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand
Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Fea-
tured in "70,000 Witnesses," Working in "State
Fair," Fox. Next is "The Lady," M-G-M.
HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May
31. Columbia star. Starred in "War Corres-
pondent"; "This Sporting Age" and "Man
Against Woman."
HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker;
born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount
player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise."
HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper;
born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M
player. Featured in "As You Desire Me,"
"Speak Easily" and "Downstairs."
HOPTON, RUSSELL; married; born in New York
City, February 18. Universal player. Featured
in "Radio Patrol," "Once in a Lifetime" and
"Airmail."
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in
Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio
Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the
Dragon," Radio; "Trouble in Paradise," Para-
mount.
HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April
24. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured
in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Animal King-
dom," Radio. Next is "Secrets," United
Artists.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore,
Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Sun-
rise Trail" and "Hell's Highway."

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born
in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player.
Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo,"
M-G-M. Working in "Pig Boats," M-G-M.
HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in
New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured
in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big
Broadcast," Paramount. Working in "Island of
Lost Souls," Paramount.
JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St.
Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "The Op-
timist," United Artists. Next is "Wonderbar."
JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., De-
cember 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Forbidden
Trail" and "Reckless Romance." Working in
"The Yankee Bandit."
JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg,
Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in
"70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Cabin in the
Cotton," Warner Bros.; "That's My Boy," Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in
Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Fea-
tured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Con-
sent." Next is "Sweepings."
KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, Eng.,
November 23. Universal star. Featured in "The
Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "The Mummy,"
Universal. Working in "The Invisible Man."
KEATON, BUSTER; divorced from Natalie Talmadge;
born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star.
Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak
Easily." Next is "Buddies."
KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in
Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star.
Starred in "Come On Danger" and "Renegades
of the West." Working in "Cheyenne Kid."
KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in
Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First
National. Free lance. Featured in "Young
America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.
KIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas,
March 6. First National player. Featured in
"Rain," United Artists; "The Conquerors," Radio;
"Central Park," First National. Working in "The
Sucker."
KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexi-
co City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in
"Passport to Hell"; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M.
Next is "Internal Machine," Fox.
KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City,
June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Night
Mayor" and "This Sporting Age," Columbia.
Working in "Air Hostess."
LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born
in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred
in "Passport to Hell," Fox and "Sign of the
Cross," Paramount. Next is "Masquerader,"
United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES; married to Elsa Lanchester;
born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount
player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M;
"Sign of the Cross," "If I Had a Million,"
"Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.
LAUREL, STAN; divorced; born in Ulverston, Eng.,
June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver
Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Scram."
Working in "Their First Mistake."
LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in
Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio
studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy."
LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in
New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal.
Free lance. Featured in "Unholy Love," Allied;
"Night of June 13," Paramount.
LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City;
July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Age of
Consent," Radio; "Life Begins," Warner Bros.;
"No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "The Past
of Mary Holmes."
LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in
Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount
studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."
LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born
in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount
player. Featured in "Virtue" and "No More
Orchids," Columbia. Working in "No Man of
Her Own."
LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria,
January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Pack Up
Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Phantom of Crest-
wood," Radio. Next is "Little Women," Radio.
LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born
in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox.
Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician,"
Fox; "The Devil Is Driving," Working in "Hot
Pepper," Fox.
LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont.,
August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The
Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Animal King-
dom," Radio; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Working
in "Topaze," Radio.
LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary,
October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance.
Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox.
LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary,
May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Down-
stairs," M-G-M; "Rockabye," Radio; "Grand
Slam," Warner Bros. Working in "The Invisible
Man."
LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in At-
lanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First Na-
tional. Free lance. Featured in "Week-Ends
Only," "Hat Check Girl," Fox. Next is "Good
Company," Paramount.
MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Phila-
delphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Fea-
tured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me
Tonight."
MACKAIL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller, born
in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First Na-
tional. Free lance. Working in "No Man of Her
Own," Paramount.
MACMAHON, ALINE; married; born in McKeesport,
Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in
"Silver Dollar"; "Life Begins." Working in "The
Sucker."
MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell;
born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First
National. Free lance. Featured in "The Crooner,"
First National; "Bill of Divorcement," Radio;

(Continued on page 112)

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 85)

GERTRUDE KLEIN of New York City:

Oh, what a tragedy! How could Joan Crawford possibly play the part? The rôle demands someone who can sing and who is gay and charmingly sophisticated. The only actress on the screen who is equipped with these requirements is Jeanette MacDonald. As Prince Danilo, I'd suggest John Boles.

Also from ROSE L. S. of St. Louis, Missouri:

In behalf of the music loving public if we are to have operettas produced in the talkies the least producers could do would be to give us real singers with all the necessary requirements. A true example is Jeanette MacDonald. Add a handsome Prince with a good (not mediocre) voice and you have the perfect team.

(That plan to team Crawford and Gilbert in "The Merry Widow" has been abandoned, both of you. Jeanette MacDonald hasn't been scheduled for it as yet, but she does seem the logical star for the operetta.)

Brief Notes from Many Readers—Where's Your Letter?

ADELINE WIGGETT of Chicago, Illinois, was one of dozens who think "Back Street" the best picture in months: "I saw it one afternoon and then two weeks later mother came to visit me and I took her. Even so, I could enjoy seeing it again. I think it had 'Strange Interlude' and 'Grand Hotel' beat a mile. Why, there was no acting in 'Grand Hotel.' (What do you think of that, "Grand Hotel" fanciers?)

BESSIE of Buffalo, N. Y., wants to know what's happened to Dick Barthelmess. "Cabin in the Cotton" proved to be a very interesting picture," she says, "but in my opinion Barthelmess contributed very little to it. He gave the impression of being rather bored with the whole procedure."

BERTHA JONES, of Larchmont, N. Y., is tired of cycles: "Why don't we get some different stories? We get epidemics—gangster talkies, musical comedies, politics, baby arrivals—and then they start all over again." (That's one of the producer's biggest problems, Bertha. It seems that if one company makes a box office hit with a certain kind of picture—say, like "Grand Hotel"—then all the other companies must follow suit. Producers do this seemingly unintelligent thing because they think the public wants similar pictures. If you and the rest of the public keep screaming about it long enough, producers will abandon the policy.) E. MURTON of Toronto, Canada, was crazy about "Red Dust": "It completely eclipsed 'Rain' (which I did not like) and even takes some of the edge away from that lovely 'Smilin' Through'."

(Answering your question about teaming Gable and Harlow again—we can't say, for the moment. Gable is filming "No Man of Her Own" with Miriam Hopkins for Paramount. And Jean Harlow is working on "Night Life" for M-G-M.)

JANE FRAZEE of Sacramento, California, certainly does want Redskins: "I agree with Alice Barr of Philadelphia that our own American Indians have been sadly neglected on the screen." And she adds that the American Indian girl, Ann Ross, who played in a picture titled "Oklahoma Jim" should be given a break. SANDRA DAJAD sends in a high-brow request that producers make operas and Shakespearian plays into talkies. (How about it, fans?) RAYMOND LAGESSE of Kankakee,

Illinois, has fallen for Constance Cummings: "Besides having a distinct command of the English language and a type of beauty that is a pleasure to behold, she has a certain something that far outlasts and is more valuable than beauty—and that is charm. Gobs of charm that lass has." (And just think, Mr. Lagesse, Constance almost left Hollywood in defeat because producers didn't think she'd photograph well.) And ROBERT DORFMAN of Quebec City, Canada, thinks Leslie Banks is a grand actor. (Unfortunately, Robert, Leslie Banks isn't scheduled for anything. He'll probably return to the stage.) GOLDIE SNYDER of Timmins, Ontario, sends in a cute little note to say: "I have so much fun reading what the Crawford fans have to say about the Garbo fans and what the Gable fans think about the Chatterton fans and the Dietrich fans. But, me, I'm a Gaynor fan."

S. MOORE of Vancouver, Canada, writes, a la Western Union: "Very eagerly awaiting return of Miss Daniels stop hope for good story and photo soon in MODERN SCREEN stop." (Bebe is in "Silver Dollar" with Edward G. Robinson, S. Moore.)

MR. J. JOYCE of Chatswood, Australia, wails across the Pacific Ocean that "Instead of coming out of the theatre with a smiling face and happy heart, we emerge with red-ringed eyes and a completely depressed feeling. Shake the moth balls out of the comedians and let us see and hear something that will be a bright spot in our memory for many a day." (We'll watch out for "On Our Selection" if it ever comes to these United States, Mr. Joyce.)

AMOR GARCIA of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Here's a vote for Ralph Bellamy and Robert Montgomery. Also the great and clever actor, Leslie Howard. But please take the man with the big ears away—I believe his name is Clark Gable."

DORRIT FLOOD of London, England, (there's that fog again) is quite mad about the deal Gary Cooper has received in her own country: "He's acted on the screen a good while and is considered one of the big stars and yet, over here in London, his name is put after C. Laughton and T. Bankhead. I read in his interview that he's been kicking against the parts they give him and I sure am glad. If anyone deserves goodfilms, he does."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We have found that, even condensing the letters this way, we can't print even half of the ones we receive. So—just for a month, to see how it works out—we're going to adopt the suggestion of a reader (Mary E. Lauber of Germantown, Pennsylvania) and ask you to limit the length of your letters. To one hundred and fifty words—or thereabouts. We'll try this scheme and see how it works. And if you don't like it, we'll change it.

We hope this won't keep from writing those who really have a great many worthwhile things to say. After all, it may be good practice for them—they'll learn to condense their thoughts, as all writers must.

Remember, you are the only people in the world who can make movies better. Your criticisms gradually filter through the mazes of this fascinating business and eventually come to the proper executive ears. That's why the quaint, old-fashioned idea that it was useless to write to magazines no longer holds true. So—let's hear from you.



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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)



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"The Mummy," Universal. Working in "The Death Kiss," Tiffany.

MARCI, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Merrily We Go To Hell," Paramount; "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

MARITZA, SARI; unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Evenings For Sale."

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Speed Demon," Columbia. Working in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice" and "Sport Parade." Working in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; and "Ruby Red," Paramount.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSHALL, HERBERT; married to Edna Best; born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus"; "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings For Sale."

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU ADOLPHE; separated from Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "Now You See It."

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Tony's in Town," Working in "Flaming Guns." Next is "Riders of Terror Trail."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton," "Blondie of the Follies" and "Faithless." Working in "Pig Boats."

MOORE, COLLEEN; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Blonde Venus" and "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Men In Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Flesh," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "Breach of Promise," World Wide. Working in "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros. Next, "Dangerously Yours."

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National.

MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Featured in "Bird of Paradise," "Rockabye." Working in "Three Came Unarmed."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax," Fox. Working in "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "Divorce in the Family," "Kongo," "Fast Life," M-G-M.

NISSEN, GRETA; separated from Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30th. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery" and "Rackety Rax."

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillmar; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. "Too Busy to Work," Fox. Working in "The Face in the Sky," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Huddle" and "Son-Daughter."

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Uptown New York," Tiffany. Working in "Fly On."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder" and "The Conquerors," Radio. Next is "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Life Begins," First National; "Men Are Such Fools," Radio. Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount. Next is "Tar and Feathers," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West" and "Robber's Roost." Working in "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Airmail" and "Laughter in Hell," Universal. Working in

"Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Okay America," Universal; "Papment Deferred," M-G-M; "Robber's Roost," Fox. Next is "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Prosperity."

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Painted Lady," Fox; "Strange Justice," Radio; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Next is "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery," "One Way Passage," "Lawyer Man." Next is "Keyholes."

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I had a Million" and "Under-cover Man." Next is "Fly On."

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments"; "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar."

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Just signed contract with M-G-M.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "You Said a Mouthful," "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Broadway Bad."

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth," "Too Busy to Work." Working in "State Fair."

RUB, CHRISTIAN; married; born in Passau, Germany, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," First National.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," "Trouble in Paradise," and "Evenings for Sale." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros.; "Men of America," Radio.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH; unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Heritage of the Desert," "Hot Saturday," and "Wild Horse Mesa." Next is "Eleven Lives."

SHANNON, PEGGY; separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman."

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helen Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Pick Up."

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Ladies They Talk About," Warner Bros.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Lady and Gent," Paramount; "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Red Headed Woman," "Divorce in the Family," and "Son-Daughter."

STUART, GLORIA; married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Airmail"; "The All American"; "Laughter in Hell." Next is "Private Jones."

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver"; "Airmail." Working in "They Just Had to Get Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never"; "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "No More Orchids," Columbia; "Big City Blues." Working in "The Sucker."

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National. Working in "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Perfect Understanding," United Artists.

TODD, THELMA; married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Horsefeathers," Paramount; "Call Her Savage," Fox. Next is "Air Hostess," Columbia.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art; "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. Columbia player. Featured in "Washington Merry-Go-Round," Columbia; "The Half-Naked Truth," Radio; "Private Jones," Universal.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," First National; "Me and My Gal," Fox. Working in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Face in the Sky."

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red," Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Kongo," M-G-M; "The Half-Naked Truth," Radio. Working in "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY; divorced from Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan and the Ape Man." Next is "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "That's Africa," Columbia.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," First National. Working in "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in

"Employees' Entrance," "The Match King." Working in "The Mind Reader."

WILSON, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent" and "Men of America." Working in "Lucky Devils." Next is "Little Women."

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Divorce in the Family," M-G-M; "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "That's Africa," Columbia.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X" and "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio. Working in "Acquitted."

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life Begins," "Employees' Entrance" and "Grand Slam." Working in "The Sucker."

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Optimist," United Artists. Working in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "They Just Had to Get Married," Radio.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 10)

good—the whole family will love this one.

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd, as a movie struck small town boy, in one swell comedy. Excellent—another one for the whole family.

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff does a marvelous piece of work. All about an Egyptian mummy that comes to life. Very good—parts of it are thrilling enough to please the tots. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

MY PAL THE KING (Universal)—A mythical kingdom with Tom Mix and his trusty co-worker, Tony. Very good—and will the children go for it!

NAGANA (Universal)—Here is a picture with an unusual flavor, even if it is a tropical melodrama. Fine work by Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas and Onslow Stephens. Very good—children won't be interested.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—This is George Raft's first big role and he lives up to expectations as the proprietor of a swanky speakeasy. Constance Cummings, Mae West and Alison Skipworth all turn in good jobs, too. Good—dull for children.

NIGHT OF JUNE 13 (Paramount)—Clive Brook, Frances Dee and Mary Boland turn in good accounts of themselves in a neighborhood mystery story. Good—children will be bored.

NIGHT MAYOR (Columbia)—Lee Tracy taking bows as a play boy big city mayor. Excellent—leave the kids at home.

NO MORE ORCHIDS (Columbia)—Carole Lombard and Lyle Talbot in a fairly well worn story of society life. However, Carole wears some grand clothes. Good—children won't be interested.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)—More horror stuff and more Boris Karloff doing it in his usual gruesome fashion. Good—the younger children shouldn't see it.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Universal)—Nobody thought Hollywood would kid itself like this, but it did to the tune of a very funny movie with Aline MacMahon and Jack Oakie. Very good—the kids won't get the satire but they'll laugh at the gags.

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M)—Charles Laughton in a morbid story with a fine ironic twist. Good of its kind—not for children.

PENQUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—Here are laughs and an ingeniously worked-out plot in a good detective story with Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Mae Clarke and Robert Armstrong. It's Edna's show, however. Very good—and it's all right for children, too.

PROSPERITY (New Version) (M-G-M)—Imagine Marie Dressler as the president of a small town bank having a family feud with Polly Moran. Norman Foster and Anita Page are the love interest. It's comedy with a little pathos thrown in. Very good—okay for kids.

RACKETY RAX (Fox)—Hard-boiled Vic McLaglen in a comedy about a racketeer who decides to make football a paying proposition. There are chorus girl co-eds and plenty of laughs. Very good—laughs for the children, too.

RAIN (United Artists)—Joan Crawford doing fine emotional acting in an indifferently directed picture from the well known story. Walter Huston and William Gargan are "Sadie Thompson's" men. Excellent—children had better not see it.

RASPUTIN (M-G-M)—The three Barrymores—Ethel, Jack and Lionel—turn out a fine picture about the Mad Monk of Russia. Excellent—not very suitable for children.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Fox)—You remember the sweet, sentimental little story. This picture version with Marian Nixon, Ralph Bellamy and Mae Marsh, is just as lovely as the book. Excellent—a wonderful picture for children, especially girls.

RED DUST (M-G-M)—Oh those tropics! This time they do their deadly work on Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond. Very good—but children should not see it.

RED HEADED WOMAN (M-G-M)—You've probably seen this picture by now. If not, you'll enjoy Jean Harlow's amazing work. Excellent—send the kids to something else.

ROCKABYE (Radio)—This is the picture that Connie Bennett had to film a second time. Even now, it certainly isn't one of Connie's best. Joel McCrea

is in it, too. Fair—children would be bored. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SCARLET DAWN (Warners)—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll in a dashing sort of story about Russia before and during the Revolution. Good—children will find it dull.

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio)—A thrilling yarn, with the beautiful Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan and Gregory Ratoff. Very good—children will find it exciting. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—Both Eddie Robinson and Alle MacMahon give swell performances in this story based on the life of "Haw" Tabor. Very good—it will bore the children.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)—Here's a rare and beautiful love story done with gorgeous restraint by Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. Excellent—very young children won't be entertained by it.

THE SON-DAUGHTER (M-G-M)—The famous stage play, beautifully produced and splendidly acted by Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes. Very good—not for children. Reviewed in detail on page 48.

SPEAK EASILY (M-G-M)—How those funny men, Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante, cut up in this one! Very good—and plenty of laughs for the kids.

THEY CALL IT SIN (First National)—Loretta Young, Bette Davis and David Manners in a triangle story with a melodramatic ending. Good—the kids won't give it much of a hand.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Hilarious comedy, with Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Very good—by all means take the children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio)—A far-fetched story about mental suggestion with Myrna Loy and Ricardo Cortez. Fair—not for children.

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners)—This yarn about modern love just missed being a hit. It has, however, good work by Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Warren William. Good—children won't be amused.

TIGER SHARK (First National)—The old triangle plot, but with excellent acting by Eddie Robinson and magnificent water scenery. Very good—children will enjoy some of it.

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal)—One of those swell movies about life in a military school with Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell. Excellent—and what a grand show for the kids, especially boys.

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox)—Will Rogers in a weak story you'll like only if you're an ardent Rogers fan. Fair—children won't be thrilled, either.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (Paramount)—A sophisticated comedy in the best Lubitsch manner about two fascinating crooks. Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis all excellent. Very good—too subtle for children, however.

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING (Warners)—A powerful dramatization of a best selling story of prison life. Spencer Tracy is the lad who takes the rap. Bette Davis is the girl friend. Excellent—okay for the children if you've no objection to their seeing prison pictures.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warners)—Connie Bennett starring in a story about a wealthy young society belle who has to learn life's grim realities. Good—children had better not see it.

UNDER-COVER MAN (Paramount)—Clever intrigue story, with Nancy Carroll and George Raft. Good—not especially interesting for children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley turn in grand performances in this story of political intrigue. Good—children will be bored.

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL (First National)—Joe E. Brown comedy—and very funny, too. Very good—just the thing for the young people. Reviewed in detail on page 50.

WASHINGTON MERRY GO ROUND (Columbia)—A daring expose of the Washington mess. Lee Tracy is a fiery young Congressman. Very good—some of it will be liked by children.

WILD HORSE MESA (Paramount)—Randolph Scott and Sally Blane in a Western. All right for children. Reviewed in detail on page 50.



"I've never seen anything yet I couldn't walk out on!"

That was Jerry Stewart's challenge to Kay Everly—to woman-kind in general—to the whole world. But he was not quite as hard-boiled as he thought, and it took a naive, small-town girl to prove it to him.

"No Man Of Her Own" is the surprising romance of a slick card shark and a respectable, unsuspecting girl from "the sticks." Clark Gable, Carole Lombard and Dorothy Mackaill enact the story for you on the screen, and the latest SCREEN ROMANCES brings you the amusing love story, in complete fiction form, illustrated by many scenes from the production.

Look for this absorbing tale in the February issue. You'll find nine other complete stories of the finest and latest motion pictures, including THE ANIMAL KINGDOM (Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy), THE KID FROM SPAIN (Eddie Cantor), FLESH (Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez), LAWYER MAN (William Powell, Joan Blondell), and EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warren William, Loretta Young, Alice White).

For real reading entertainment—don't miss the February

Screen Romances

The 10 Best Screen Stories of the Month

At All Newsstands—Now!

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 84)

Eddie Goulding made a modest speech saying all the credit was due to the stars, and not to him. This went down so well Eddie was prevailed upon to make the same speech every night for the first week of the film's presentation.

DURING Harold Lloyd's European trip he arrived at Cherbourg without his spectacles. His brother, Gaylord Lloyd, was wearing spectacles and cheering crowds besieged Gaylord, clamoring and climbing for his autograph, and completely ignoring friend Harold in the background.

When the Crown Prince of Comedy eventually reached London he was rushed straightway to meet the press boys at the Dorchester, London's largest luxury hotel and "ballyhoo" home. Just before he entered the hotel the comedian was enticed out of his taxi, and photographed talking to a policeman. This photograph subsequently appeared in several papers with the caption "I think your London policemen are just wonderful"—but it wasn't Harold's fault.

At the reception, one of the press boys dropped a brick with a wallop that could be heard half round the town by asking, "And how's your wife—Miss Mildred Harris?" "For crying out loud," protested Harold, "don't print that or you'll have me in the law courts. That was Charlie Chaplin's wife!"

After a brief sojourn on the Riviera, Harold returned to London, and announced he may make a film in England if he can find a suitable story.

It was also given out in the English papers that he is to look for one of his ancestors in Scotland. As it was announced, at the same time, that Harold is worth many million dollars, there were immediately several hundred letters received from all over the country, from aged fortune-hunters, claiming to be his ancestor!

Joan Bennett and her small daughter "Ditty" recently left for New York to be with sister Barbara when the stork arrives. Connie prolonged her stay in the East so as to be on hand too.

It is said that Joan's doorstep will be the old bird's next stop!

THERE'S nothing unexpected about a lion knocking a man down—but when a man knocks a lion down . . . that's news! It happened when they were shooting "Central Park" the other day. The nice, helpful authors had written a scene in which a lion is supposed to jump into the middle of a crowded dance floor, scattering dancers right and left. They had a big animal from Selig Zoo all ready to do his stuff. Cages were arranged so that the actors could flee from one enclosure into another where the beast couldn't follow. The lion was what is known as "cage broke." That means, in zoo lingo, that he is scared of open spaces and always will seek shelter in his cage. It was decided that since he was sure to make for his own cage anyway, it would heighten the excitement if some of the actors ran into one end of the big en-

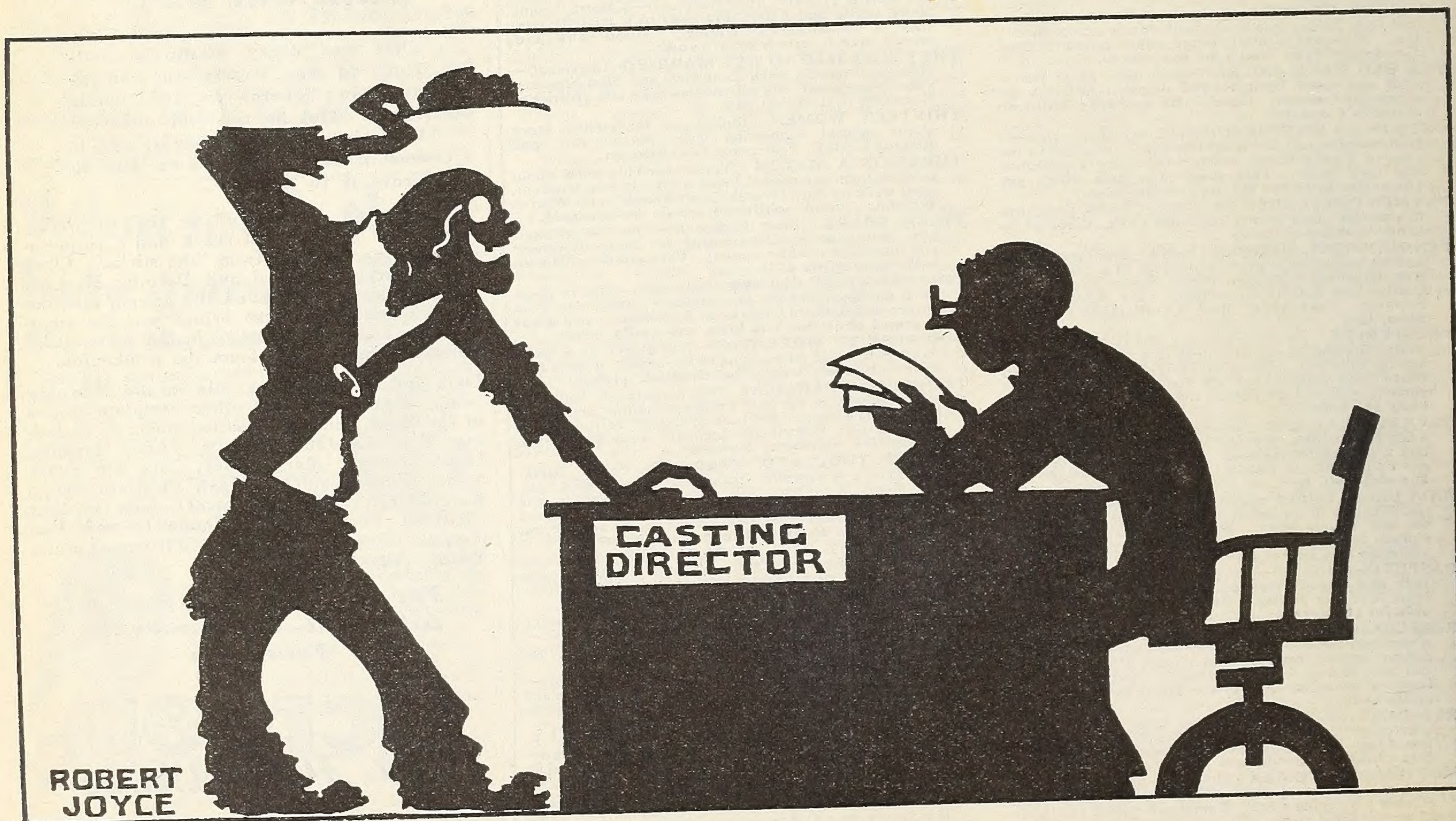
closure as he was exiting from the other end. Things went smoothly for the first minutes. The lion leaped in—crowd scattered. The lion made a dash for his cage and the actors dashed in from behind him. Then the unexpected happened. Confused by the lights and noise, the lion wheeled blindly and charged the terrified group of actors. They wheeled, too! But Wallace Ford, nearest the lion, lost his footing, stumbled, slid and catapulted right into the bounding beast! Both went sprawling! The next minute the lion leaped for his cage—the only place the poor king of the jungle could feel really safe in Hollywood—and Ford leaped with even greater enthusiasm for an exit!

The Charles MacArthurs (Helen Hayes) are noted for their cozy informal parties.

The other night Helen hit on a brand new idea. It being the cook's night off, she arranged several small tables, each bearing a chaffing dish, the necessary ingredients and a recipe. The guests had to prepare their own meal—and did they have fun!

TONY—greatest of all actors (even though he is only a horse) has made his final bow—and retired to a quiet restful life of oats and cool green pastures.

Tony's retirement from pictures was made necessary after a severe injury caused by an accident while on location, in which his master was also injured. Tom now has a new horse, Tony, Jr.



I si, could you use a H'english accent?

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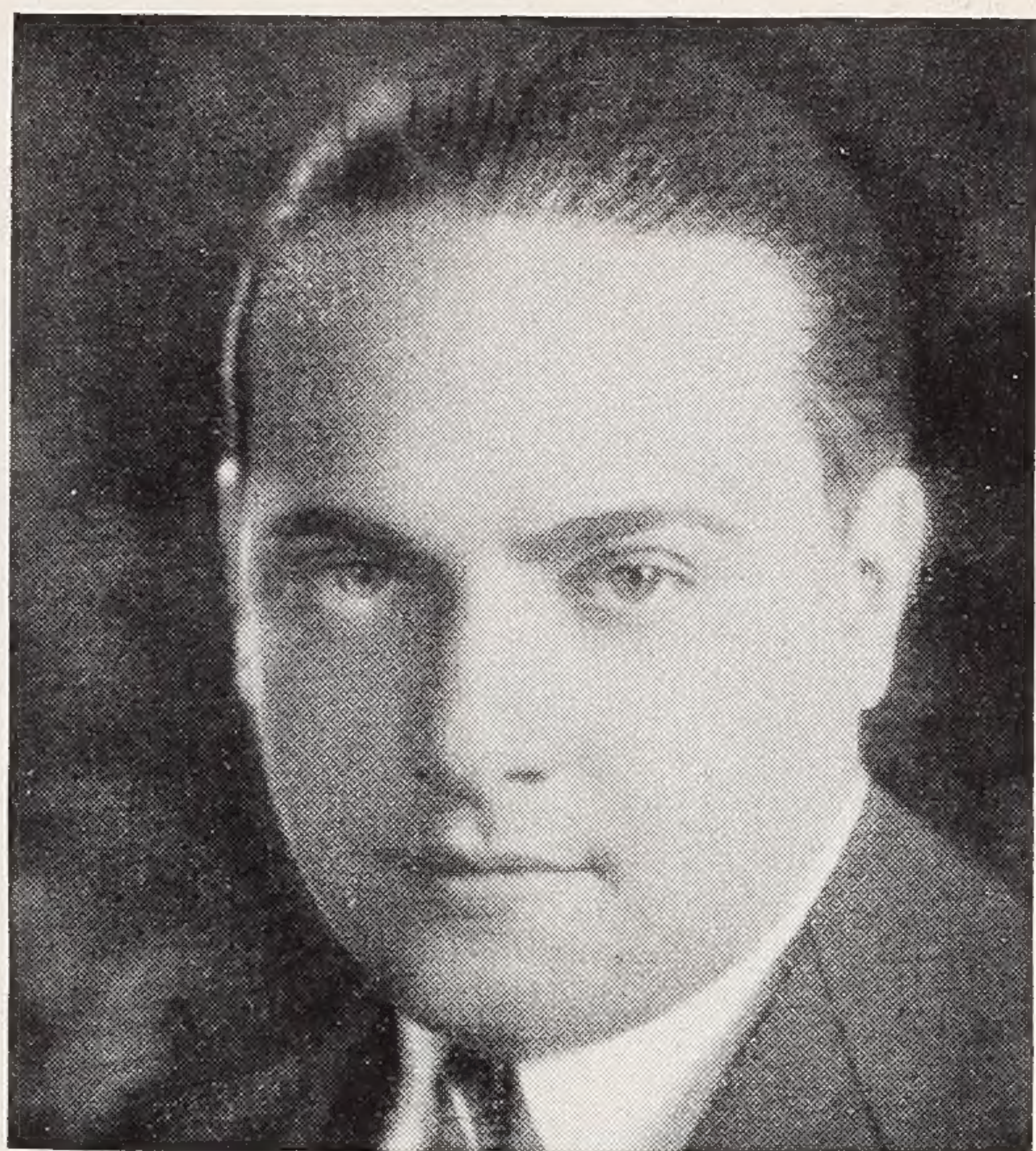
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"I always consult Numerology as the most direct route to checking up on my decisions, my associations, my business prospects and opportunities as well as in selecting the proper time to put through important changes.

"I consider this practical science, psychology and philosophy of great benefit to every individual in our modern life, where efficiency of thinking must go hand in hand with efficiency of action if success is to be attained.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Vincent Lopez."

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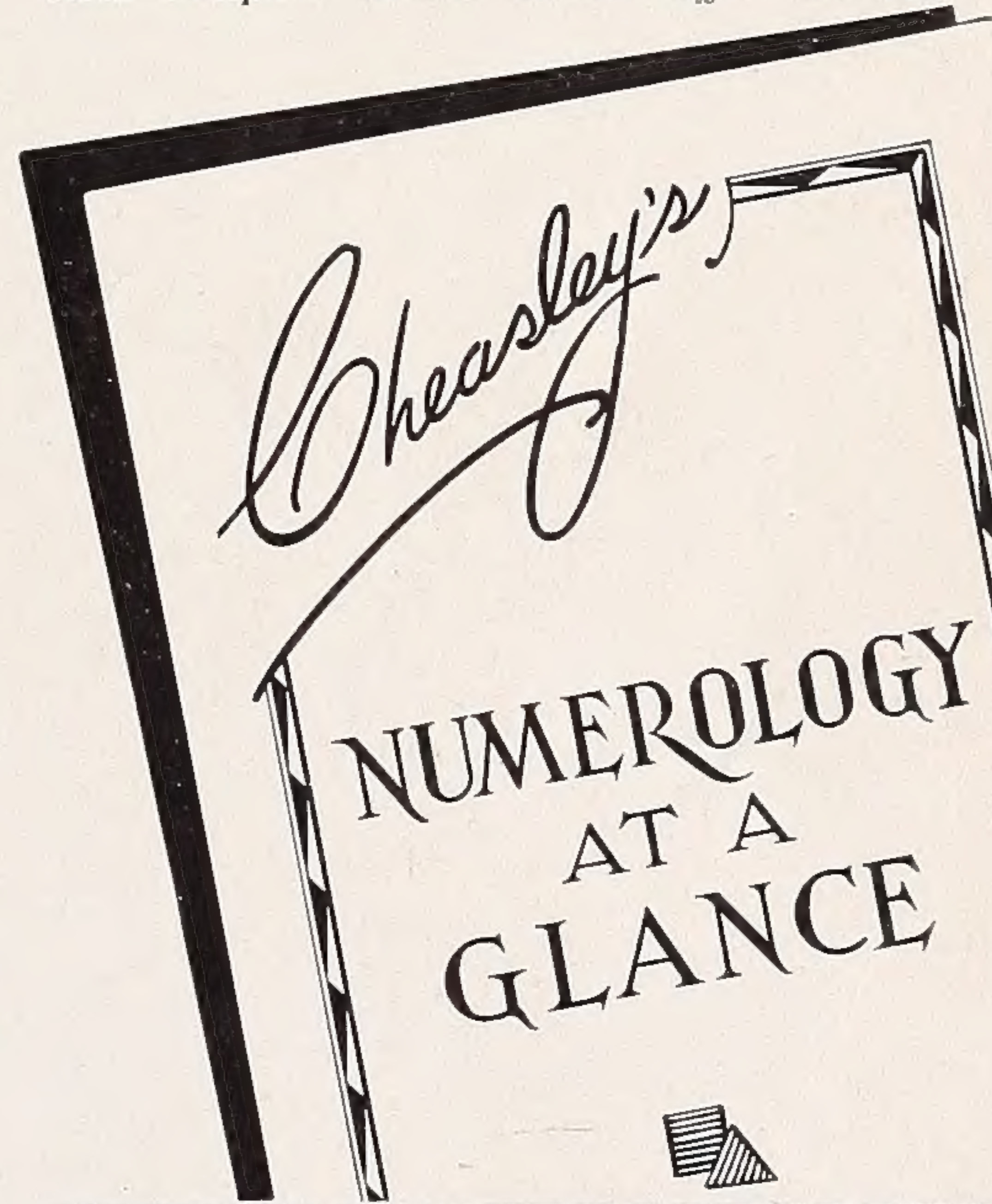
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